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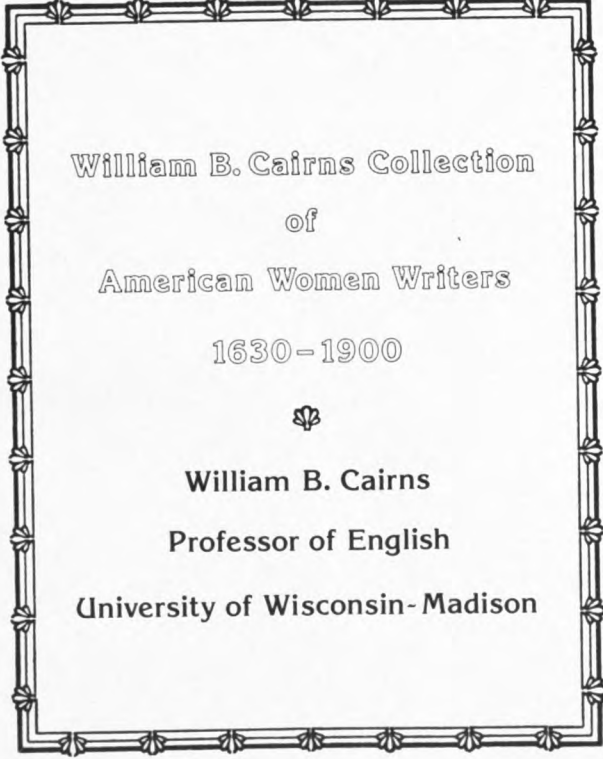
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William B. Cairns Collection
of
American Women Writers
1630-1900



William B. Cairns
Professor of English
University of Wisconsin-Madison

10.⁰⁰



The Gift of

DEBORAH REILLY



THE GREAT DRAMA:

OR,

THE MILLENNIAL HARBINGER.

BY

MRS. E. P. W. PACKARD.

WRITTEN IN 1862, UNDER THE INSPECTION OF ANDREW McFARLAND, M.D.,
LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM
AT JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.

VOL. II.

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PREFACE.

Nature abounds in symbols, and when our moral vision is illuminated with divine light, we can see "sermons in stones, and God in everything." To insure this illumination we must pursue the track of nature; for reason can run on no other track than common-sense, without friction. And where there is friction we know something is wrong, for God intended us for happiness.

These side-tracks into which we are led by ignorance and blind prejudice, if pursued, will lead us upon the dark and dreary deserts of speculation, doubt, and uncertainty. The true light holds us to our purpose—happiness for ourselves—and never leaves us to entire desolation; for God, our Father, reveals Himself to us in each event that befalls us. Even the "curse" upon woman is almost obliterated to passengers upon this track, over which we propose to take our passengers on board our "Lightning Express Train."

MRS. E. P. W. PACKARD.

CHICAGO, Ill., January, 1878.
(1496 Prairie Avenue.)

(4)

“THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS TRAIN.”

A SYMBOL—A SERMON.

THE "TICKETED PASSENGERS" ON BOARD THE "LIGHTNING EXPRESS TRAIN" ARE FOUND IN THE FOLLOWING

LIST OF PASSENGERS.

Miss Adelaide Trion, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Queen Victoria, of England.
 Dr. A. McFarland, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Mrs. E. P. W. Packard and her children, Chicago, Ill.
 Abraham Lincoln, Ex-President.
 William Tell, Switzerland.
 Abner Baker, Marshall, Mich.
 Dea. J. B. Smith, Manteno, Ill.
 Mrs. McFarland, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Mrs. Waldo, matron, Jacksonville, Ill.
 G. P. Comstock, Manteno, Ill.
 Farmer Jones, of Asylum, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Prof. Snell, of College, Amherst, Mass.
 Copernicus, the Astronomer.
 O. S. Fowler, the Phrenologist.
 Pres. Hitchcock, of College, Amherst, Mass.
 Uzzah, Israelite.
 Mother Eve, Garden of Eden.
 Miss Mary Littell, Brookline, Mass.
 John Clary, Conway, Mass.
 James Buchanan, Ex-President.
 Mrs. Catherine Page, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Mrs. Tindal, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Sec. Seward, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Asa Tenny, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Dr. Sturtevant, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Daniel Webster, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. Dr. Childs, Shelburne, Mass.
 Alexander Henry, Philadelphia, Pa.

John Milton, the Poet.
Martin Luther, the Reformer.
Dr. E. Sylvester, Lyons, N. Y.
Mrs. Angeline Field, Lyons, N. Y. 1
Mrs. La Brie, Manteno, Ill.
Dr. G. Merrick, Manteno, Ill.
Mr. J. La Brie, Manteno, Ill.
Uncle Tom and Cassey, Uncle Tom's Cabin.
Rev. Edward Beecher, Galesburg, Ill.
Rev. H. W. Beecher, Brooklyn, L. I.
Rev. Samuel Ware, Sunderland, Mass.
Miss Lucy Humphrey, Amherst, Mass.
Pres. Humphrey, of College, Amherst, Mass.
Mrs. Sybil Dole, Manteno, Ill.
Mr. Cluff, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Mrs. Cluff and baby, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Mrs. Webb and baby, Lyme, Ohio.
Miss Laura Dole, Manteno, Ill.
Doctor Dean, Greenfield, Mass.
Dr. Charles Duncan, Shelburne, Mass.
Dr. Rufus Forbush, Shelburne, Mass.
Mrs. Julia Forbush, Shelburne, Mass.
Dea. Elam Kellogg, Shelburne, Mass.
Dea. Benoni Pratt, Shelburne, Mass.
Rev. Mr. Clark, Sunderland, Mass.
Rev. B. F. Clark, Buckland, Mass.
Rev. Mr. Gould, Southampton, Mass.
Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer.
Americus Vespuccius, the Usurper.
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The American eagle can soar above the English lion.

The sun never has eclipsed the moon, and 'tis contrary to nature for a woman to be eclipsed by man.

Health in woman is her natural condition.

Physical health and vigor is usually identified with moral and intellectual vigor.

I am treated as a felon simply for being a naturally developed woman.

As the Holy Ghost is equal with God, so shall woman be equal with man.

Submission is no virtue in an enslaved married woman.

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We can live holy lives, but not sinless ones.

Happiness for myself is my aim.

Laudable self-love the foundation of a moral character.

Children worship God through their parents.

Silent submission the best lawyer for children.

Character built on total depravity is worthless.

Christian politeness—kindness kindly expressed.

The Calvinistic deluge.

Usurped honors are short-lived.

Punishing is God's exclusive business.

Dialogue with my children.

Why I do not wish to be divorced.

My struggles are for freedom to do right.

We want a marriage union based on equal rights—on justice.

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'THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS TRAIN.'

A SYMBOL—A SERMON.

Yesterday, Sept. 27, 1862, my kind attendant, Miss Adelaide Trion, presented me one of the most splendid bouquets of the season. My first impulse was not to divide it, lest I disarrange the beautiful variety of colors she had so tastefully arranged in one harmonious whole. My second thought prevailed, which was to divide it so as to fill my two empty tumblers—my asylum flower-vases—one on each side of my wash-bowl and pitcher, upon my dressing-table. It has always been my practice to have one on each side. A single thing never suits my nature. I believe I was made to be double, as Calvin always said I was. He said I could not have lived an old maid's life. And he said the truth then, anyhow. I should not have lived to become wrinkled and dried up as the old ones are, for I should have died before that time, famishing for a man's love.

Oh! if men only knew how we wanted them to love us, wouldn't their benevolence prompt them to bestow it upon us? 'Tain't their kisses we want them to bestow, 'tis their gentle love, manifested in gentlemanly acts of respect and esteem. I don't go in for paying too dear for the whistle if I do want to whistle a duet so much as to do wrong to get a man to love me.

A true man would not love me half so well either, if I did.

I should be like trying to rule my husband, and thus only

tightening my own cords. I like cords of love, but I don't like to be tied too tight even with them.

I hold my virtue tight—'tis one of my inalienable rights—and no one can attempt a trespass upon one of these rights with impunity. No man can draw my virtue out of me—not even a Calvinist—and no one ever tried. The bad men run from me—no affinity there. No game there to catch.

I don't think a woman ever would be insulted. 'Tis the ladies, not the women, that men insult.

One college student, and only one, and he a true man—a woman lover—did steal a kiss from me once, but he soon found he had missed his mark. It didn't hit in the right place. 'Twas on the blushing cheek, not on the heart. And I told him in addition to my blushes, that I didn't thank him for that. He never tried to kiss me again, I assure you, for I never gave him a chance to do so. I did leave the parlor with my mother after that. I wouldn't be left alone in his company. And, besides, he kissed my hand one night as he left me on our doorsteps, after having walked home with me from our Society's fair that evening.

I looked out after that to walk home with the men whom I thought wouldn't kiss me in the dark, on the doorstep! I wasn't confined to one beau, nor two strings either. I had a good chance to pick my partner.

Ladies, women I mean, needn't feel that their chance to pick a husband isn't as good as a man's, because they can't make the first advances. The first advancer has to run the risk of another advance, a retrograde one too, sometimes. And I should hate to take the retrograde track. It would cross my grain to be obliged to do that thing.

Still, 'tis a greater cross not to get an offer of marriage from the very man of all others I should choose to marry, just because he didn't know how well I liked him. I lost my best lover in this very way. My love for him was so shy,

he doubtless feared he should be rejected if he offered himself. But he wouldn't have been; although all others would have been.

What a pity I was so shy, when I might have married the best man there ever was, if he had only had an offer of my heart! I had reason for believing he loved me as well as I did him, but his fear of being rejected kept him from making an avowal of it.

He married the wrong person, and so did I; so we both have had to pay the forfeit of disregarding the dictates of our hearts, because conventionalities forbid my making my love for him known, by an offer of my heart and hand.

I won't be so prudish again; when I see the right one, I mean to mark him—conventionalities or no conventionalities—(conventionalities, scent it?) I go for freedom for nature, and it is natural for women to like some men better than others, and I ain't ashamed of nature. 'Tis my best friend.

And I don't think a true man will feel ashamed to be loved by a true woman. If he is, he ain't the man I thought he was, and I don't care if he don't accept my offer. For a man that is ashamed of me, I am heartily ashamed of him myself, and I wouldn't be in his company a moment afterwards, if I knew it.

My heart is my own yet, and I shan't give it away without getting one nearly as good in return, I assure you. I go for fair, honest dealing.

Well, honesty might choose to protect some other truthful woman rather than me, who had offered myself. What then? Why, he must be free to accept or reject just as his heart dictates, as well as I. I not only like, yea, even insist upon entire freedom for myself in love matters, but I like others to have it too. So, if the man my heart chooses for my protector don't, from his own free choice, choose to protect me, I choose he should tell me so.

But I shouldn't like to have him tell other folks of it, though; for fear this failure might hurt my market, if 'twas known. But if he was a true man, he would not let it be known, to my disadvantage, any more than I—a true woman—would tell on my rejected suitors.

But if the truth should leak out, what's the harm of liking some folks better than others? What harm does it do the apple to be rejected for a peach? Some one may yet choose the rejected apple in preference to the peach. I say, let each one judge for his own self which he likes the best, for I am very sure he knows better than any one else when he is suited.

Interference in love matters is as bad as Calvinism; yea, it is so much like the identical thing itself, that I can hardly tell them apart. So, I shall pitch all this kind of freight into the Calvinistic train, and steam it on with lightning speed to the terminus of perdition. There is not a foot of our new territory that we can spare to build even its freight-house upon.

If love can't be free from interference in our King Jesus' territories, I don't think, for one, I should get paid for fighting so hard in his defense. For if "God is love," then love is God, and if the God in us can't be free from molestation, what is there in us worth defending. I go for defending the best things first, and I am sure there ain't a better article in the universe than love.

The next fortress I would build in our new territory is, the "fortress of truth." For love can only be defended by truth. I don't go for using Satan's armory to defend God with. If love has to seek the covert of lies as its defense, I say it is time to secede from that government, that won't afford it a better defense. I won't lie about God any sooner than I will about the devil. And I say 'tis a lie to pretend I don't love a man when I do, for fear the Calvinism of the

community will persecute me for it. I am almost prepared to take my oath upon the fact that Calvinism hates God or goodness, as really as the God of love hates Calvinism.

Well, I should hate to get the mitten from the man I loved; but it's only fair play if I should, for I have given one to men who loved me, perhaps, a great deal better; or at least they acted as if they did.

But these back-sets don't seem to help us on in the matrimony track. I go in for progression not retrogression.

My husband, Calvin, did enough of that business for us both. He was so fond of looking into smoky, dusty literature, that he got very dusty himself. He hunted up so much antiquarian knowledge, that he became an antiquarian himself. (Antiquarian, scent it?) I do really believe old Noah himself would have taken him for his cotemporary.

But I like living in the present age. Noah's was good enough for him, but it wasn't good enough for Mrs. Packard, if 'twas for Mr. Packard. Besides, I think Noah would have been ashamed of my husband's company, for he came out of the light of the nineteenth century into the darkness of Noah's age, and if we come from light into darkness 'tis darker than if we had never seen the light. Noah had on the dark eyes which God had suited to the dark ages of the world, and Mr. Packard had on his light eyes, and they couldn't see in the dark, as well as Noah's dark eyes could.

I go for nature, and such nature as has God for its father. And I do say that retrogression is contrary to nature, and therefore wrong. 'Tis Calvinism. Can't you scent this long word retrogression to its hole? I wonder if that corner won't get filled up by-and-by? We've sent many animals on its track to it! If they all get in that I've sent there, I'm sure the pit must be bottomless.

Well, God says 'tis so; and therefore I'll hunt all the game I can and put them on the scent, for I don't like the

breed, and the quicker we get rid of it the better. And, besides, we've got God's promise to help us seal up the pit, when the last fellow is fairly in it. And I'm so glad! for I shouldn't like to chase them again, on this continent, with my engine. I built it for a better use than to track the slaves.

I want the slaves to make their own tracks, as I have mine, into the Queen's possessions, in spite of law and gospel both. I mean the Calvinistic gospel, not the true gospel. And I like the Queen's possessions better than I do my old American home, with such a pack of wolves around our house as we had, and no gun to shoot them with either. But I'll shoot them now myself. I will, with my own cannon, which I got and loaded myself, all alone. (I guess I shall have to get Dr. McFarland to help me a little in firing it off from the printing office, however, "Carnal weapons are of some use," he tells me.)

But I tell you, Lincoln, women are of some use, too. You have no idea what brave soldiers and generals we women do make. I hardly think there is a doctor of divinity, or a professor in any of our theological seminaries, who would dare hold this hydra-headed monster,—old Calvinism,—with so tight a grip, and give him so thorough a thrashing as I have done with my threshing-machine.

The teeth of my threshing-machine are pointed with a diamond, and you know that is harder even than the "hard-shell Baptist's" creed is.

The fact is, the diamond-pointed gold pen, in the hand of a woman whose rights of opinion are as securely protected her as Dr. McFarland protects them to me, is a weapon not to be despised even by the Calvinists. For my threshing will bring out the wheat from the head-stocks, if there is any wheat in them. If there isn't, the straw 'll do for horse feed.

I'm an economist. I don't go in for wasting anything that can be of any service whatever. God don't waste or destroy anything but evil. I don't. I tell you, Lincoln, you men can't hold a candle to us when we women get the steam well up, unless your lantern is very strong that holds it. We go with such a rush, with our lightning express engineer, we can't secure the safety of your candles, or gas-lights either. Clear the track! is all we ask of you. You are so afraid your candles will be blown out if you put on the steam!

But we ain't afraid of our candles being blown out, for we've got into the hospital already, and now we can shoot as much as we have a mind to. But, mind you, it takes a Dr. McFarland to be the superintendent in such a case!

It's a question in my mind whether a McFarland is found in every hospital who would risk the balls whizzing so near his head as he does. But the fact is, there ain't to be found a William Tell in every hospital that can aim so straight at the apple and save the head as Mrs. Packard can. I guess Dr. McFarland knows who 'twill do to trust with firearms here, and who 'twon't.

One thing is certain, he trusts me, and don't superintend me much either. He seems as unconcerned about what I write, as if his character didn't depend upon the opinions of one of his patients.

If his character don't stand upon any other foundation than opinions, and the speech of people, I can tell him he'll be blown up before my battle is fought out. For I am determined to destroy all the forts about him except his manliness. This fort I have fortified with my heaviest forces, and my best and strongest bulwarks. I am quite certain it is an invincible fort, and I hope also invulnerable.

But if they have got me into a hospital, they can't take away my accountability but once. I assure them I ain't going out into the world to be accountable to any government but God's government.

Why should I? My government wouldn't even protect my right to think, and I'm sick to death of it. I don't want to ever see America again. I wouldn't go out of my room to look at it. 'Tain't worth looking at! It ain't.

If they'll shut up all the independent thinkers they have in their insane asylums for Beelzebub to torment, they may go to pot. It won't hurt the government to be scathed in it awhile neither. It wouldn't hurt it to evaporate all its Calvinism and condense all its Christianity into one solid union,—firm as the Rock, Christ Jesus, on which its stability rests.

I shan't do any thinking for the old American government. Do your own thinking! 'Tis as much as I can do to keep my thinking machine in order with Beelzebub here fretting me all the time. I tell you, Beelzebub finds us a match for him here. He has to get it rough and ready—neck or nothing. We don't handle him with gloves on. I can tell you we don't. He looks red, and stands speechless with amazement. He has cause to be amazed at the power he has to cope with. I don't wonder he seeks silence as his only defence. But he tries to silence us, sometimes, by locking us up for our freedom of speech in his screen-rooms. But it don't stop the tongues of those who depend upon this weapon. It ain't my weapon—the pen is mine. It don't make so much noise as the thunder does, but it scathes the forest trees sometimes.

Yes, the orators do hollow loud enough for him to hear in his den, and others outside can hear them too, cursing him to the lowest hell. 'Tain't Dr. McFarland that they curse, it is only the Beelzebub that's in him.

He is a great man, you know, and he can carry two great spirits in him. The good Dr. McFarland is as great as old Despotism is in him and a great deal stronger, and nobody can curse Dr. McFarland any more than they can curse God. For all the good there is in Dr. McFarland is a part of God

himself, and his nature is just like God's—noble and manly. In short, God made him "in His own image," so I suppose God is like Dr. McFarland, and Dr. McFarland is like God. But there is this difference between them—God hain't perverted His nature at all—so that there ain't any devil in Him at all—Dr. McFarland has perverted his some, so that a terrible strong devil has had his seat in him for sometime; or, at least since I became acquainted with him, he has been there; for he has often introduced me to him, and I've seen others introduced to him. He seeks his company mostly amongst the patients, I should judge from what I have seen. I never saw him give his Satanic majesty an introduction to our visitors, neither do I think the trustees have sought his acquaintance, although we have hinted to them pretty strongly that their patients were annoyed more than they liked to be with his interference with their right to comfort. Somehow the trustees and the outsiders don't seem to think there is anything but God in Dr. McFarland. But 'tis a fact, his patients know, there is a bad Dr. McFarland, and he is used pretty badly by the patients too; for I don't know of a single patient that likes him at all, and I can't blame them for it, for the bad Dr. McFarland is very bad—just as the good Dr. McFarland is very good. All the patients love the good Dr. McFarland, and only wish his visits would not be so "few and far between," in our wards. Our sources of comfort are here so exceedingly circumscribed (scent it?), that the slightest halo of comfort is hailed most enthusiastically by us, and we are as greedy of it as the miser is of his gold.

Another thing, for the truth must not be hid these days: I suspect we have sometimes blamed Dr. McFarland when he wasn't to blame—but the government was the guilty or wrong-doer,—while he, Dr. McFarland, was only doing the government's mean business; so we thought he was mean.

Just as I hear the patients often fretting at the attendants for keeping them locked up, when they, the attendants, did not make them prisoners, although they are paid for carrying the keys, yet 'tis the government who locks us up, and it is the government who has got to be punished for it, for they are thus guilty of a heaven-daring crime.

So that many of the curses and anathemas so liberally invoked upon Dr. McFarland will, in justice, descend alone upon the government, whose agent he is.

But with God the case is different. We sometimes blame his government, when the agents are the only ones to blame, and the curses and anathemas heaped upon God, in name, are only due man in reality, who so falsely misrepresent Him and His authority. Thus the profane swearer is not cursing the true God, only his false god, such as the Calvinists worship. This god is no more the God of the Bible than Satan is the God of the Bible.

Satan is the god of the Calvinistic pulpit, and he ought to be damned as the profane swearer delights to do it. I say the Calvinist who represents God to be such a demon and despot that a human soul can't help hating Him, and then tells him He will damn him eternally if he don't love this despot, ought himself to receive the curses denounced upon this false god. And I believe he will get them, for he deserves them for thus basely slandering God.

No wonder they have to exhort their hearers to love God, because they are trying to get them to do an impossibility. It is just as impossible for a human being to love such a god as it is impossible to keep from loving the true God.

Love can't be forced or exacted; it is spontaneous or it is not love. We can't love from a sense of duty; we love because we can't help it, or we don't love at all.

I've tried for twenty-one years to love Calvin, because I thought it was my duty to love him, and the more I tried to

feel that it was my duty to love this unlovable, hateful being, the more I couldn't love him. My nature as instinctively revolted from him as it does from a serpent. My nearest approach to love for him was felt after I thought he had forgiven me for writing to Baker. That drama developed a feeling in him which seemed more allied to a jealous feeling than I considered him capable of feeling. I felt that he was so totally indifferent to me that he wouldn't care who or how many loved me. But when I found he did, then I could not help loving him, and, as I have often told him since then, I loved him now because I couldn't help it.

Since that drama—the last two years of my married life—are the happiest I ever spent with him. Indeed I experienced more conjugal love and enjoyment of married life during these two years than I enjoyed all my married life combined before. Thus, the hitherto sealed fountain of conjugal love which Baker was God's instrument in unsealing, was opened, and its pure streams gladdened our home.

Mr. Packard told me that he could see from my letters to Mr. Baker (which, by the way, he stole with Baker's letters, the copy of all which I had kept with Baker's letters) that my heart was yearning for love—its natural element—and he saw his neglects in this mirror, and the sight moved his heart to manifest the latent esteem he could not but feel for my virtue and my purity. He told me that he never felt a deeper and more profound respect for me than while reading the copies of my letters to Mr. Baker.

Oh! Mr. Packard, if you had only held on to these holy impulses, you and I and our six little ones would have now been a united, happy family—living in peace and love. But this dying paroxysm of manliness, Satan extinguished, when he came to you in the form of Deacon Smith, and persuaded you to go against your wife, in not allowing her her rights of opinion in his Bible-class. Yes, when, in spite of the dic-

tates of your better nature, you consented to follow his advice and try to subject your wife's opinions to your dictation, instead of protecting them to her,—then, O! then the devil entered into you, never more to leave you, until his work of desolation is complete in your soul. The man died, and the demon arose from his tomb.

And Oh! Deacon Smith, I fear the man, Christ, in you is too small and weak, too, to sustain the battle you will have to fight before you escape from your arch fiend. The snare is laid for you, too, and if you shun the doom of your chosen shepherd, it will only be by giving exercise to those natural impulses of your God-given nature which your shepherd taught you were sinful and wrong. To be saved, you must become a natural man. Protect the weak and dependent, and not subject and oppress them, as you persuaded your shepherd to do.

Well, Deacon Smith, the right of self-defense you denied me, because your Christ was so small in you, Dr. McFarland allows me, because the Christ in him is so large. Even in spite of the laws of our government, he has let Mrs. Packard tell her own story. The government let Mr. Packard tell his story, because he was a man. Dr. McFarland let me tell mine because I was a woman!

I like Dr. McFarland better than I do our government. I like them best who deserve to be liked best.

Dr. McFarland kissed my intellect in his office. I intend to kiss the hand that protected it, as a proof of the thanks I feel for his letting me defend my own side of the house.

I wish Lincoln would be as good to me as Dr. McFarland is. Perhaps he will be when I have soft-soaped him as much as I've had to Dr. McFarland. Doctor was so dirty, hard soap wouldn't do for the first cleaning. But hard soap answers very well now. I like it much better, since it is not such *liey* stuff, and it smells sweeter when we use it. The

fact is, I think Dr. McFarland now knows enough to take care of his own person without even his wife's help.

His wife is a kind woman. I used to think she was one of the kindest women we often meet with. But that was when I didn't like her husband one bit; and when I don't like, I show I don't like by my actions. And I'm sure she liked me a good deal better when I wouldn't speak to her husband than she does now, when I like him so well that I not only speak to him when he comes to my room, but I like his company so well, that I dislike to have him leave it! But, somehow, she don't like me these days at all, but seems determined I shall be put out of the house as quick as possible. She has stopped bringing or sending her jellies altogether, and I hear of her making fun of my book, although she says she has never read it, and don't want to read the "old stuff," as she calls it. She calls me the "poor deluded woman," now. I wonder if my "delusion" lies in my improved opinion respecting her husband's character?

I used to think she wasn't near so much afraid of her husband as many wives I've seen. I really used to think she was more afraid of God than she was of her husband and superintendent both. Mrs. Waldo wasn't. She feared the superintendent more than she did God, and I was so kind to her, that I told her so. But she didn't seem to take it very kindly. She thought I was uncharitable, and judged her very falsely.

God knows whether I did or not. "If our own hearts condemn us not, God is greater than our hearts and knoweth all things." I can't see Mrs. Waldo's heart. 'Tis enough to see my own, and guard it against specs of filthy conversation. I did converse with her in a kindly true manner, not filthily. I spoke plainly, but not harshly.

I must be honest, and if I speak at all, speak my honest sentiments. And I do say it isn't according to God's dic-

tates to tell another of one's faults, before we tell the faulty person, and give them a chance to repent. When they won't repent, it's time enough then to tell other folks, and if the faulty one thinks our opinion of them is not founded in the truth, they mustn't be troubled about our sincerity. People ought to know their own hearts better than anybody else does.

But all don't. They think they've got water in both tumblers—where their flowers are—when they haven't but one, as I did, when I divided my bouquet into two equal parts, and put one part in each tumbler, and put water into one, and only *thought* I did in the other.

But I've got so far off from the depot I started from on this new track I can't retrograde, or reverse my engine to explain further, now. I'm for putting on the steam and going ahead—progression—no retrogression.

I've often been told "There is no hold-back to Mrs. Packard." No, there ain't. God made me without a hold-back, for He knew I didn't need any. What's the use of holding back a train when it's on the right track? I don't see. I like to ride fast—it don't cross my grain half so much to have the steam on my engine, as it does to have the train stop and wait, for—I don't know what!

But I like safe speed—not a speedy smash-up. I like safe drivers that can risk their horses to run, too, depending upon their ability and adroitness to escape accidents; like Mr. Comstock and our farmer Jones here, who know how to guide their noble steed without stopping it. Calvin couldn't do that thing. He always had to halt when we met other teams, and turn out for fear of a collision. But I find, after all, the drones get the knocks that the drivers shun.

But there is only one thing which I shun when I rein my own steed, and that is sin. I keep a terrible sharp lookout for this stump; for sin is a stumper, and the faster you go

into it, the tighter you'll stick in, or be thrown out of your carriage dead as a stump.

But the stumps are all East, not West. We can't drive there near as fast as we can here, for they are mighty thick there I can tell you; for I've lived in rocky Massachusetts thirty-five years of my born days, and I don't know but it has been my home longer than that in some other body. I can't remember so far back. Some here can remember, and trace their line clear back to old mother Eve herself. I think these people must be antiquarians, they can remember so well.

But that isn't my character. I don't look back but precious little. My business lies ahead, and I want my mind on my business, to avoid the stumps. I do look ahead of the rocks and stumps of old Massachusetts now. My track is out West now, and I've got the western fever on me, not the chill part, but the heat part—the love part. I nor my children never had the "fever and ague." We can't harbor such a demon, for we are too healthy. We've no room for demons. We have too much inward peace and satisfaction. We can't fret ourselves into a stew about anything.

Old Packard did all the whining and stewing and fretting in our house, and most of the brewing too. Though I used to keep the jug pretty well posted, for I liked our good democratic beer as well as he did, and it's my opinion the "hop-beer" liked us as well as we did it. It furnished the bile with the bitter which the miner's hog-meat didn't do for the liver. I think that hog and coffee are the ague partners.

And I don't keep disease-breeders on hand, they meet no reception at our doors when Mrs. Packard is door-keeper. I open and shut my doors to whom I please. I don't please to open my doors to any of the tribe of disease-demons, for I don't like their company. They disturb my quiet and

sleep, and quiet, undisturbed sleep is one of my most welcome guests.

But there was this misfortune about it: I was in consequence so healthy, and so elastic in both my physical and mental constitution, that I outran my husband in my race after the truth; and how a man hates to be outshone by a woman—especially if she chance to be his wife!

I took about as much pleasure in the cooking part of my household duties as I could anywhere, for husband did compliment my food by eating it, and that took with me. I knew folks like him didn't eat what they didn't like, and if he did eat, it was a pretty sure sign he liked the cooking. I believe I got a taste for cooking from this fact, for nothing did please me so well as to gratify my husband. To make him happy was the height of my ambition.

Cooking was one of my forts, and I think it would bear a pretty heavy battery against it before it would be hurt by a surprise force.

Calvin often told me he couldn't find my equal as a cook anywhere. He said others had things good enough for common folks, but it needed his wife to give the finish to it, or the "topping off," as he used to call it.

And another thing Calvin must have credit for. I do go in for deserts. He was a good provider of things to cook with. He didn't compel me, in this thing, to make bricks without the straw to do it with. I seldom found the bottom of my sugar-tub, or flour barrel, or my nutmeg-grater; never needed a nutmeg but I could find one in my spice-box. I used lots of them, too. And they cost the money, too.

But Calvin used to say, "What's the use of only half living when you're about it? What should we want to earn money for if we had no use for it?" I think Calvin thought one of the best uses it had was to get something good to eat with it. He and I and Solomon are of the same mind on

that point. Though the point is a small one, yet I go for getting a good point as well as a good pin.

I want a straight needle with a point, or none at all. I don't like a needle that won't hit where I meant it should, and won't go in when it gets there. I had rather have it so sharp as to go in through to my finger, rather than have it act so.

I like to needle straight as well as to shoot straight. But I want to have a mark. An aimless purpose ain't of no account in my way of thinking. I know some folks can hit the mark when they don't try, but I think there is a little more chance of it to try and aim at it. At any rate, I think it's best to keep the artillery at work, hit or miss.

One random shot hit a king in old times. But when there ain't any king to hit, what shall we do then? I don't like to shoot a queen, for she's a woman, and I go in for defending my own sex, especially that part of them whom the government nor manliness, either, will protect, viz., the wives of Calvinists. I hope there is no other State in the Union which has such horrid, black, barbarous laws as Illinois has. This State won't let a married woman think her own thoughts without rendering herself liable to imprisonment for life for it; for if her Calvinistic husband just takes a notion to christen her thoughts—though they be the inspiration of the Deity—"Insanity," then she has no appeal from this his single decision and sentence of capital punishment for it. She is just as liable, and even more so, to suffer the sentence of capital punishment than the murderer is, for he has the chance of acquittal by a trial. She has no such chance to escape her awful doom.

Yes, it is an awful doom! for I had rather be hung ten times, till I was stone dead each time, than to be imprisoned for life, even once. And it *is* imprisonment for life to put a Christian in like me, when I know my character for sanity—

in my husband's estimation—depends upon my recanting my principles; for I shall die before I'll do it, even if I have to lose my chance of living with him any more by not recanting!

This, the only door of escape for me, will never be passed, for I choose to be discharged into heaven rather than into hell from hell.

Another feature of Illinois practical legislation is, no man, woman, or child is safe from the liability to suffer capital punishment here as certain as the murderer is; for anything and everything is called insanity in this institution, and is treated as such with imprisonment and abuse,—the sovereign remedy!!

The sovereign cause of insanity, but never its cure! truth says.

So far as my observation extends, there is not one in ten here who is lost to reason when they are entered here. Still they have to receive the abusive treatment of an irrational, unaccountable moral agent,—just the very treatment to make them so!

The word "murderer" is not attended with near so great a dread, in my mind, so far as this life is concerned, as the word "insanity" is, under the laws of Illinois.

So far as this life is concerned, I had rather receive the murderer's doom, ten times repeated, than the doom of the falsely-called insane once; for the murderer is treated as a rational being, but the intelligent, highly-developed Christian is treated as a brute, merely—just because some dare to call things that they do not understand insanity!

Oh! Insanity! Insanity! thy name in Illinois is "Legion," for it includes characters as various as the individuality of human beings.

It wont do for the new spiritual dispensation to dawn on to an Illinoisan, for he will be liable to be condemned to suffer capital punishment for it if it does; for if the asylum runs

over, as it now does, with the wrongs of oppressed humanity here, they may get imprisoned at home, for the law lets any one lock up one whom any one has a mind to call a "lunatic"!! The government should protect freedom to the lunatic.

O! when, when will humanity in Illinois be allowed to think their own thoughts, and speak their own words, without being imprisoned for it? Only when the insane code of hellish laws is abrogated, and the insane asylums are sunk into hell, where they came from.

They are satanic institutions, got up and sustained by His Satanic Majesty, under the mask of "benevolent institutions," for the sole purpose of crushing Christianity, and retarding the reign of Christ on the earth. These hellish institutions are as surely destined to fall before the coming of Christ as Dagon fell before the ark of God. O God! hasten the day! and can it be an honor too great for me to covet to be Thy chosen instrument in their destruction?

I cheerfully lay down my life as a free-will offering for the honor of being God's instrumentality in accomplishing this most noble work of delivering humanity from this most cruel of all forms of oppression.

The Master Chief of the lower regions could not have devised a scheme better adapted to ruin the humanity personified in any human form, than the plan of these insane asylums is adapted to do, and does accomplish in more cases than it benefits. Some escape without ruin, but none without harm to their moral constitution, any more than an Allopath patient escapes from a course of drug treatment unharmed, if not ruined in his physical constitution for life. Some recover from that one form of disease in spite of the treatment, but not as a consequence of it, while it is only to establish it in another more incurable form, in defiance of the natural resistance of the constitution.

If our countrymen choose to pay taxes for ruining humanity, besides paying their war taxes in defence of humanity, and *will not see* with their eyes wide open, that they are thus fighting against God, then may their insanity prove their ruin! Let them defend these culminating points of Calvinism until their own ruin has culminated, and God is just!!

I will, single-handed and alone, defend Christianity against the base slanders of having had any hand in founding and sustaining these hells of the universe.

The shadow of Christianity lies alone in the fact, that some poor afflicted human beings, whom their own natural protectors have abandoned to want and neglect, are, in this way housed, and physically defended against hunger, cold and nakedness. But mind you! this is done at the price of that most precious of all boons, personal liberty on the part of the beneficiary, and what is an awful curse on the part of those who have cast them off, they feel justified in this act of barbarity because the government thus countenances and sustains them in doing this most unnatural, inhuman deed. As a consequence, they become alienated from the afflicted one, and all the humanity that is left in him cries out—"no man careth for my soul!"

And if the relative whose conscience is thus shielded by a human law, at variance with the Divine, is left, as a consequence of this infatuation to be uncared for himself by the shelter of the divine government whose authority he has thus defied, it will only be an act of strict justice.

It is no act of Christian charity to feed and clothe the slave, at the price of his manhood. It is no act of Christian charity to feed and clothe the lunatic at the price of his liberty and the love and sympathy of all human kind, especially his own kindred, husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, children, brothers, sisters, lovers, friends.

It is no Christian aid to the slave-holder's interests to fill

his coffers with the profits of slave-labor, for, in the end these gains shall “bite like a serpent and sting like an adder,” the very soul of him who hoarded them at the price of human wrongs. It is no Christian sympathy which prompts a human being to separate his afflicted relative from all that he holds most dear, to save himself from the trouble of caring for him himself, under the flimsy subterfuge Satan has provided him with, as an antidote for his stings of conscience, viz., “their good requires us thus to bless them!!”

“Their good?!” Oh, may *your good* be sought by the same means, and for the same selfish, mean purpose—to save others the trouble of taking care of you when you cannot take care of yourself! I do rejoice in the comforting assurances of God himself, that with what measure they have meted out benevolence (?) to others, in the same measure they shall receive it returned to themselves.

And if our government has not the moral courage to protect the divinity within its American citizens, but will support insane asylums whose sole Satanic object is, to crush it, then may God not have the moral courage to protect this God-crushing government!

And if they choose to wait as they did in emancipating the slaves until the defence of the government made it a necessity, then may this Government soon become too poor to sustain these extravagant, money-hungry, money-wasting inquisitions.

Engineer! our insane freight found at this depot is aboard—put on your steam for another trip!

We can't afford to be cannonading insane asylums all the time. We've got other castles and forts to storm, and if the signs of the times are correct, I'm soon to be ousted out of my present position and sent back into slavery undefended, unprotected, either by men or devils, from another assault and battery upon my inalienable rights. I can write no

more books when Packard gets me into his grip again, and I don't see as it amounts to much to write them here either, since I can't get even the first volume published either for love or money.

Well, if the trustees send me back at their meeting next week, March 1863, to my persecutor, after having falsely imprisoned me for nearly three years without the shadow of protection extended to me, I do say their gallantry can't be overstocked with Christian manliness. If they do this thing, as Mrs. McFarland assures the patients they are going to do, I shall then just conclude that they are Calvinistic—not Christian men—that's all. The tree is known only by its fruits, and a Christian man protects defenceless womanhood—but Calvinistic men pass by on the other side—the Devil's side.

I ain't on the Devil's side, and if they put me there I shan't fight for the old dragon, but against him, hoping that Christ my Captain will come to my help sometime, for He knows I have been both loyal and valiant in his defence at all times, and in all places. And now, if He don't stand up for me,—an innocent and true woman—after I have stood up for Him so dauntlessly, I shan't give much for His gallantry either. I may as well go over to the old Calvin side and stay there, as to risk so much in such a thankless cause.

Though I feel "faint," in view of coming prospects, still I shall "pursue" my onward upward way, fearless of dangers.

By the way, I forgot to freight my Christian-car at my asylum depot with the suggestion to Government to make use of these asylum buildings as "Water-cure Hospitals"—for the afflicted—not "Water-cure" prisons as now, but Hospitals—not hospitable prisons either; but let humanity enjoy the benefits of a term of hospital life without paying the price of his freedom for its advantages!

These buildings are kept in first rate order, through the

efficiency and good management and calculation of Dr. McFarland; and every ward is now liberally supplied with both hot and cold water and the accommodations of our bath-rooms cannot be exceeded.

Those in our country who most need hospital treatment are not the insane, for they need, most of all, unlimited freedom, as those "possessed with devils" did need, and had, in Christ's time; but it is the drunkard and the prostitute who could be here cured by diet and the water-cure regimen, and thus saved to themselves and to society.

The drunkard cannot control his appetite by the force of his will so long as his diseased stomach craves this unnatural excitement, any more than the hungry ox can stop to look over his fodder, instead of eating it. You may as well blame the ox for being hungry as blame the drunkard for desiring strong drink. His drunkenness has become to him a disease, which as instinctively craves strong drink as the hungry ox craves his food, and it is as cruel to deprive one of his cravings as it is the other. The appetite of the man has become beastly—that is—beyond the control of his reason, and he must be treated not as a brute, but as a man. That is, he must not be forced against his will, but he must be so cared for that his will will act with reason, not in opposition to reason. And to do this, the cause of this craving for strong drink must be removed, by curing the disease which caused it.

Drunkenness is a disease, not a sin. Sin may have caused it, just as sin may have caused the consumption. Still the consumption is not a sin. It is a misfortune. So is drunkenness a misfortune, and it should be treated with tenderness and care and sympathy, as much as the consumption or cholera should be. In fact the drunkard should be the last person to be blamed. He blames himself enough in his sober moments. He needs our tenderest sympathy and most skillful care to cure him of his disease, and then he can take care of himself—but not before.

The typhoid patient cannot be trusted to take care of himself until he is cured, and his reason can control his appetite. And the drunkard cannot control his appetite any more without our help until his disease is cured.

Be sure not to blame a drunkard!!

Neither must the prostitute be blamed. But he must be cured. Blaming does no good; he knows he is to blame, but 'tis unkind in others to blame him. He knows he is on the road to ruin, and if we do our duty to him he may be saved; and our duty is to cure him of his diseases, by diet and a water-cure regimen.

The hospital could be made to sustain itself at moderate charges within the reach of all. 'Tis not display we need in a hospital; 'tis comfort, and comfort don't cost half as much as display.

Oh! how I should love to have the comforts of these buildings displayed, in benefiting these classes of society who so much need our help, and who would be so grateful for it, if wisely and judiciously bestowed!

The prostitute should not be blamed any more than the dyspeptic should be. Both, we know, have sinned by trespassing upon the laws of their being; but I don't know who is the most to blame. It is not our province to judge of the character or degree of guilt the transgressor incurs. God alone has a right to attend to that business. He has not delegated us to judge our brother, nor to punish our brother. It is our sole business to pity and help him by bearing his burdens, and sharing his sorrows, and comforting him in his misfortunes.

How does the dyspeptic like to be blamed because his food hurts him and makes him feel cross?

Does the prostitute like to be blamed for his bad feelings? No; and he should not be, and will not be by the Christian. Who has made us to differ? Had circumstances placed me

in his situation, and he in mine, might I not have been just as he is, and he as I am?

Oh! the libertine shall not be blamed by Mrs. Packard. Whenever he crosses her track he shall meet a sister, a friend, who stands ready to extend to him the friendly aid and sympathy he so much needs to extricate himself from the demon's grasp. I will persuade him, if possible, to enter a water-cure hospital, sustained by the State, as an asylum for this diseased and suffering class of humanity, so much in need of such hospitals for their relief.

O, my erring brother or sister, cheer up! we do not despise thee. "Go, and sin no more," and God, nor thy true brother or sister, will ever blame thee more. Nay, we will espouse thy cause, and defend thee from abuse and wrong. Thou shalt be welcome to our fireside, and our altars, our home and our hearts; for our Father welcomed us, returned prodigals, and so will we welcome you. We are not holier than thou, for we are sinners like thyself. If we have not broken the same laws of our natures that you have, we may not be less heinous sinners in God's sight, for we have all sinned and need forgiveness like yourself. Come, and be our helper in the race for life eternal, and we will try to be thy helper in the same race.

I believe our Christian freight is now aboard at this depot, and we must be racing on, or we shall be behind time on this trip.

I think when we entered this insane depot on the Queen's track I was saying I didn't like to shoot a woman, because I go in for my own sex. No, I don't approve of shooting them, only the Calvinistic ones. I should like to shoot all their Calvinism into the bottomless pit, where all this old plunder belongs, for I'm afraid they won't approve of my taking the drunkard's and libertine's part so openly. They will be very apt to say, "Mrs. Packard must be a vile woman

herself, or she wouldn't defend vileness in others." But mind you, it isn't the vileness I defend—it's the goodness I'm looking out for; the vileness will take care of itself, especially if it's starved out and let alone. I don't like to have anything to do with the depraved part of folks; 'tis the Christian part I seek introduction to. I can see depravity enough in the Calvinists, without seeking for it on the less barren soil of the drunkard or the libertine's nature,—I mean barren in Calvinistic fruit—not Christian.

I send all there is of Calvinism in them to the pit of oblivion, where Christ sent His Judas to his own place. But, mind you, it wasn't the disciple Judas that went there—only the devil Judas.

You mustn't forget, we all have two parts to us—the good and the bad spirit—the old and the new man—the God and the devil. It's always the devil I attack, and the God I defend.

I tell you Christ Himself found it hard to find perfect men and women among the Jews in His day. But they hadn't had so good a chance to defend, or develop rather, their goodness as we have had since. Do you think Christ couldn't find now, more than twelve perfect men in America that hadn't one demon in them?

Ain't there some true Christians left? Are all but twelve tainted with Calvinism? I am some fearful that the twelve men would number one devil, and perhaps two, among their heads. I suspect all the Judases in Congress haven't got to their "own places" yet.

I'm very sure their place isn't in the ballot-box of our new constitution. It's only the men who are true to their own manly natures that have any right there—and they must first be clothed and in their right mind, after the devil or Calvinistic principles have departed out of them, and they must be allowed time to see men as men, and women as women, and

children as children,—not as “trees walking,” as my protector does. You give my Dr. McFarland time enough, and you see if he don’t see straight as the needle points to the north pole!

When the inclination gets to within $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, it’s on the right track. Just as I and Calvin grow apart, so Christ and I approach each other; and we meet in one blissful center—the will of God alone.

It is the Calvinistic inclination of old mother earth that has caused so much irregularity and so many mistakes in our astronomical calculations. I wonder why ’twas made so inclined? Why wasn’t it in a perpendicular line with the sun and moon’s orbits? Why is it so regularly irregular? I wonder if she didn’t eat an apple when she ought not to?

Prof. Snell, of Amherst College, Mass., you are an astronomer. Tell me what you think upon the subject. Don’t tell me what Copernicus thinks, for I know his opinion already. I now want Prof. Snell’s private, independent, honest opinion, and I would give more for it than I would for Copernicus’ opinion—a great deal, for you have had a great deal better chance for knowing how it is, or how it came to be so, rather than he had so long ago as he lived.

It is as much as I can do to tell why Eve ate the forbidden apple as she did. I think she acted like a child rather than like a woman. I should be ashamed if I couldn’t let my conscience control my appetite and reason better than she did.

I guess she never attended Fowler’s lectures. We must excuse her some for her inexperience, too. She hadn’t been used to seeing such nice, tempting fruit growing in the country she emigrated from, I guess; and I think she perhaps liked, as Dr. Hitchcock says Americans do, to see things from the ends of their fingers, and when children get the tempting fruit in their fingers, ’tis very apt, like Uzzah’s

eyes, to be followed by his hands to his mouth. They must then just taste and see for themselves to see if 'tis good, or whether 'tis good for nothing; and I can't blame them for it neither. I had rather be my own judge of my own matters. I don't like to have other folks telling me what is good to eat, and what ain't. I may not agree with them always in their views of things. I do have a great deal of sympathy for mother Eve after all.

I think she has been blamed too much. I shall go in for defending her,—for she is a woman like me. And I do say, I do like my own opinions better than any others' who differ from them. Perhaps I shall adopt others' opinions instead of mine, some time—but I assure you that time won't come until I see yours to be better than my own.

But, mind you, it isn't the way to bring about this result to condemn my own opinions, and blame me for adopting them—but to defend your own with stronger arguments than I can mine. As quick as you do this, so quick will I yield my opinions to yours—for reason and truth are my only defenses, and I go where I find the strongest fortifications.

Misses Prejudice, Self-conceit, Bigotry, and Intolerance all belong to the Calvinistic train. I, of course, discard the whole tribe from my Christian train, where Messrs. Reason, Common-sense, Truth, and Love all have a soft-cushioned seat to ride upon. Any opinions which attempt to monopolize either of these personages from their seats, is instantly discarded, and ticketed over to the Calvin train where it belongs.

But one set of opinions I hold tight as a drum—that is—my practical opinions. I don't always beat my drum to call peoples' attention to them by proclaiming my reasons for doing thus and so. But take notice—I *have* my reasons for doing all I do. I never act without reason, or in opposition to reason. This fact God is aware of, if mortals ain't. But

they'll see it so in due time, for truth and reason are both mighty and will prevail; and my interests are all invested in this stock, so I'm certain to come out right at last.

I know it's very unpopular to base an argument or opinion on the detestable low plane of common-sense; yet I've ventured to lay my track on this foundation, wholly; and if I ever get above or below it, I lose my reckoning—I have to get my train of thoughts back to this base before I can put on the steam again. The truth is, reason won't run on any other track without friction; and all the oiling of sophistry, popularity, custom, artifice, and even the tar of fraud and deceit won't prevent it. The wheels of thought will rub, and wear on the nave and hub dreadfully.

Such gearing frets the body too; and the nerves get tired, and anxiety sits enthroned as king, instead of the lovely "Goddess of Peace," as she does when reason and truth hold the reins of our thought-chariot.

One truth is, I do love some things that some people hate, and so I ain't a judge for other people, neither are other people to be judges for me. I shall not only eat what I please, but I shall think what I please, and speak what I please, and write what I please, and do what I please, even "Old Abe" to the contrary.

Law wasn't given to restrain our freedom, but to protect our freedom.

And if our government won't do it, I won't submit to such a government. A government like ours is only a man government, and I won't be ruled by a man—a Calvinist I mean, of course, for no Christian man will attempt to rule a woman. He lets reason and truth rule her, not his will without a reason. We rule dogs and cats and horses without giving them our reasons; but no man shall ever rule me so, for I ain't a brute, made without reason, but I'm a human being, made with reason, like God, to rule myself with, as He rules Himself with His reason.

I not only will rule my own self, but I'll insist upon it that all mortals shall have the same right secured to them. Every human being is a personified Godhead, and government should protect each individual Godhead in his God-right to rule himself with his own reason. And when one god attempts to dictate to or rule another god, he should be resisted as a traitor to God's government.

Yes, I shall rule myself. And if ever I get a husband (which article I never yet had the good fortune to get, but I am sure I shall have some time) I shall rule myself to obey my husband, because 'twill be my pleasure to do so. He will be my God—that is, I shall seek his superior wisdom to guide and enlighten my own reason. My reason will then be clothed or shielded from imposition and abuse, because I shall have a protector, as God says His spiritual Church needs.

Oh, I could worship such a protector of my identity, and I believe I should be worshipping and serving God himself in doing so. He would be to me the Christ of God's image, and could his good will and pleasure be other than my free choice? Nay, verily, my own will would as naturally sublimate into such a will as Christ's will sublimate into God's divine will.

Yes, a husband who loved me with the same kind of love which Christ loves His Church with would be loved by me with the same kind of trustful love as I now feel towards Christ my head. Christ is worthy of the Church's love and confidence; so is every true man worthy of the love and confidence of woman. He was made to rule her affections, and through them her will and understanding.

But I couldn't and I wouldn't again serve an ungrateful wretch, as I did Calvin. My self-respect forbids it. And just as soon as a man attempts to rule me, my respect for him is gone. I can't love such a devil, and it is his devil—

not his manhood—which tries to usurp such God-forbidden authority or control.

It is the nature of the old fellow to aggress or trespass on others' rights. Calvin is no bastard, I assure you. I hate him, and his father too, and I can't help it, and I don't want to, neither. He deserves to be hated with a deadly hate—a God-like hate.

And I contend that hating the right object is a God-like virtue.

'Tis a virtue to love, and 'tis a virtue to hate. But mind, we must love with reason, and hate with reason. Reason cannot be dispensed with anywhere in human actions or human feelings.

I love science, nature, and the Bible, for they have not been perverted—I was going to say. But 'taint so—they have been terribly perverted. But I meant to say, they are a "trinity" that I have more respect for than I have for Calvin's "trinity." His trinity ain't worth a fig to me, for it don't stand to reason, and what don't stand this test is good for nothing so far as I am concerned.

I ain't going to lay down my reason, even at God's feet. He would not own me if I did, as a member of his royal family. Kings don't lay down their crowns, except at the feet of their conquerors, and God is the last one to be conquered.

He has Himself crowned us with His own diadem—reason—and He will defend His crown anywhere and everywhere. I ain't going to subject my diadem to anything—not even the Bible excepted. 'Twould be the greatest indignity I could offer God's sacred word to subject my reason to it.

No, my reason subjects the Bible, but the Bible don't subject my reason. My reason upholds the Bible, and the Bible upholds my reason. Reason dictated the Bible, and reason gives it her intelligent homage. The Bible, like its Author,

transcends our present degree of capacity to understand all its deep mysteries; yet it contains no mystery at variance with reason. To admit it subjects our reason, or requires us to believe unreasonable statements, is infidelity. A Bible is no Bible for me unless 'tis a reasonable Bible.

Even I, with my finite reason, should be ashamed to write things in my book contrary to reason, and then expect people to believe it; and do you think an infinitely wise being would stoop to do so contemptible a thing?

I don't believe He would, if Calvin thinks to the contrary.

Calvin!—fool that he is!—has tried to make us believe that a son could be as old as his father, and, what is still more absurd, that a father and son can be the same person!

My reason tells me that a man can't become a father till he has passed a certain age, and then, when he has begotten a son, he is another and different body or person from himself.

Now, if God, who made my reason to see physical truths in this light, has written a book which contradicts this plain, scientific truth, then I say He contradicts Himself. He must have lost His reason and become insane, and ought to be imprisoned for it in hell, as we are, for defending His character against such slanders.

I wonder if when God told us in His Bible that He was the Father of us all, and that Christ was His first born or oldest child, He thought His idiotic fool—Calvin—could make such simpletons of so many of the family as he has out of it? I don't go in for an insane Bible, no more than I do for an insane person. Both need to be mended to stand my usage. Cracked heads, like the insane Calvinists, fare hard when the test of a reasonable knock is applied to test their soundness. They don't ring a very full sound; it seems too hollow, or sepulchral-like, to suit me.

The fact is, when one has made shipwreck of his reason,

so that it is absolutely dethroned enough to believe the absurdities of the orthodox creed, he has really become an insane person in theory, and a consistent Calvinist is so practically, if there is such a thing as real insanity—the loss of reason. Such insanity can only be cured by a “new birth!”

These mended, or cracked things, go smash up, with me, as quick as they did with Mary Little’s use of my cracked crockery; and crockery that wasn’t cracked, was pretty sure to become so, in passing through her hands, from my sink to my china closet. Calvin used to say that I paid dear to get my dishes wiped by Mary Little, the “Living Age’s” daughter. I think she is a “Living Age” herself. No want of stir when Mary Little moves. I like her first-rate. She is smart as a steel trap, and almost as stiff in her habits. I couldn’t break them up, and I didn’t think it was best to try, after I became more acquainted with her. She is just as God made her to be, and I think God knew better than I did what he made such a girl as Mary for.

One thing I’m pretty sure he made her for, was, to test Mrs. Packard’s patience with. I think if the scales did ever fly up, it must be because they had too much weight in the other side. Not because I wasn’t heavy enough to hold down in leaden measure. But lead isn’t what God intended us to be. ’Tis the gold that is to sink the scales, and that alone, with Mary in the scales.

Well, Mrs. Packard stood this test between three and four years, and didn’t fly up once! What do you think of that, gentlemen? What metal do you think makes up the composition of Mrs. Packard?

Mr. John Clary, my teacher at Conway, Mass., used to say of my compositions, that they abounded in thoughts if they didn’t have drapery. Well, Mrs. Packard thinks it is better to have something to clothe than to try to clothe nothing.

Drapery looks as pretty on a merchant's show body, as it does on a queen. But I'd give more for the queen even without her drapery, than I would for all the show ladies in New York city.

Splendid inutility! No go at all with my sort of folks. 'Tis the practical woman, who can bathe herself and her children, and pack her husband into the bargain, if need be, that Columbia calls for. The show body will answer for an American home, but not for New Columbia Christian founders, where the "young America" can be developed into the full-grown man, with his wife and children happy about him. America is "of age," and we are preparing for the nuptials of her first-born, full-grown man.

The sun is going to bring the moon into notice, and protect her in her proper orbit, after so long a courtship.

I don't wonder the moon has looked pale, for fear of getting the slip, and then compel her to sue for a breach of promise, he has been so long getting his home ready. And even now, 'tisin't ready to move into, and all the soldiers are waiting to get orders to unload their muskets, and be about their own business.

The sun is a slow-moulded fellow. I guess his mother was lazy when she was carrying him. It seems to be in the breed, to stand in one spot, exactly on that old smoky constitution. I wish some urchin would pull out that old smoky creed and burn it up. It answered well enough for our forefathers to stand upon, but we've outgrown it. "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the coverings narrower than that a man can wrap himself in it."

The trundle-bed does very well for children to sleep on; but it don't answer at all well for Lincoln to lie on; for he has to curl himself up so uncomfortably, to keep his feet from getting off from the bed, that I think we ought either to splice it, to accommodate his long body, or get a child in his place, adapted to the bed.

Buchanan found no difficulty in keeping his feet on it. But don't reason teach us that dwarfs can be accommodated where full-grown men can't be?

We don't want fragments of liberty any more, nor fragments of men to disburse it, neither.

We want the full-grown "Goddess of Liberty," and the full-grown man, or Christ, to protect her.

The truth is, this contracted creed, like our church creeds, have had their day. These "go-carts" ought to be outlawed; for so long as the children will depend upon them, to keep from falling, the fact is, they won't use their own feet. They might as well be made without feet, as to depend on trundles, instead of them.

Lincoln has tried his best to balance himself on these artificial trundles, but he's much more likely, in my opinion, to trip himself on his trundles, than he would on his own feet.

What's the use of putting a man of the present age into the harness of the past age, and then require of him the work of the present age? I believe in human beings working in their own harnesses. And I can't, for the life of me, see why the age can't be allowed to work in its own harness. Now, I'm sure Lincoln is long enough, and high enough, standing on his own feet, without insisting upon his standing on the old constitution.

Let him use his own constitution in his own way. I'd trust his manliness as quick again as I would his footstool, to get us out of our troubles, for I'm sure the manliness of the present age is much more developed than the manliness was which made his footstool. If it isn't, then my progression theory is knocked in the head. Community is made up of heads, and heads are made up of progressive elements if they are live heads. But if they are dead, or cracked, they are only the useless plunder we are trying to pick up in our dead-car, for the Calvinistic tomb.

The only use of a "dead set," that I know of, is, to fill up the vacant niches in the tombs.

I believe this dying and burying business is culminating. I'm most sick of it. I'm perfectly willing "the dead should bury their own dead," if they'll only excuse me to attend to the living.

I go for keeping people from dying by giving them wholesome food and exercise, in the open, free air, or elements, so they can grow into the stature of perfect persons in Christ Jesus' estimation. Jesus esteems people as perfect, whom the Calvinists esteem very imperfect, for Christ himself has often been introduced to them, and, if you can believe me, they thought He was a "mad man" or an insane person! So it's certain there can't be a very good understanding between them.

I don't think there is much understanding about them, or they couldn't be so gulled by the teachings of the Calvinistic pulpits.

They will insist so upon standing under or below humanity, that I don't see but that we are compelled to use them as our footstools, as Lincoln has to his creed, or constitution. Still, I will say, that American soil isn't any too good for him to stand upon, barefooted, or slipshod at least; we must have regard to those tender, dear toes! He might kick a stone and break one without his slippers on.

Yes, father "Abc," we, the ladies, will engage to embroider you a pair of nice, velvet slippers, if you'll only use them to walk off from that old constitution with, on to your own manly, self-reliant principles of right, justice, freedom.

We can't do it without. We don't feel disposed to give anything but hints to a man who won't take them when they are offered—"free gratis for nothing."

No, not "nothing." When we've got all the dirt off from him with our soft soap, you see if he don't shine like a new

cent. And when he scents his duty, you see if he don't walk right over the constitution, right straight into the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. The liberty of a man judging for himself, independent of creeds, what is his duty under all responsibilities ?

Now, father Abraham, don't consider me as a meddler in business which does not belong to me, if I venture to give you some of my advice. I depend upon your gallantry to pardon me for my officiousness if I overstep the limits of feminine proprieties, in your opinion. Mind you, I don't overstep these bounds, in *my* opinion ; for I say I have just as good a right to discuss politics as a man, if I am a woman—and a little better—for their politics lack politeness, for they leave the women out ; and we are a part of the government as well as you. We want to be protected by it, as well as you, and a little more ; for we are weaker, and can't defend ourselves from abuse as well as you can. So I say, I have a right to whisper some of my hints into our President's ears, as well as you.

Well, Abraham, don't heed these grumblers who are trying to keep the women out of their proper places, but just listen to me awhile. You know, Abraham, if we put oil and water into a vial, and shake them ever so hard and ever so long, they won't mix one bit ; but just as soon as you stop shaking them, the oil will rise straight to the top, and the water will sink just as quick to the bottom—just as the oily North do rise to the top of society, and the watery South sink to the bottom.

So, Lincoln, if you do keep your soldiers shaking this Calvinistic marriage union twenty years, with all their heavy cannon and artillery, it won't unite the North and South any more than quarreling will unite husband and wife. Each will settle to the place God gave them to fill—the wife will rise and stand upon her husband, and see off into the future,

with her spiritual eyes, ten times as far as he can with his great owlish eyes. They are not one—they will be two distinct beings, each an independent sovereign of itself and in itself.

Well, now, there is one way, and only one way, to unite oil and water; and that is, by putting into the vial a little saleratus, and then you'll have a union of God's making—soap—a very useful article for domestic use.

Now, Lincoln, you just put in the pearlash of emancipation, and you see if we don't have a union worth fighting for! A "plump Union!"

The South will thank you for giving them soap to clean their clothes with instead of their machine work, which wears out the clothes so terribly, that it costs more than it comes to to do a washing with machines—but the soap does it so quietly, you'd hardly know 'twas washing day, only as you see the line of white clothes out by ten o'clock, then we can clean up with the soap-suds, and have almost as long a day as if 'twasn't Monday!

Free labor, soap labor, is so much cheaper, pleasanter, and better than slave-labor washing machines.

Now you have gone into the business of emancipating, drive it straight through. Getting the saleratus ready isn't enough. While the saleratus is wrapped up in the paper proclamation, it don't work practically on the elements to be united. You must set the soldiers at work freeing the slaves, if the masters won't obey the mandates of the government, and free them themselves.

The slaveholders must be your slaves now, and obey you, as they required their slaves to obey them. If they won't mind you, you must whip them until they will.

You are certainly doing right to protect the oppressed from abuse; that is your great business—to protect humanity—and every slave is a personified God; and he demands a right to

his divinity being protected from usurpation. And now that the South have usurped all these sovereigns of their rights, it is your duty to defend them to them, until they are practically free men.

When you have emancipated all the slaves of this Calvinistic marriage union, we'll then have a Christian marriage union.

You can do it, as I tell you to emancipate me, by cutting off the husbands' heads, that is, cut off their power to abuse their slaves, and then we can live together just as we did before, only a great deal better. I shall then be protected in my own womanly rights as a wife, and the slave be protected in his servants' rights as a hired man and woman.

Then God will protect us, because we have protected His children—His sons and His daughters, whom we have so long suffered to be trodden under foot.

Now for my symbol or text, that I left my sermon depot with. I liked to have lost it, as ministers do theirs sometimes, in their sermons.

But nothing is lost when you know where you left it; and I do know where I left mine, on my dressing-table, in two separate tumblers, one with water in it and one without water in it. I thought I had put water into both when I separated them; and did not discover my mistake until the morning after, when I took them to the bath-room, to exchange the water. I could not help asking my attendant, as I passed her, to notice the difference between my flowers in appearance, and account for it if she could, for I could not.

The north tumbler was withered and good for nothing; the south tumbler was fresh and bright as when first plucked. "Now," said I, "what makes the painful contrast, when both have received equal care, or rather, even more care I have bestowed upon the north tumbler, for I often tried to push

the stems down into the water yesterday, as I then noticed they were drooping—but I bestowed no pains upon the other at all, and now it looks so bright as to eclipse the north one entirely?" And as I spoke I raised the north one to show her the water in it, when lo! there was none at all! I had only *thought* I had put water in, and didn't.

"Now the mystery is solved," said I; "thinking there was water in, when there wasn't, wouldn't keep the flowers from drooping. No, our feet must stand in the waters of salvation, for our thinking they are there, when they are not, will do us no good,—the plants will droop and die without water, notwithstanding our sincerity."

Mrs. McFarland, our matron, was passing through, and she heard my sermon, and she pronounced it as good as we get from our Calvinistic pulpits. I agreed with her, only 'twas a good deal better, for it was shorter, and it didn't hinder her from her multiplied duties half so long to hear it preached, and she didn't have to change her clothes neither, and ride or walk a mile to church, neither. "Sermons in stones and God in everything."

I took my sermon to the dormitory to preach it again there. Good sermons will bear a second preaching, if not a second hearing. Mrs. Tindal, one of my audience, a Southern lady, was quite pleased to find the North had withered and the South had flourished, and she expressed her joy, saying, "'Twas a true symbol—the South will conquer the North!"

"Your thinking so won't make it so," thought I to myself—not aloud. "You are a Southern lady, and of course you are prejudiced in their favor; but, mind you, I'm a Northern lady, and I shall defend the North against you."

But I didn't tell her my opinions, I only tried to draw her own out for my inspection. I find preachers can be benefited by their hearers' thoughts; and it stands to reason that they should be, for some of them can think a great deal better

than their ministers can, for they ain't harnessed up into a straight-jacket so tight.

I never thought where Satan got his pattern for his straight-jackets here before. They vary in stiffness from the linen to the iron fetters, just as the different church creeds confine the spiritual body with their different degrees of tenacity or liberality.

But I discard the straps and straight-jackets entirely, just as much I do the church creeds, which ever made them a seeming necessity. There is more insanity caused by the creeds and false doctrines of the Calvinistic church than any and all other causes combined. Straight-jacket the spiritual body, and the natural body is likely to reflect the same need.

The liberty of the Gospel never made a maniac, but the bigotry of the Church has made its legions.

Now, when I preach I want to get some good from it myself; so I contrive to set other thinking machines in motion by turning my crank, so as to draw out their own thoughts. I don't want them to suck down all I say, unless it's prepared to their taste, and if 'tain't, I want them to tell me, so I can improve my own production, if possible, by the help of their own cogitations or suggestions.

And I can tell such preachers where you can find such hearers. They are locked up in the insane asylums of America for the crime (?) of becoming independent thinkers under the American flag!!!

New thoughts—original thoughts—in America have to be exposed to a persecution more severe than the Popish church inflicts upon its heretics. Yes, kidnap my body and torture it on the rack until its natural life dies of exhaustion, but Oh! kidnap not my accountability, by laying my spiritual body on the rock of insanity, to torture and crush its divine life out of it! And then ask me to be grateful to that benevolent, charitable institution for receiving this its barbarous

treatment for "my good"!! "Insane" Institution!! The devil christened you right, if nothing else.

Yes, hear the fact, O world! The independent thinker on America's soil has to be developed in the prisons of America—her insane asylum inquisitions!

So are my hearers here developed, and as a result of this development of untrammelled thought, I have made more progress in knowledge with my associates for my preachers than I ever made under the teachings of the American pulpits. Mrs. Catharine Page, from N. Y. city, has alone taught me more advanced truths in spiritual knowledge than all the clergy of America ever taught me, and I have uniformly been a constant attendant at the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of our land.

Now, I say if one woman, left to follow the instincts of her God-given nature, and to receive light and truth directly from the fountain, can illuminate so much darkness, what would be the effect of having all trammels of thought broken off, and other women permitted to live natural, holy lives in the world? Why can't we be allowed to be natural, as God made us to be?

Oh! if the government could only allow us to follow our instincts and be true women, I'm sure they would be no losers, but gainers, by it.

Well, Lincoln, I'm afraid you'll think you won't gain much by my advice if I don't stick to my text longer at a time. But the truth is, I have so much to say that my thoughts will so jostle one against another in their eagerness to come out into notice, that I hardly know which to give place to. You see I'm for free-thinking. I don't go in for binding thoughts any more than persons, and when an imprisoned thought knocks at the door of my understanding, I don't like to send it back to its cell. I much prefer to unlock the door forthwith and give it its liberty, just as I want you to do for us,—

your best citizens!—now we are knocking at your philanthropic heart to let us out of prison by unbolting the doors of your insane asylums and letting the oppressed go free. Free! Free!! Free!!! Oh! how I do want to be free!!

Well, Mrs. Tindal freely expressed her opinion of my symbol. Yes, we are free to think here, and that is all the freedom we have unrestricted, and I for one am going to make the most of this single type of freedom left us by government.

Mrs. Tindal not only said "the South would conquer," but she added, "They will triumph over the North. They always have ruled, and they always will rule, and they never will give up to be ruled by the North."

Seeing my surprise in my countenance, for my face and eyes will speak when I don't give them leave to, often, and sometimes they contradict my tongue; but without my saying anything, she added, "If you don't believe it, search the Book of Daniel and see for yourself. 'Tis so: the South will 'push against the North and prevail against it'—and I tell you the Bible don't lie to suit anybody. I don't wish you to believe my testimony. 'Tis God's teaching which says your symbol is a true one. The South has the vitality, the North lacks it. The South are in the waters of truth, and the North think they are, but they are not. They are withering, and will wither still more. Thinking they are right when they are not right, won't save them."

So much for her freedom and opinion. I thanked her for her candor, and told her I should consider what she had said candidly, and perhaps I should then be disposed to accord with her views more than I could at present.

I find, Lincoln, that almost all subjects have two sides to them; and I've noticed that most all dry-goods have a right and wrong side to them, but some have so very little difference between the sides, that it's hard to determine which

is the right side. So I've come to this practical conclusion on the subject, and that is, to let the owner or wearer judge for himself which side is right and which is wrong, because he is the one to be suited. Or in Bible language. "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." So in argument I say to my opponent that he has just as good a right to his opinions as I have to mine, and I don't know but that his are better than mine; still as I now see the subject, I don't feel disposed to yield mine to him any more than he does to me—thus there is no righteous way but to "agree to differ," and each do as God tells us to do, "Judge ye not of your own selves what is right."

Yes, Father in heaven! I will—and I'll let others enjoy the same liberty, for I am not made to be the overseer of my brother's or sister's duties or opinions. If I cherish opinions which are not based in reasons founded in the waters of truth, I must see them wither and die, even if I was ever so certain I had the stems in these fountains, when they were not—for truth will triumph, and nothing in opposition to it will.

If the North be right in the defense of the principles of universal liberty they will triumph, and control the action of the American government. If the South be wrong in the defense of oppression and slavery, then they will fail, and be compelled to be ruled by a humane, instead of an oppressive government. Right is always might—but might is not always right.

Lincoln, be sure that you have water in both your tumblers—rule both North and South with justice—right—and then you will emancipate the Northern slaves as well as the Southern. If you continue to let our husbands oppress us—both with slavery and imprisonment—as you let them now do, and free the black slaves as you seem determined to do, I shall call you partial in your element of justice—for I do

say it is just as unjust and wrong to hold *us* in married servitude, as it is to hold the slave-servant in servitude.

We want our freedom if we are white, as much as the blacks do. You ought not to despise us on account of our color or our sex; we couldn't help either fatality. But we do want equal rights at least with a colored man.

Another thing, we feel the degradation of our servitude more than the slave does, for we are better educated, and more developed in our moral natures. I don't think there is a slave in the whole South who has suffered so much from his bondage as I have from mine; and I have often felt that the angel Gabriel could not have borne this abuse better than I have. I am sure he could not have been more patient, forbearing, and forgiving than I have been. Therefore I do say, this is another reason for delivering me from my cruel bondage.

I trust you will do your duty if I do mine—that is, establish your new government for you! I don't think even Seward would do that much for you, for the simple reason that he couldn't and wouldn't dare to if he could. Men are so afraid they'll be thought officious that they can't go ahead with things as dauntlessly as we can.

Dr. Tenny called at my room and asked me "How I was getting along with my book?"

I replied, "I'm getting on finely with it. I've already got the government up to Cincinnati with its new flag—with the sun, moon, and stars on it—representing our model family-government."

"Why, you ain't going to let Washington be taken by the rebels, are you?" opening his eyes in astonishment, as he spoke.

I replied, "I think the government ought to be in the North where the power is, and not in the South where it isn't."

He replied, "We need the government to support the weakest part."

"Yes," said I, "we do—you have given me a jewel, and I shall put it in my book."

I then told him what Mrs. Tindal had said about my flower-symbol. He, smiling, left the room, saying, "How can you get along with her and my suggestions now, after you have already got the government moved to Cincinnati?"

I replied, "I'll make a puzzle, or a riddle of it, and put it into my puzzle-corner for any one to answer who can, for I can't."

So the men puzzle me already about my plan, even after it's all made, and begun to be completed! I hope my government won't be like "The house that Jack built"! I don't see how I can engineer through this bog. It's dark as night—and there ain't even one star to be seen. I shall have to trust Providence and go ahead and risk the consequences of progression, for I don't believe in being thrown off my track by Mrs. Tindal, or Dr. Tenny, or Bible either. All truth is consistent with itself, and it won't cross my track unless I get on the wrong rails.

No cross-roads on the lightning express train track. If you risk crossing it, you do it at your own cost, not mine. I've chartered the route for my express-accommodation—to emancipate the slaves of the marriage union.

And I don't intend to work for nothing, as I have for the last twenty days, getting this emancipation car through to Chicago depot. I think I can see some signs of it now in the distance, and I must polish up a little before I enter the depot, or they will say, "Great speed, but much dirt." 'Twon't do to stink and steam as I did in the region of the Calvinistic carcasses, for 'twouldn't take four days for them to stink after they are dead, and when I come opposite their graveyard, I can only stop to use the shortest word I can

find and steam on! but now I must begin to polish up a little when I'm speaking of mephitic exhalations, instead of "bad stinks."

Well, we've had very dirty work to do, and our engine has had to work its own passage itself, so I can't afford to expend much time in polishing the brasses or cleaning the wheels. I'll only grease the axles of the wheels, and on! on we go! saying something or nothing.

I always could say something when I had nothing to say—woman's mind ain't a barren soil, you know. It's the leading mind of the universe. Her literature has done more to reform and bless the world than all the men combined, and multiplied by ten, and ten to carry, too. Nobody in man's shape but is eclipsed in total darkness by the side of her literature, her science, her poetry, her prose, her pathos, her merits as a writer. God knows He couldn't begin to write a book equal to a woman, and so He didn't try to do it. He just let His wife write her own book, without His dictation or interference. He acted only as her medium. She—the Holy Ghost—dictated the Bible to men, who wrote it *for her*, just as I am now writing, with God for my dictator.

This is the man Bible, with a woman medium. The other is a woman Bible with a man medium. Man's Bible—or God's book—is the "book of nature." This is the key to the volume.

The Bible is a revelation of God's will to man, as his wife—the Holy Ghost—understood it. And I guess they agree about things. I don't think they have had their first quarrel yet, and if they escape that, they escape all others.

And if my book of nature quarrels with its author, it will only be because there is a misunderstanding between us, not because I don't report my nature as I understand it. That is, I don't tell lies knowingly, and if my book ain't a natural book, it will only be because I ain't a natural woman. My

book is true to me, if I ain't true to God. And if "nature's book" don't agree with the Holy Ghost's, or woman's nature, it will only be because Satan has perverted things which God made right. For I know when I get to the true, original thing—nature, as God made—I find the prime, unadulterated article—a "very good" thing—for this is one of the works of His own, which He Himself said was "very good" after He had got it all done and finished.

If my book *is* a natural book, then natural women will see themselves reflected in its contents, "for as face answereth to face in water, so doth the heart of man to man," the Bible says. And if men's hearts are alike, I presume women's are, also. And I say those women who criticise it as contrary to nature, must either be Calvinistic or perverted women, or I am not a natural one.

Well, we won't quarrel about it, anyhow; the bad women—the Calvinistic, I mean—have a right to think their regenerated natures are the true article, and I have the right to an opposite opinion. And if their regenerated natures don't wither before the blasts of fiery persecution any more than mine has, then I'll believe they have water in their tumblers, as well as I have in mine.

For one thing is certain, thinking we are right when we ain't, won't keep the flowers of hope and trust from withering in passing through the tests I have had to pass through. I grow more kindly, more hopeful, more trustful, more sympathetic, more forgiving, more benevolent, have more of the "wrath of the Lamb," or indignation at wrong, the more I am wronged, oppressed, persecuted—but I doubt whether a regenerated nature would develop such blossoms under such culture. I think it takes the genuine article—nature—to bring forth such fruits, and perfect them, under such harsh, severe cultivation. I don't think nature demands severity to develop it, but I think it will live and thrive in

spite of it, just as a strong constitution will resist the effects of drug poison, and retain its elasticity in spite of them and their counteracting, and undermining, and deleterious influence.

I don't think that God and His wife need quarrels to develop their virtuous natures, for I think quarreling is contrary to nature, or we should have heard reports of them, before this, in His family, if they were natural productions of nature. I can't believe 'tis natural to quarrel, for God says He and His Wife and His Son are one, and if so, I can't see what they can have to quarrel about. Where people are all of one and the same mind, what can they quarrel about?

How I should like to have a husband who was one with me in all things! I'm sure such a union would be heaven on earth! and I don't believe but what the fruits of such a union would be one with their parents. I presume the sons would be one with their father, and the daughters one with their mother—that is, have one and the same noble nature, one and the same noble views, one and the same noble purposes, one and the same noble practice.

But there is one thing that they couldn't be one and the same in, and that is—in age. The parents would always have to be older than the children—that is, their superiors in age. I think God and His Wife are the oldest parents in the universe, and I shouldn't wonder if God was older than His Wife. Still, I don't know but they are of the same age. If there is any difference, I guess God the Father is older than God the Mother, for it seems, somehow, to be more natural to have the head of the family the oldest of the family.

When His oldest Son, Christ, gets married, I think He will make just as good a husband and father as His Father has. But 'tis a wonder to me where He can find so good a woman for His wife as His Mother was. For Solomon said in his day that he couldn't find but one man in a thousand

that was a true man, and a woman he could not find anywhere. Now, there must be some reason for this fact,—in nature,—for truth is always consistent with nature. Now in nature the best things are generally the longest in coming to maturity, because they have more to develop or perfect. So I presume the reason Solomon couldn't find one true or perfect woman, in his day, was because they hadn't then had time to develop in perfection, as the man had, because she was so much more perfect and complete a specimen of humanity than man was, inasmuch as the woman is the better half of the twain.

Well, I think Christ has had to wait a great while for his Bride to get ready to be married, and I shouldn't wonder if he had had to contend with a rival some time during his long courtship. That old jealous Satan is always ready to dispute the right of any one to be happy, and he knows if he can forestall a happy marriage, he can defeat or prevent more of that coin going into circulation in this way than in any other. I don't know but that Christ, rather than contend for His Bride elect, and fight a duel for her, has concluded to give in to him, and let him have his way about it for awhile, and wait his chance, trusting to an overruling Providence to defend his rights for him.

I don't know about *this* way of trusting Providence! A rival who could give up his suit so coolly, wouldn't suit my idea of man's love—the genuine article, I mean.

If He didn't consider His bride worth contending for, I wouldn't give much for His pluck, to say nothing of His love. If the best article in the world ain't worth fighting for, I don't know what is, I'm sure. Yes, I do know of one other thing I should think was worth fighting for, and that is, a good husband. Yes, rather than have my lover leave me to marry his rival, but not my suitor or lover either, I would rather elope and trust Providence so, by doing my duty instead of shirking it to save trouble.

I don't approve of giving up even to Satan, especially in love matters, and I do say, whatever influence interferes with the course of true love is Satanic, and ought to be resisted as a most egregious trespass upon the best and most sacred right of our benevolent natures.

An unhappy marriage! What is gained by it? Nothing but crushed hopes and mortal agony. And who is responsible for such unions, or rather *disunions*? I don't like to give Providence the credit for them, for I fear He'd get more than He deserved if I did.

I believe, as Dr. Sturtevant says, "That God *intended* all mankind for a life of virtue and happiness," and if so, He did not plan unhappy marriages, for I'm sure there is the last place to look for either of these articles successfully. Therefore, I'm disposed to give His rival, Satan, the whole credit on this score. And I think if we can defeat all his unions, we shall do more for his rival's cause than we can do in any other way. The true Church would then soon adorn herself in her bridal attire, and be ready to "go forth to meet the Bridegroom," and the "marriage of the Lamb" would then take place, and His spiritual reign on earth be established in peace and righteousness.

Again, another view of Christ's nuptials being so long delayed, may lie in the fact that God can't deviate from any of the principles of His government, even to accommodate the urgent wishes of even His darling first-born Son. And, since 'tis one principle to let "evil slay the wicked," or in our language, to "commit suicide of itself," so time must be allowed to have it done; and God is never in so much of a hurry to bring about His glorious purposes as to trespass even upon the rights of the devil to do it. And it is one of His inalienable rights to destroy Himself; and, therefore, instead of risking His own life in a duel with His adversary or rival, He may conclude 'tis the better part of valor to wait,

and fight His own impatient feelings, instead of fighting the devil. But he must "resist the devil," because God commands him to do so continually. And I should think the right way to do this thing would be to defend His "bride elect" against marrying His rival, by revealing to her His real character, so that she needn't be taken in by His sophistry. For if she should chance to be "beguiled by Him," and get married to Him, He, Christ, would, you see, have to marry His widow, instead of a virgin, His choice.

But what sort of a character is a widow?

Webster says, "A widow is one who has lost her husband," or "deprived of some good."

Now could the wife of Satan become a widow by his death? No, for she would not be deprived of any good by it.

Very well. But she wouldn't be a virgin, would she?

Let us see—what is a virgin?

Webster says, "It is a woman who has had no carnal knowledge of a man." Now, has the wife of Satan had any carnal knowledge of a *man*? No, nor spiritual either. She has had carnal suffering and spiritual suffering with her devilish partner—not husband—but no carnal pleasure, or spiritual pleasure either, so far as her devil is concerned. Mind you, it ain't a man a woman marries when she marries a devil. She was "beguiled," by his wearing pants and whiskers, to suppose he was a man when he wasn't. All the man there was was his form. And I, for one, won't give much for the form of a thing without its substance.

The devil has such almost limitless powers of transformation, and is so chameleon like, in his artful, cunning nature, that it requires a most subtle, or rather sagacious rival to defeat him, and unless the pure, artless, simple Church had a betrothed who was more wise than she was, she might be thus "taken in" to her sorrow, in more instances than she now is. But sometimes we foolishly prefer our own wisdom

to His, and He is so liberty-loving Himself, He just lets us have our own way about it—if we insist upon it—and then, of course, we have to find out to our confusion and sorrow that his plans are good, and ours—that conflict with his are bad, very bad.

Just as I found out my plan to marry Mr. Packard was a very bad one indeed, because it conflicted with his better plans. The fact was, I wasn't willing to believe that it was necessary for a man to be like Christ to have an amative love for a woman. So He let me try it and see for myself that it *was* necessary, and that I couldn't have a man without this love with him.

So I've made up my mind fully on this point, viz., that I had rather have a man for my husband—even with this love—than to have a devil without it!

It don't pay to try to improve upon nature. Nature in man, and woman too, was dictated by a wiser head than mine, I'm sure; for I find my suggestions don't improve it at all. I can now put up with the amative love of my nature, which ought to be there, but which I determined shouldn't be there, if I could help it—for the sake of the spiritual love, which can only grow out from this root. So, if I want to be loved spiritually by Christ, or Christ-like men, I must consent to be loved naturally also; for the spiritual love cannot live without this root, buried, too, deep in dirt and filth—the very nucleus of its food—any more than the luscious peach can grow on the spreading branches of the beautiful peach tree, without a root well protected and enriched by the rotten substances on which it feeds.

Christ's process of training me in this part of His true church—the spiritual woman—nature—has resulted in making me a more perfect woman than I was, when I chose a devil instead of a man for my husband, although not near so prudish a woman.

It is said that a burnt child dreads the fire. When I have been burnt by love, or experienced so hot love as to feel it, I may then dread it! but until that time comes I think I shan't run from its genial influences for fear of being burnt, for the polar regions are a terrible cold place for me to live in, without any fire outside of me.

I shall love any man who loves me, and I shan't try to help it, or rather, prevent it.

But I'll never love a devil again, if I know him. It don't pay.

And, furthermore, I shan't be for interfering with the devil's right to kill himself! for, so far as I am concerned, I shall be heartily glad when he gets back to his own place. I'm sure he's quite out of his place when he's in my heart or bosom, or I'm in his, now he's shown me his cloven foot. I would lie in his bosom, for I insisted 'twas my proper place, while he pretended to be my husband. But I would not quarrel even for this marriage right!

I always was and always will be a peace-maker. But to make the peace God or my nature dictates, does make quite an effervescence, for the devil will not be quiet to be identified with goodness, any more than goodness could be satisfied with its position with evil. The truth is, soda and cider won't mix without a foam, any more than oil and water will without shaking. And after the effervescence ceases, the good of the quarrel is all over with—the life has escaped in a gaseous form—and the result of the whole is a very bad article, either for a cordial or a beverage. Such a peace leaves the elements worse than it found them; for soda and cider are both good enough in their proper places, but when mixed are good for nothing.

Fermentation leaves a substance in its track that is worth something, for this is a natural process; but effervescence or quarreling leaves nothing worth having, because it

is an unnatural or artificial process. Fermentation is a slower and more quiet process of transmutation, like almost all nature's processes, while effervescence is hasty and spurious, like most unnatural processes.

I say it don't pay for husbands and wives to quarrel, for if they are elements which have no affinity for each other, it only makes matters worse; and if they have an affinity for each other, they can't effervesce, and so there's no fun in it, and no sort of use either, for God and His wife don't lack sense, or at least, common-sense, and common-sense is enough to keep a husband and wife from quarreling, unless they'd do as Mrs. Dr. Childs of Shelburne, Mass., used to say she and her husband did, "They never quarreled," she said, "and when they did, they would make right up!"

I think she is like the man in Philadelphia, Mr. Alexander Henry's son-in-law, who had a very low carriage built, which he said, "would not upset, and if it did upset, it wouldn't hurt him to fall out!" But I think it is dangerous to be thrown out of a low carriage, and I would rather have one that couldn't upset me, if it had to be high enough for the wheels to turn under it. A low level don't always save us from a fall; neither does a high one escape all danger.

But I like the higher risk, myself. I am aspiring in my notions. Still, I do not like the English aristocracy, although it is said by those antiquarian sort of folks in society, who like to be looking back for honors to stand upon, that I have "high blood" coursing in my veins, through my mother's line of ancestry, going as high as an English earl or a lord, or something of the kind. But if I can't rise higher—from my present "insane pauper" level—than any earl or lord of England ever did or has yet, I shan't begin to realize the level of my aspirations. I don't look back nor down for my level, but "onward and upward." The English aristocracy has too much of the unshorn lion about it, the king of the unbroken forests, and the leviathan of the green deep.

We Americans can't stoop to such mere tangible, earthly things. We want the capacious wings of our proud eagle bird, to fly and soar and sail in the blue ether. The lion, with his shaggy mane, may even roar at us, but we fear nothing in our aërial balloon, above the sight and hearing of his angry growls at us, just as if we should deign to notice earthly things, when raised so far above them as to be entirely out of their reach.

I don't think the lioness is disposed to harm us. She is willing to see us soar upward and progress; but old John Bull is so unmannerly as to act as if we needed *his* services to do it with!

No, we don't, and we don't thank you, either, for your willingness to help us through our war—on your conditions, if you, pope-like, must insist upon our taking your advice, since 'tis in your opinion so much better than our own. We don't think so. We think ours is the best for us. We can train our own children without your lion to help us. When we want his services we'll telegraph on the under-ground, or rather under-water, line for it.

Please attend to that business; we've done our part once at it. But don't get a cable that'll break again so easy next time. We don't like to cut or break acquaintance with you so easily. Sunshine friends are worth something, even if they do prove to be mere moonshine. However, you may like us all the better when we get our government all regenerated, and may yet be glad of our pattern for yourselves. We'll help you when your turn comes to be weighed in the balances, if you need our help; if you did think it for our interest to give in to the rebels! Another thing I should think you might be doing is, to take care of your Lancashire operatives; for if you don't, we shall be obliged to do it for you. We can't see people starving without helping them; for 'tis our vital principle to bless others and harm none.

We are too generous and true-hearted a people to suffer even our English neighbors to need help and not get it from us, if they were so eager to test their navy by the side of our monitors. Yes, our Monitor is a warning to your King George to keep your distance, or we shall sink him, as he sunk himself in his own port.

Hands off! old father England. We are "of age!" we shall let you know of the fact, if you don't know of its truth already; and if the daughter does outshine the father, 'taint your fault. 'Twas not your patrimony that made us what we are—your superiors.

A woman won't be eclipsed by a man, even if 'tis her own father. It's contrary to nature, and that's enough. The sun never has eclipsed the moon, and never will. But the moon has eclipsed the sun a great many times, and always will, unless the $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of her earth's inclination don't get straightened, as it seems to need to be to make a perfect harmony. But, however, God made it so, or He let Satan give her a push out of her proper place, which amounts to about the same thing; and I suppose He had a good reason for it, or He wouldn't have done it, if we can't see into it. I never could. That thing always puzzled me more than anything else in Astronomy. Prof. Snell, when you can tell me why mother earth is regularly irregular in its revolution about the sun, and on its axis—then I'll tell you why woman is regularly irregular in her circuit.

When one is dispensed with, I think the other will be. But until it is, I think woman had better dispense with work at such times, and lay on the bed one day, or two days, or three days, just as the case demands. One day answers for me, I'm so healthy, but weakly, sickly women ought to lay by as long as the Indian women do at least. The Indian men are so gallant to their wives that they let them lay curled up in their tents or huts two whole days every month. And

they gain it in the long run, for they can bear toil and hardship about as well as the men can; and besides, they have their children so easy, it don't take a week for them to rest from toil to have them. She can do as animals do—attend to her own offspring, and continue right on her journey and carry her babe on her back. If Americans could have the gallantry of the Indians, so as to treat their wives as well as the Indian does his squaw, we should soon be a happier and better nation. But until they do take better care of their wives we must have weakly, sickly children to burden us with, and them too, for what is life to a diseased child, and what is it worth to the nation? And what is life worth to a weakly woman, especially to a wife and a mother?

I can't think of but one advantage she gains by it, and that is, she ain't in danger of outgrowing her contemporaries by it, and being persecuted as being insane for it, as I have been in consequence of being so much more healthy than my sister contemporaries are. And I do say, to secure personal liberty, rather than imprisonment for life, as a consequence of being stunted in development by sickness, is no small consideration! I can't, in conscience, encourage you, my sisters, in being healthy until I have destroyed these insane asylums, lest you run the risk of sharing my fate, if you are tempted to become so, by using the means of becoming so, which I have used.

The result of being healthy and vigorous, physically, is almost inevitably to be so morally and intellectually. Elasticity and strength of mind is usually identified with elasticity and strength of bodily constitution. And a robust constitution, naturally developed, is the root or foundation of a robust, sound spiritual development.

God has endowed me with a strong and vigorous root, and how can I help perfecting spiritual fruit? I couldn't help it; still, I've had to be imprisoned nearly three years already for

it, and God only knows how many more 'twill be before I am liberated. Yes, my country treats me as if I had been a felon, or a thief, or a murderer, for simply being a naturally *developed*, spiritual woman!! Oh, America! What a day of reckoning is in store for thee!! Oh, in God's name, I warn you to prepare to meet thy doom! and as your true, best friend, I would urge you to prompt, thorough, practical repentance. For no terms short of this can avert thy certain destruction.

Will God suffer the best and holiest part of His works to be thus contemned, despised, and persecuted without defending it from harm? And can the persecuting, wicked-doer expect to escape with impunity?

Nay, verily, Christ has promised to protect His true Church—His bride—and to deliver her out of the power of her cruel adversaries.

So, my spiritual sisters, fear not to grow in spiritual knowledge as you grow in holiness, for the end of this cruel, Calvinistic dispensation draws near, and the Christian part of our mongrel government is preparing to go forth and meet its Bride, the Lamb's wife, and is about to take our spiritual part into its bosom for protection and shelter. Yes, sisters dear, our inalienable rights are to be protected to us, and we are to be one with Christ—or one with our Christlike husbands—in the security of our identity *to us*, as theirs is to them.

Oh! shall I ever be a free woman under the American flag, with my identity protected to me?

Oh! may a benign Providence answer this momentous question in the affirmative.

But if Heaven has decreed otherwise concerning me, may I be allowed to be the only martyr for woman's rights which a just God demands as a propitiation for my country's sins in this particular. It shall be my dying prayer that some

champion for the truth shall dare to publish my posthumous writings as they were penned by me for the world's benefit, so that, being dead, I may yet speak in defense of Christ's spiritual Church—the inalienable rights of woman.

Oh! my deluded Calvinistic sisters, don't sneer at the suggestion of our aspiring to an equality with the men! God made us to be one with them, in their rights as the Holy Ghost is one with God, in her rights; and shall we shrink from the position God has fitted us to fill? Because perverted manhood has trodden us so long under foot, shall we choose to lick the dust?

Nay; let us stand erect, in our God-given rights, and fearlessly and dauntlessly maintain our true position, side by side with the "lords of creation," as their companions and chosen partners.

'Tis no credit to you to hug your fetters. 'Tis no honor to be submissive to such a fate. Your honor lies in resisting it and in breaking your chains, even at the price of domestic peace! For a peace based on injustice, regardless of purity and right, is a treacherous sleep whose waking is death. Your honor lies in waking out of it, ere the bridegroom cometh, for she only who breaks her chains by asserting and maintaining her rights of womanhood, is the only one whose lamp is trimmed and burning, ready for the nuptials of "marriage of the Lamb" to His spiritual church. What true man is willing to marry a woman who cannot maintain her own identity, or who is too inefficient to attempt to do so through fear of opposition? A sister who is willing to be a man's slave must either be less than a woman or a dwarf, too diminutive in stature to meet the aspirations of any true manly nature. They are incapacitated as guests at the marriage festival, for they have not on the wedding garment—the developed nature God endowed His daughters with—as their marriage dowry.

Why has the Chinese woman an incapacitated foot? Because its development was stunted by an unnatural confinement—its limits had been too circumscribed by a custom at variance with Nature's laws. Why is an undeveloped woman incapacitated to be the companion of a developed man? Because custom and society has so circumscribed her sphere of action to such narrow confines, that she could only partially develop the powers God has endowed her with.

Now, dear sisters, to surmount these difficulties by defying the foolish customs of society at variance with Nature's laws, as the Chinese mother must do to capacitate her daughter to be a practical woman, we must depend alone on heaven for our protection, in obeying his laws for the present. And ere long, we, the wise virgins who dared to adorn ourselves *thus*, in defiance of our persecutors, shall be welcomed by him as his bride elect, who will henceforth protect us and our rights from trespass. Then, while the foolish virgins are mourning their folly and stupidity, at having been contented in their chains, we shall be rejoicing in our extended and ever increasing sources of enjoyment.

With this haven in prospect then, dear sisters, turn not indifferently from a view of the track of Nature I have trod, for it alone terminates in God himself.

Now that we have "watered and fed" our engine at this "woman's rights" depot, we must put on the steam and go ahead, or the "Indian Train" will have to wait for us.

For fifteen years I have practised this rule of Nature, taught me by Nature's noblemen—the wild Indian—and I don't think there is a more healthy woman among the Indian tribes than I am and always have been. I have no pains or aches about me from year to year or month to month. But I guess I should have from month to month if I didn't know so much; and for Mrs. Packard to know a practical thing is virtually to *do* it. All that I want of knowledge is for practi-

cal utility. I aim to show or display my knowledge by my practice first, for I think this is the best kind of preparation I can bestow upon my sermons before preaching them. In short, I dare to practice what I do know to be Nature's laws. I do feel sheepish to be found in bed at my "well times," I'll own; but I think 'tis better to lay in bed when you are well than when you are sick, and because you are well rather than because you are sick.

Dr. Tenny and Dr. McFarland have found me out, and now they don't push open my door the days I lock them out and myself in. I told Dr. Tenny once, in order to give him a gentle hint about what ailed me (he isn't a married man), "that if he wanted a real healthy mother, sister, or wife, he must let them lie in bed one day in a month."

He replied, "They may lay there three if they like."

"Generous soul," said I, "I'll recommend you as a model husband."

And I advise a woman, even a weakly woman, to set her cap for him, for he won't break down a woman but husband her up, I warrant you. I say, who wants a good husband, look out for Dr. Tenny! He's kind, sympathetic, and true; and often stops in our wards to administer a cup of consolation, even if it does take time from his office duties. I presume he thinks a cup of cold water given to one of Christ's little ones, will not lose its reward. I'm sure 'twon't, for Christ has said so, and he has got a good many tumblers of water on interest in the bank of faith, and many a prayer has been offered up for blessings to descend upon his head in return for kindness bestowed upon the friendless.

And the number of such is legion here. Scarcely any one seems to care for their friends after they have served a term of imprisonment in this hell. O, 'tis awful criminal to treat friends so! To cast them off just at the time when they, most of all others, need friends to care for them. O,

humanity ! or rather inhumanity ! if you must cast off your friends and lock them up in a prison, do, I beg of you, take the strongest and the stoutest, as Calvin did ; for I never needed my strength so much as I do here, to fight off Beelzebub, and all his armed hosts of oppressors, and his legion of tormentors. If you want to know *how* he torments and oppresses us, just take our places for one of our long starless years, and see for yourselves. You won't doubt the literal truth of what I say then. The agonies of these victims of satanic persecution cannot be overdrawn. Milton's description of the tortures of the damned never found a better counterpart than the internal picture our insane asylum presents. I often tell the agonized victims who fear the torments of a future hell, that they may be sure there is not a worse hell in God's universe than this is. They need fear no greater torment than this government here compels us to endure, being innocent.

I often think our very innocence only aggravates our sorrows, for our God-like sense of justice is outraged by these tortures being inflicted so mercilessly, without our possibility of escape from them.

The hundreds who are not insane, here, see no prospect of escape, for they will call natural developments insanity ; and if they thus remain, true to their natures, there is no hope for them ; and if they should become insane—from hope too long deferred—there is no hope then. So look where we will, for comfort, by a hope of escape from this hell, it is nowhere to be found ! unless Lincoln's humanity can be moved to destroy these hells, from off the continent. For hard-hearted relatives will keep them filled, if you open the doors to them. They must be destroyed, root and branch, or this upas-tree will corrupt the whole nation.

The inquisitions of Spain are a lower heaven compared with these asylums, for there the victims are allowed the

relief of death, but here even that boon is denied us as a means of escape from its horrors.

Here Satan's seat is, and here he has had undisputed sway, until I came and broke his power to torment, to some degree. I told Beelzebub I should as certain expose his deeds—unless he repented—as it was certain I could not lie. And he has found me to be a woman of truth, and one, too, who keeps her promises to the very letter.

He has been more scared than hurt, as yet, for I do hate to hurt anybody; and I hate about as bad to see anybody hurt, and I won't, without trying to defend them. That's the very reason Beelzebub don't like me here: I am so dauntless for the right. On this account I have a long credit mark, or certificate awarded to me here, by the authorities—namely, "that I have been the most troublesome patient they ever had here!" 'Tis true, I am no friend to Satan or his works, and I've had a first-rate chance here to show my disloyalty to his kingdom. Satan and Mrs. Packard don't lie in the same nest together without kicking up a muss, I can tell you!

I'm pretty sure God will say the certificate or compliment was well and truthfully bestowed, when Mrs. Packard got such a long credit mark. I hardly think Luther himself could have deserved it better than I do, had he been in my place. I presume the Pope found him the most troublesome patient he had. Luther could have no more patience with the Pope's bulls than I could have with the bulls of old Despotism here, and I think I have shaken the old bull here, by his horns, about as hard as Luther did his bull. He hasn't bellowed quite as loud as his did, yet, but I can't tell but that he will, before I get through. Mind, my work ain't done, yet. And I ain't any of your half sort of folks. Thoroughness, if not dispatch, marks Mrs. Packard's tracks. And if bulls or cows lie across my track, I've got a cow-

catcher for them. I've looked out for my engine! I assure you. I ain't going to be thrown off my track by any sort of animal.

And if I don't pick up all the Calvinistic plunder about these buildings before I leave this depot, and pitch them all into my baggago car, it will be because I don't know how to load up or pack goods. If I hurt any human being in my zeal to gather up the plunder, here, it will be an accident. Either they are in my way or I'm in theirs. For I'm in effort to protect the human by destroying the *inhuman*.

I'd much rather be hurt myself than to hurt another, especially their pride. I don't approve of humbling one's pride. All human beings ought to be proud, for they are of royal descent, and cannot be too proud of their parentage. Human nature and human beings have been most wofully abused, by the degrading attempts at humbling them, which Satan has put into requisition for that purpose. They need raising and exaltation—not sinking and degradation. Every human should be too proud to do a wrong or mean act. They ought to feel above it.

But, "faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." I ain't deceitful, neither do I kiss Beelzebub to curry favor with him. I'm open and frank to all. I tell them just what I do think of them to their faces, and I think some pretty bad things of some folks.

INDIAN TRAIN.

Well, we've arrived in time. Just hold on till we've changed cars, and then we won't object to hearing your whistle. I've found my favorite seat again—truth, on the sunny side. "All aboard!"

After I've proved to you how healthy I am, I guess you'll say I can stand abreast with any of the squaw women in having children, as easy as they do, too. Facts are my argu-

ments, or proofs, and stubborn ones they are too, I find, and you'll see they are, if I can make you.

Well, just before Arthur Dwight, my youngest child, "troubled Israel," after doing my Saturday's work, which was equal to my Monday's when I used to do my washing myself, with Calvin's help, I went to bed to rest, because I was tired, but not till the right time, I tell you, for I hadn't forgot about the fatal mistake about the forgotten wristbands!

I assure you, Calvin didn't catch me on my bed after that time in the day-time, if I could spring up before he got my bedroom door open upon me. I hadn't forgot anything this Saturday—every duty was done up. And as I said, I went to bed, but didn't have but a short nap before Calvin came and waked me up, about ten o'clock. I think I had had a kind of nightmare, for I didn't wake up with pleasant dreams.

The fact was, I couldn't sleep myself, and I couldn't let him sleep neither. After we had fussed about for a time, we both agreed that I had disturbed him long enough for him to get up and spark a little. 'Twas in December, so sparks were needed to warm our cold house preparatory to a spree. I mean a Christian spree—not a Calvinistic one. So when he had got the sparks well flying, I joined him, and he gave me a nice easy rocking-chair—his own high-backed one, stuffed with his Elizabeth's own upholstering skill. I didn't want my husband leaning against the hard rounds of a rocking chair, when there was green marine in the stores waiting to be sold, to make a cushion for its back. No, she didn't—Elizabeth's husband never had a hard-backed chair for his study-chair, after she had the care of him.

Well, we exchanged chairs that night. I never back-cushioned one for myself to use.

He put his large blue camlet cloak over it too, this night. Old Shelburne folks will know what cloak I mean, for he wore it before their eyes more than twenty-five years before

it came out West with us to enclose the mother of Arthur Dwight five years after within its ample folds. It is still as it long has been, a cloak worth having, if it did cost him twenty-five dollars. It paid cost and good interest too.

And this was not all, Calvin let me sit in his place, too, with the cook-stove oven for my footstool. The great, bright, shining, copper teakettle was soon singing one of its merriest sonnets over the glowing coals in our coal-stove, and its contents helped to warm and melt off the ice from my wash-tub which served as our center-table preparatory to our spreeing time.

I don't think center-tables are made to sit upon, but I think wash-tubs are made to sit in when we want to take a warm sitz-bath, and we haven't anything better for that purpose. It's the warm water I was wanting for my cushion, and I didn't care what the water was in, if 'twas only big enough to hold me and the water too. And I was in with it as soon as Calvin got it ready for me, and the great cloak all wrapped snugly about me, and over the tub.

Now, thought I, 'tis my turn to study for my husband's comfort, for one good turn deserves another, you know. So I suggested that he get us a nice, cozy supper, so we could have a good eating time together. There ain't much fun in spreeing without we get something good to eat along with it! and I looked out for that matter beforehand. If you'd seen the lots of smoking pies and cakes I had carried from the oven to the cupboard that day, you'd think I had done something besides thinking that day.

He knew where I kept my goodies, and the tea-caddy of black tea for his own express use—the very best kind—the “Boston breakfast tea”—the first quality—highest price. Prices didn't stump him when he wanted something good to eat or drink, and he knew how to make his black tea as good as I could, for Dr. Sylvester of Lyons, N. Y., taught me

through his sister, Mrs. Field, how to make it in the best possible manner, and I had taught him. His rule was to steep it fifteen minutes before drinking it. So he put on the tea-pot first, and then set his side-table with a nice white cloth over it, and two clean cups and saucers, for Calvin was to have help that night in emptying his tea-pot, and that was a very rare occurrence. But since this was our "spree-supper," I thought I would help him drink some of his good, nice, black-tea.

But before we commenced operations at our supper-table, we agreed to get Isaac up and send him off to brother Dole's, to invite sister Sibyl to come to our night-party. I can tell you, he clipped it over the prairie in double-quick time, since I gave him to understand before he left the house, that sister was sent for on mother's especial account—and anything that was done for mother's sake, was done with a will, and a good free will too! The two and a half miles weren't long to him on his errand for mother, if 'twas pitch-dark, and cold as Greenland is at some seasons of the year.

On he went, and on we went to eating our cozy, nice, tempting supper. Calvin, though, had all the eating to do, but I drank one or two cups of his "stout" black-tea—"stout" enough to bear up a bullet-sized egg, if it couldn't a bullet. It did bear my spirits up into their feathery regions—and that's what I took it for.

I hate to see folks sad in spreeing-times. I felt as if I could keep a roomfull shaking their sides with laughing, if they had been there to hear my wit. But they weren't, and so I didn't trouble myself to let off the steam.

I just kept down the clapper and worked inside, and I was sure I was doing up business right smart. So I told Calvin he'd better light the shavings at the door, or damper rather, of my air-tight stove in my bedroom. I keep things ready beforehand. When I clean up my room in the morning,

after our family party in the nursery the evening before, I just get all the wood-kindlings and shavings ready in the stove, to light the fire with a match at a minute's notice. Then I can clean all the litter off at once, and thus I can have a clean room and a warm stove at a minute's notice.

I then told husband I thought it about time to send for our other guests.

He started to light the fire, and I followed after him in a hurry to get to my bed. He went out to do up his kitchen chores before the guests arrived, and I went to undressing myself for my bed. But husband was soon called back, and he did come right quick to help me get on my bed, which had been made up all in readiness for three days beforehand. And I hadn't got through with him then, so I held on to him with a grip he could not unclench.

I like to feel the hand which clasps mine when I pretend to join hands, and I sometimes grip them, to set the example. It is said you can feel some people's hearts in their fingers. Such hands are the ones I like to get hold of, and it's those people who have got hearts that I like. Heartless people are too Calvinistic to suit me, and when I get hold of a gripless hand I fear the Calvinistic heart.

Well, I held on to my husband's hand speechless for a time. I did not stop to apologize for my silence, for I've heard that Solomon says, "There is a time to refrain from speaking," and I thought this might be one of those times.

But my silence was soon broken by giving directions respecting the reception of our first guest. Calvin gallantly allowed me to be General now, and he became the obedient and confiding soldier. He always did his part well when he followed my directions as implicitly as he did on this occasion. I wonder if it is the case generally, that a man succeeds best when he yields to or is influenced by his wife?

I'm sure 'twas the case with my husband always, without exception ; still I'm far from claiming to be a model pair.

Somehow it don't seem right to me, to have such a necessity exist. I think the man ought to be the self-reliant, independent thinker of the two, and his wisdom ought to be superior to the woman's ; but if 'tis not, I don't see the harm of using the best light, even if 'tis reflected by the woman.

It's more natural for the moon to shine with light reflected from the sun, than 'tis for the sun to shine with the moon's light ! But Calvinism, you know, aims to regenerate nature, that is, reverse the natural order into an unnatural one. I wonder if 'twould be an improvement to regenerate God's system of astronomy, as the Calvinists do God's moral system ?

It's my opinion if the devil had not interfered at all in trying to remodel our natures, the suns of our system wouldn't have had to shine with the moon's light, but would have shone the brightest in their own light, and the moon could have shone the brightest in the sun's light.

Besides, I don't like the responsibility of superintending any other luminary than my own, and its little stars.

Well, I did superintend this little new star that was that night placed in our little family firmament alone, until husband placed it in Mrs. LaBree's arms.

Thus my husband took his first lesson in obstetrics from his wife, at the birth of his sixth child. And I don't see why he or any other husband could not thus attend to the calls of nature just as well as a medical man.

The simple laws of our physical natures are not an occult science, which the book-wise only can understand. How is it that the unlettered Indian succeeds in raising his little "pap-pooes," if book knowledge is essential to their life ? Are not the essential laws of our physical natures made so simple and plain, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein ?

I think the science of medicine has made more fools than God made, if it makes such fools of all men as it does of the intermeddling, officious obstetrician, who tries to dictate to nature, and seems to depend more upon his officiousness, than he does upon nature herself. I think their so-called scientific knowledge is no help to them, nor their patients. I do say all such knowledge is Calvinistic, because it professes to be wiser than its teacher—Nature.

God is the best kind of physician ; for He never interferes with Nature, but lets her do up her own work in her own way just in harmony with the laws He has given her.

I do wish our medical men would take Him for their model, I don't think they can find a better mode in the universe. I take on all such on to my Christian car—for these honor Nature. But all those who interfere with nature are Calvinistic, and, of course, must go on Calvin's car to the bottomless pit of destruction.

I'll venture to tell the whole class of Calvinistic obstetricians one simple fact in nature, and that is, that when an apple is ripe it drops off of *itself* ; it don't need any pulling to break its stem off. It'll break itself when the right time comes, if you won't be too impatient. Nature knows when her work is perfected, and she aims to hold on to it until 'tis ripe, and will if not interfered with.

And besides, fruit ripened on the tree is better than that which is picked before 'tis ripe. A forced or artificial process is almost uniformly a deleterious one, either to mother or child, or both. Nature opposes it. Therefore do I.

I say reason and common sense are just as good guides for the medical profession as they are for the clerical profession. I don't think either can find better ones.

Another fact for obstetricians, in order to perfect the fruit of a tree so that it will retain the fruit until 'tis luscious, sweet, and soundly ripe, we have to bestow our care and attention

upon the roots of the tree—see that they are well protected, and judiciously enriched, and then the branches or fruit will take care of itself. But to cut off the roots so that the sap or nourishment and life oozes out, instead of sending its life to the fruit, the fruit is necessarily stunted and imperfect. Nature furnishes no superabundant sap to be wasted. So the mother has not a drop too much blood to meet the demand of her pregnant wants. Her blood needs to be improved by diet and good fresh air, *not taken from her*, and thus rob her of her vitality or life, just at the time 'tis most needed for her own and her child's best being or condition.

But the blood is not the only part of the mother which needs attention, although without good, strong, well-oxygenized blood the offspring must necessarily be a very puny, weak development of human form; yet, if the cruel blasts of adversity are left to fall on an unsheltered, unprotected heart, its rough blasts may deeply injure if not dis sever entirely the fruit in its green, immature state, from the mother tree.

It is found that the western prairies are very precarious localities for raising fruit on account of the bleak winds; and unless they are broken by a settlement or a hedge or grove, or some extra guard or protection, it is almost impossible to protect the fruit. So a western fruit-bearer—a mother—needs a protector to defend her shelterless heart or feelings from abuse amidst the creaking blasts of a pioneer's life, or an uncultivated prairie life.

She not only needs a protector and sympathizing friend in her husband, but while Calvinism is above ground, she needs to know enough to protect herself, as I have always had to do. Had I not taken lessons in nature's school, and dared to be true to my instincts, in despite of the corrupt customs of the age, I don't think I could have stood in rank and file with the earlier pioneer—the Indians—in my physical health, and my indomitable moral courage, as I now can.

Oh! 'tis the school of nature, with Christ for my teacher, that I've so long been a pupil in, that has capacitated me to stand where an artificial, unnatural woman could not but have been prostrated.

The stem which attaches me to the parent stock has become so stiff and strong that even the unbroken blasts from the lake of perdition cannot break it, any more than can the blasts from lake Michigan break the stems of the lake-pear upon its shores.

God knows who would need a stiff neck, and He alone knew how to fit it to wear the stiff yoke of a Calvinistic marriage servitude he has put upon me to wear for twenty-one long, cheerless years, so far as conjugal love is concerned. For it is as impossible for conjugal love to live and breathe in the atmosphere of despotism, as it is for fire to burn in water.

Fire only asks freedom to consume the rubbish, wood, hay, and stubble about it, so love only wants freedom to consume the works of Satan or Calvinism.

But, thank God! the wood, hay, and stubble of Calvinism cannot extinguish these fires of heavenly love, which God has lit up in human hearts, but when God's time for it has fully come, they will break out from beneath the heap, and its destruction will then be soon complete.

Who knows but that these are the very fires of the last judgment, which are to refine and purify the earth, thus rendering it the fit abode for the redeemed?

God will let us know in due time what the fires of the last judgment-day mean. It's none of my business to attend to these fires. My business is to keep my own lamp in good order, until He comes to take care of me himself as His bride.

For I say 'tis woman's proper sphere to superintend and protect her maternal nature from detriment until she gets a

husband to protect it for her. Woman's chief office is to bear children, and her education and training should all have a wise reference to this important fact. And a woman who ventures to enter blindly and ignorantly into the marriage state, without understanding the laws of maternity, is, in my estimation, a foolish woman, if not a "foolish virgin."

I'm sure 'twouldn't hurt their lamps to be filled with this oil of truth, and well trimmed with ability to make an intelligent and lady-like use of this knowledge.

And 'tis one of my common-sense maxims that no woman ought to run the risk of having a baby until she has learned the important lesson how to get rid of it in a Christian or natural manner, not the Calvinistic way.

I don't know as the doctors will thank me for my advice, particularly should any be disposed to make it practical, for fear their "craft" would be put in jeopardy thereby. They may suspect Mrs. Packard is going to put the medical profession on board with the clerical profession into her Calvinistic car, together.

But mind you, I go for sorting out the fish I catch. I put only the good-for-nothing into the Calvin car, for we've no room for this trash aboard our Christian car, for this is already crowded full with the good, the valuable of all professions, classes, or institutions.

But the good of the medical profession is, in my opinion, mostly confined to the office of surgeon and dentist.

The diseases to which we are liable, in the present condition of society, have their best doctor in *nature*. She can cure more diseases than any medical man I ever saw; and her charges are never unreasonable. I've employed her services exclusively for more than twenty-five years for me and my children, and she has yet to lose her first patient in our family, and has yet to sue for her first doctor's bill.

I have such unbounded confidence in her medical skill, from what I know of her by my own practical experience, that I would sooner trust her, in any form of disease to which flesh is heir, than I would the combined skill of the whole medical faculty in Christendom.

Rum has slain its thousands, but drugs have slain their tens of thousands.

I can't approve of killing people. But I say, as Christ did, "I come to seek and save that which was lost." But it's no easy thing to find a lost constitution, if we do make a most diligent search for it, anywhere out of the track of nature. I want women to find the good, sound constitutions God gave them as their rightful dowry, and I therefore advise them to look for them where they will be the most likely to find them.

And I shouldn't care if they found them without being interfered with by the doctors, as I did my baby, just before Dr. Merrick came panting into my room, just as if his services were *indispensable* on the occasion!

I thought he seemed to feel as the criminal on his way to the gallows did, when told to hurry, as Mr. La Bree told Merrick to do, and he replied, "Never mind, there won't be any fun till I get there to be hung!"

The baby came very near being hung on to its mother's breast before Dr. Merrick got there to hang it!

I tell you, I don't want any Dr. Merrick to hang my babies *for me!* But for the sake of the "speech of people," I suppose Calvin thought he'd better be sent for. The "speech of people" ain't such a scarecrow to a Christian wife as it is to a Calvinistic minister.

I can do my own hanging, thank you! Doctor, as well as thanking you for it. I wouldn't thank you for leaving your wife's bed to do either or both again for me. No, I want a professional man that knows something besides his profession

to serve my turn, and you don't know as much as that—for you said I was an insane woman—*when I wasn't*, because my pulse beat double-quick time, after husband had frightened me half to death just before you felt them by breaking into my sleeping-room window with an ax, to break off the nails he had put there himself just before!

And I should like to know whose pulse wouldn't beat quick, to have her room entered in this manner by her husband, and followed by two doctors, just as I had stripped to take my morning bath!!

He didn't hardly give me time to jump back into my bed again, as a cloak for my nudity!

I do say if a sensitive woman's (and no woman is a true woman who ain't sensitive) pulse don't beat double-quick time under such circumstances, she must be insane.

And then, only think of the absurdity of his position—just as if he could tell the state of my mind by the beating of my pulse!!

Dr. Merrick, I say, I do not court the laurels posterity will give you for your "patent" in detecting insanity by the beating of the pulse!! The pulsations of the world will be against you, as being only a natural fool, and one that wouldn't pay for your raising.

I doubt much whether such a discovery would be of much use to the world, so long, at least, as the sun, moon, and stars continue to enlighten it!

I pity your mother. "She that begetteth a fool, begetteth a son to her sorrow." I guess she'll see the time in some part of her existence that she'll be sorry she begat you, Dr. Merrick; I should if I were in her place, "and as face answereth to face in water," so does one mother but reflect the feelings of another mother.

Well, I think the Merrick switch has detained us as long as 'tis worth stopping for, and I'll haul on to the main track

after the babies. I like one pure baby better than one hundred such full-grown men as Merrick is. He hasn't got a baby's amount of wit in his whole noddle. But the fact is, he thinks he's got a great deal, so that he has to laugh at it, when other folks don't see anything to laugh at!

But I must hunt up my little birdie, which I left rolled up in a blanket on a pillow in my arm chair before my bedroom stove. And there it lay as quiet as a little kitten, looking about him to see how he liked the looks of his new home. Perhaps he is looking to see which he would like the best,—this life or his last earth life! I don't know but that he was "Uncle Tom" last time. No, he's been dead too long; don't they rise sooner than that? Christ did. But Christ's body didn't see corruption. So He could come up quicker than Uncle Tom could, for he had to change bodies, and Christ didn't.

Perhaps he was Cassey—I haven't heard of her death since she was living in Mrs. Stowe's book.

But it's none of my business who you were or where you were *before* I was appointed your body guardian for this life. Your spirit guardian may, perhaps, be your former mother. God has appointed your spirit guardians, and I know not who they are, but this I do know: I am now to care for the wants of thy helpless little body. This is to be my first and chief care for the present, until God makes other arrangements about matters and things.

They talk a great deal out West here about "raising children." I couldn't put up with the expression for a long time; it seemed so sort of brutish, since in New England this term is only used in its application to animals of the brute kind. They speak of "raising stock" there, and "bringing up" children, or families. But here, all animals, either brute or human, are spoken of as being "raised." But God says the soul of the beast goeth downward. Does that mean that it is "raised?"

But man's soul, He says, is "raised," some to life and some to death. Does this mean that he is raised in another body, to live on earth, either a happier or a worse life than before?

It seems that Rev. Edward Beecher, of Galesburg, Ill., advanced such ideas in his "Conflict of Ages"—that our present life is determined "in its character by a former life or existence." I thank brother Beecher for daring to advance an idea outside of the creed of the Calvinistic church limits. He must have something of the dauntless courage of a Luther to run such a risk in America, where he is liable to suffer imprisonment in an insane asylum for it!

Perhaps the Bostonians of Massachusetts had too much respect for his relations, if they had not enough respect for his feelings, to get him put into one on this account. But I see they gave him a caution to look out against "Conflicting" again with the opinions of "Ages," especially the age in which he lived!

Wouldn't it have been a fortunate circumstance had Mrs. Packard had some popular relatives for whose sake she might have had some chance of avoiding her imprisonment!

I don't know. It may have been the most fortunate circumstance of my earth-life that I had none such who dared to stand between me and harm.

Possibly I am the most fortunate one of the two, for I don't think Beecher enjoys near so much entire spiritual freedom, even by removing out to Galesburg, as Mrs. Packard does, by her removal to the insane asylum. I doubt whether even there he would dare to publish a book containing so many new, *original* thoughts as I have dared to do from my "State's prison."

I'll challenge any clergyman in America to *dare* to do it!! I'm not afraid of my challenge being accepted, not even by Henry Ward Beecher himself—the Luther of the American pulpit. For if he himself don't call me an insane woman for

opinion's sake before he has read my book through, it will only be because he has too big a Christ in him to be conquered by this bugbear. Or, in other words, he is too magnanimous in spirit to deprive a woman of her accountability, simply because she differs from him in opinion on some points.

I trust his manly love of Christian liberty will capacitate him to hold a liberty-loving Christian woman in the bonds of Christian fellowship, even if she loves liberty so ardently as to outstrip even him in her race after it, and its correspondents, light, truth, knowledge, and intelligence.

Mrs. Packard can't stop to pilot her boat across the lake of Perdition in the wake of the Beecher ship, or any other wake. Mrs. Packard can make her own wake, and her own ship too. She didn't have to go to books or even book-makers, or writers either for her model or pattern for her book. She makes her own patterns and cars too, to carry her trains of thought across the American continent.

But one thing she didn't make, the truth—the freight she transports. That's all made, waiting for me to take on board at their respective freight-houses.

But this medical freight-house seems to have a good many switches near it.

But I find switches are of "some use," as Dr. McFarland says of carnal weapons, and when I come to one, I aim to appropriate it to its proper use.

I think it's of some use to have a baby aboard this "Indian train," if it does take so long time to get it dressed. I go for having it thoroughly washed first, especially behind its ears, and between its toes. I look out well for the hearing and walking in my babies. I don't like to have folks so thick or hard of hearing as Lincoln was before he could heed the cries for freedom—nor do I like to find such tender toes on one's feet as he seems to have.

So I see to it that the feet are all right as well as the head, for the head ain't of much use without good walking feet, any more than are the feet without a head that the truth can get into. I want my children not only to hear my directions, but to obey them also.

I think God likes to have His children thus capacitated. He's made me so, and I think I came in the natural line of descent. Yes, I descended long enough—I now have reversed my engine, and am trying the ascending plane. Oh, I like it so much better! the prospect opens upon my vision more and more delightfully, every ascending grade I reach, and I can from my high stand-point see so many more truths than I could on the lower level, that I should hardly have been willing to take such testimony on credit without seeing it myself! I don't know, however, how that would be, I didn't stop to try it. I like the pleasure of a fresh unexpected surprise-view. It seems to move me more deeply. Yes, the inspirations that come directly from the heart of Divinity, through my own reason and conscience and instincts, are far more grateful to me than second-hand knowledge or book-knowledge.

And another thing, I'm very careful about "quenching the Spirit," by stifling its utterances, through fear I shall be called insane if I utter an original thought. I know these thoughts are not insane thoughts, because my God-like faculty—reason—defends them; and I'm not responsible if others' reason don't defend my thoughts. Their reason wasn't given them to defend my thoughts, only their own. And as for myself, I can't take the trouble to test other peoples' thoughts by my reason, for I have as much as I can attend to, to test my own. My teacher—the Spirit within me—is so very generous and liberal in his instruction and gives me such long lessons, that I can't find time to go to other teachers to get explanations, if I felt disposed so to do. ●

But I don't. "I venture on Him, venture wholly"—for I've entire confidence in His capacities as a teacher, and if He gives me new light on an old subject, I just think it's because He knows more than I do that He does it, and He is in effort to make me know more than I now do, as His reason for doing so.

Another thing He tells me, if I do "put my light under a bushel," it will be in danger of being extinguished—and if the light in me be thus quenched, I don't know how great might be the darkness resulting from such a disobedient act. I never think it best to disobey my teacher—particularly the good one—or the best of all others!

Another thing, I don't have to go to the other scholars to find out what the teacher's directions to me are. I can understand my own directions—or rather His directions to me, or—if I have any doubt about them I choose to go directly to the teacher to get more light instead of the pupils. And just as soon as I see the least discrepancy between the dictates of my own reason and conscience, and His understood communications, I know it's time to halt and reconsider the subject. The sum don't agree with the answer in the Book; therefore I must of course have made some mistake in my reckoning, and if I can't find out where my mistake is, I just lay by the process for the teacher to examine and correct at his leisure—or "in his own good time."

The pupils sometimes help me out of my difficulty if I chance to find one who knows more than I do. But such an one is not easily found, I can tell you!

I never attended a school yet where a pupil went ahead of me—especially in mathematics. But I went ahead of my teachers oftentimes. There has more than one of my teachers told my father that I had gone ahead of them—they couldn't teach me any more—and therefore I ought to be removed to a higher school. I was removed to a higher one

accordingly. For the Rev. Samuel Ware, of Sunderland, Mass., gave his only daughter Elizabeth as good advantages for education as New England afforded, and she improved them well, I assure you; and if you can find a single teacher of Elizabeth P. Ware's who will not say she was the "best scholar in their school," you will find what I have yet failed to find.

Now do you think I am going to be content to be a laggard or an echo in Christ's school? Not I—I have been echoed by my classmates too much to give me any temptation to shine in borrowed colors. Even Lucy Humphrey—the eldest daughter of President Humphrey, of Amherst College, of Massachusetts, used to insist upon sitting by Miss Ware on our recitation-seat in our French and Euclid classes so I could help her. I did help her sometimes, for I saw she needed it in order to pass muster with the teacher;—and I never could see another one in any sort of trouble without trying to help them out of it. The girls found out this instinct of my character, and therefore the contest to get a seat by me during recitation-time.

But Lucy Humphrey was as proud as she was lazy at her books; for she didn't like to be in the section where the teacher had made Miss Ware monitress, because she knew more than they did about geometry, and could teach it to others better, too, for Elizabeth Ware was only a pupil, as she was, but her father was only auditor of the college funds, of which her father was the president? She used to *say* she was entitled to the first honors, because her father was a president!

Well, she had a good claim to the first honors in being nobly endowed by nature with an intellect worthy of her parentage; but the honors of the school-room lie more in the acquirements than in the endowments of the practical scholar. And Miss Ware, the monitress, determined to make up in

application what was wanting in ability, so as not to be eclipsed even by a president's daughter. And I am the daughter of a king, and I don't intend to disgrace my parentage either by idleness, or by fear of being called insane, if I do know so much more than common folks!! My destiny is to improve my talents to the highest pitch possible, for I was made to excel, and I can't help it, if I do cast common luminaries into the shade. It is God who has made "one star to differ from another star in glory," not me. And if He has made me a moon, or a mother, I must attend to my night train of stars diligently.

So I must attend to my little naked baby, now he's well washed, and see that sister Dole don't dress it too tight. "Pin the little flannel belly-band, sister, pretty snugly tight, but let every other fixture be perfectly loose and easy. Cover its arms as well as legs with nice, soft flannel, for our house is cold, and it's just arrived from a warm climate and can't get acclimated at once. Swab out its little mouth with a clean, soft swab, saturated with soft water, and then give it two or three teaspoonfuls of pure, cold, soft water, and then hang it on to its mother's breast to get its dose of physic. Let it there nurse itself to sleep, and you all go to your beds and let mother and baby sleep the remainder of the night, for we can't afford to be cheated out of our night's sleep any more than you can. Husband can lie here on the bed by me and sleep, for I can now be peaceable and quiet, and do nothing but sleep myself!

So bidding them all good-night, we separated between three and four o'clock until morning light, when we all found ourselves refreshed by sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

The morning comes in due time; so does the blazing fire in my air-tight, and then in come my train of stars to see the new satellite.

After being sure he has feet by seeing them, thus making

sure that a walking or moving luminary is added to the constellation! the next important question to be decided is its name. Isaac says, "Name it Arthur, mother, or Herbert, don't name it after other folks, as we all are; get something new this time."

"New! New! don't you know we are living on the American continent? Will it do to call a child by a new name? Can you guarantee me a safe passage past the insane asylum if I give a new name to my new satellite?"

"Yes, mother, Theophilus and I have agreed together that if ever pa puts you into an insane asylum we'll give ourselves no rest until we get you out of it. Yes, mother, we have *vowed* to do so."

"Very well, with such champions to defend me I think I can risk our new name, 'Arthur,' if I just add a clerical handle to it—'Dwight.' How would 'Arthur Dwight' do? Does that suit you all?"

"Yes, yes, mother, I think that will be the best name we can find."

"I like it too; and if your father is willing, we'll have it Arthur Dwight."

"Pa, may we name the baby Arthur Dwight?—mother likes it," says one, George Hastings.

"Yes, if she is suited, I am."

"Yes, I am suited with the name, but I shan't be suited with the Dwight theology," thought I.

I can't let any child of mine stand in the tracks of any old orthodoxy; for all my children have fully-developed feet—no two toes grow together, as they do on their father's feet, to prevent their walking out of the tracks of old orthodoxy into the new orthodoxy of the present age.

Orthodoxy—"sound" orthodoxy—is no more a fixture or stationary thing than is a soundly orthodox person. There is no such thing as a conservative orthodoxy, any more than

there is conservative godliness, for "the path of the just is like the shining light which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." If I didn't find new light breaking in upon my path I must either conclude I am not numbered among the just, or the light within me has become darkness by my disobedience. For 'tis contrary to nature to be in darkness; this is the penalty of transgression, just as pain is the penalty of breaking the physical laws of my being. Pain is unnatural—so is moral darkness—or a stunted, dwarfish moral development.

I don't mean to make a dwarf of Arthur Dwight, even if he has a clerical odor about his name, for I do believe a minister of Christ is the most elegantly proportioned character in the universe, for such a minister is a natural man naturally developed—and such ministers of Christ Mrs. Packard is determined shall be the profession for each of her five sons—not even Samuel excepted.

I don't think Christ will submit to leave His Judas out when He counts up His jewels, and I'm sure Mrs. Packard won't leave her Judas out when she counts her jewels. For she expects that there will be a "new birth" in Samuel when the old child Judas has hung himself. Samuel has noble moral faculties that this old Satan is trying to keep down, or back from development, by action. Still, I know that all the evil in us is destined to eternal death, and all the good to eternal life. So that, although Satan may retard the "new birth" of these faculties, yet he cannot defeat or prevent their birth in the natural order of God's providence.

But God's natural order is so very slow that it taxes very sorely the patience of our impulsive natures. And the most valuable timber is the slowest in growing—like the cedars and oaks of the forest. Therefore I must learn to wait for Samuel to reach the grand, noble proportions God has confined within this acorn for a future development. I can

trust to God to plant His trees in the gardens of His own choosing, and if He chooses to fill my garden with noble trees, instead of mushrooms, it's of no use to grumble about it, if I felt disposed to do so. But I don't! I am exceedingly fond of shade-trees, if it does take time to have them grow.

And I am exceedingly fond of men, too, if they are so long getting big enough to afford me a shelter from the storms of persecutions.

Is Dr. McFarland the only cedar of the American forest?

So far as my experience extends, he is the only man on this continent who dares to shelter the "rights of opinion" to a true woman. I hope their number is legion somewhere in America; but they are so far from me, that I get no protection from them during this hurricane-blast which is sweeping over my unsheltered heart. Saplings are abundant—but they are so puny and weak that a storm of wind prostrates them flat to the earth, and instead of affording me any shelter or covert from the storm, they only obstruct my path to the government-house for protection. But this single cedar of the West—Dr. McFarland—not only shelters me from the tempest, but also paves the way for me to the government house to secure permanent protection.

But I haven't got there yet! neither have I got through telling about my children.

I told O. S. Fowler when he examined their heads, that I intended to make ministers of them, but he only laughed, and said I should have my abilities put to their test in making a minister of George Hastings. "I'll risk your making a minister of *him!*"

He's the one who asks his father if he hasn't a "right" to his home.

Yes, it's as Fowler says. I have marked all my children with my own image, and he knows enough to see that that image, especially in George, incapacitates them to be min-

isters of the Calvinistic order. We have too much respect for our identity—our inalienable rights, to be hampered in such fetters as the Calvinistic creed. No, I don't try to make Calvinistic ministers of them. It's the Christian minister I have in my mind's-eye to fit them for, and from the sermons I heard O. S. Fowler preach at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, I should judge him to be a model preacher of this class.

I should say that O. S. Fowler was the best preacher without exception of which the Christian church in America can boast. Rev. Henry W. Beecher can't hold a candle to him as a practical, or doctrinal preacher either. He'll do very well for the "Beech," God made him to take care of, if 'tis very rocky and rough.

But it takes the Fowlers to shoot the prairie-eagles of the West. He can shoot them on the wing even, for he's often done it. He can aim most as straight as I can in shooting. I saw and heard him too, at it, in the Campbellite church at Mt. Pleasant, and I told Calvin on our way home that I had heard the best and most soundly orthodox sermon that night that I ever heard preached in all my born days. (I don't know how it was in my other born days—I can't remember.) It takes the antiquarians to do that. I ain't anti-quarian you remember—I am a post-quarian. I'm for antiquating, or abrogating old laws and defending new ones—if they are better.

Still, I didn't like to have that little, nervous man, Mr. Cluff, from N. Y. city, ask me to leave the lecture and go out with him to help on the entrance of a new satellite that night belonging to the Cluff constellation—just as if the birth of his baby (or his wife's rather) was of more importance to me than to listen to Fowler's lecture!

I felt like asking him to wait, or postpone the important event until after Fowler's lecture was over. But he couldn't wait for anything that he got hold of—away it must go when Cluff got hold of it.

So I went off with him to serve her ladyship—his lovely wife—in bringing his second born child into its earth-life. And I wasn't sorry I left the lecture. I should have done wrong if I hadn't—and doing wrong don't pay under any circumstances. It was right to send for me, for she had a prior claim to me before Fowler.

Duty never interferes with our happiness, or usefulness.

I learned more and more the value of the Hydropathic system in such cases, by its wonderful results. The “curse” is almost removed by it, and would be quite, if women could live as natural lives as the Indians do.

Mrs. Cluff seemed to feel nearly as grateful to me for my services as Mrs. Webb of Lyme, Ohio, did, who said “that I had saved the body and soul both of her and her baby too, by my timely services.”

Well, I think it's time to attend to Arthur Dwight's mother, since the guests have been refreshed by their entertainment, and she by a little quiet rest. She then directed that her bathing-tub be placed in front of her bed, and that she be gently and quietly set into it by her husband, and then fill the remaining space in the tub with cold water, for the purpose of contracting and strengthening the muscles which the warm water had previously aided in relaxing and weakening. And while the water is doing its work in removing soreness and contracting the blood-vessels by its oxygenating and stimulating influences, the guests are preparing me a clean, nice, soft bed, which, after about fifteen minutes sitting in my cold-bath, husband gently laid me in, where I found a nice, warm foot-stove at my feet, and nice, clean, cool pillows at my head.

I then directed that a piece of white flannel be wrung out of cold brine and laid over my whole chest and breast, to stimulate the action of the lacteal vessels, in secreting the milk. The babe is then permitted to lie at the mother's

breast as much as it inclines too, for the more it draws them the sooner the milk comes, and the less danger of the milk caking up in them, and the less likely that the nipples will crack, or become sore. This done, all are dismissed except my husband from the room, to retire to rest, as before mentioned.

The next morning, two hours after breakfast, of graham gruel—my exclusive diet until the milk comes freely, and my only drink also, except cold water—I take another cold sitz-bath in the same manner, wetting my breast-cloth two or three times during the day. I have tried this course with my breasts for the most of my children, and never have had a broken or caked breast in my life, and I never knew a woman to have one who tried this method of treatment, and I have recommended it to many, who can give the same testimony I can, as to its being a sovereign preventive of caked breasts. In the course of a few days, after the milk comes freely, it can be exchanged for a dry silk covering, which is a good protection against taking cold.

After this, Sunday morning, I helped myself to my bath, after the water was brought to my room, and I would arise before my husband, light my own fire, and take a cold bath, by washing me all over in cold water—breasts and all, and dress myself, and bathe and dress my baby, after Monday. Tuesday I walked out to call on Sybil in the kitchen, through our reception-room, which was between the two rooms, where there was no fire.

After seeing all I wished to see, and a little more! besides, I returned. I wasn't used to seeing quite so thick a coat of dirt on my kitchen floor as I saw that time. But sister Dole is one housekeeper and Mrs. Packard another, and a very different one. But Mrs. Packard has too much sense to hint such a thing to sister Sybil, who has left her own large family alone, as to any female help except Laura, her feeble

but amiable daughter, to come and serve me, so as to save her brother hiring help while I was unable to do my work. My washing was sent out of the house to be done, as usual. But with a family of seven to cook for, as I had, she found enough to do without contesting much against the rights of the western mud to cover my kitchen floor. I and baby, of course, took some of her time too, although she made more complaint against me for not letting her do more for us, rather than for requiring too much of her. All I wanted to eat or drink while she was there was graham gruel and graham pudding and cold water or milk.

And all my babes ever have is cold, soft water and the breast, besides good care and good bathing daily.

After doing extra cooking for the week and my ironing for the week, she left us comfortably provided for Tuesday night, leaving husband as my housekeeper and nurse. After the third day, he cooked me beefsteak and brought me, in addition to my cracked wheat or graham bread and milk. But I never drink any kind of warm drinks. Cold, soft water is my sole beverage, both when I am nursing as well as when I am well, except on extra occasions, as "spreeing times," or extra working times. And I have furnished as good milk for six as healthy babies as any mother can boast of having; and this has been their sole, exclusive diet and medicine for the first nine months or a year.

I never take myself the least particle of medicine, neither do I give the least particle to my babes. I have not taken a dose of physic for twenty-five years, and I don't need any. I never had a milk fever, or a broken breast, or very sore nipples. I didn't break nature's laws, and she didn't break my breasts. I find nature is just as true to me as I am to her. She is the truest friend I have, and, as it seems, is almost my only friend.

And it seems that it is because or in consequence of

my being so true to nature, that they have all thus forsaken me and fled. Had I not have outstripped them in knowledge, as the natural result of being so healthy, I might have now enjoyed their Christian fellowship and sympathy, instead of being deserted by them and treated as if I were a mere brute!

I ain't a brute! But I am an intelligent, accountable, moral agent, if they treat me as though I were not. And I may yet be a light to them, to help them out of their darkness. God knows how to bring "light out of darkness," and I thank Him for bringing me out of it, even if it separates me from my deluded friends, to be thus spiritually illuminated.

And I shall now tell, too, how I got this light—by telling how I have lived—so as to be brought under its influence.

One very important way has been to be a faithful mother, that is, to live up to the laws of my maternal nature. I would live up to my maternal instincts, and let my babies live in the exercise of theirs. I never refuse to let my babies nurse me when they want to, and my nipples never bled. I will be kind to my babies. So intense is my desire to have children I don't mean that they shall ever regret that God gave the care of them to me.

Well, the next Saturday, when Arthur Dwight was just one week old, I went out into the kitchen and cooked my family a good Christmas dinner, and helped them eat it too, and Arthur Dwight lay at my breast getting his dinner at the same time.

After this I took the whole care of both kitchen and nursery, and dismissed husband to his newspaper reading in his study. My children, of course, waited upon me a good deal, or at least, all I called upon them to do. I did nothing I wasn't able to do. I keep a wise lookout for number one, for others' numbers depend a great deal upon number one. I know what I can do and what I can't do. I don't need a

supervisor to take care of me, and tell me when I am able to work and when I am not able. I know myself. And I won't work when I ain't able for anybody. Therefore I always am able to work for everybody who has any claims upon my services. Oh! 'tis worth so much to children to always have a kind, cheerful, and *healthy* mother.

And one can't be always kind and cheerful, unless they are healthy. Health and happiness are twin sisters. I never had any other twins, but I always wanted some. If one baby made me so happy, what would not two do to increase it? And I always had to wait two or three years, or more, between my children's ages, except Isaac and Toffy. Toffy was so lonesome he couldn't wait but little more than two years for his brother—it was only three months longer than two years.

But I could wait, since one live child was worth two in the bush—and I found Toffy pretty hard to catch! It took three doctors and a great lot of women to catch him, and then they couldn't without great hazard to my life to do it. Dr. Dean, the surgeon of Greenfield, Mass., and Dr. Duncan of Shelburne, recollect what a time they had about it, and so does Dr. Forbush, too, although he is dead. I go in for instruments in the hands of a skillful surgeon, when an absolute necessity exists, as the case now was. In all probability Toffy and his mother would both have died without them. Nature was getting too exhausted, after three days and nights of hard labor, to accomplish her task without efficient aid, such as he well knew how to render.

By the way, this Duncan is the noted Shelburne doctor, who can dun if he had occasion to do so, I presume, for he can do almost anything in the physician's line as well as any doctor I ever saw; still, I don't know of his ever being compelled to do so. Shelburne people are as true to their doctor as they are to their minister. They don't require

either to dun for their bills. They pay them promptly without. Dr. Duncan gave his minister his bills, and Shelburne people paid him his bills without his dunning for them.

Well, Dr. Duncan earned his bills if ever a doctor did. I never knew him to neglect his patients. He not only rode for them by night and day, in rain and snow and storm, when called to do so, but he studied for them. His library was well selected, and well studied. And what is better than all, he gave nature the ascendancy over all his book knowledge. Nature was his first counsellor, and generally his only one needed for his use—although he was often called to counsel others, for this reason. His great success gave him deservedly a good notoriety. I know of no allopathic physician I would trust sooner than I would Dr. Duncan, and for this reason—*he honored nature's laws*—and followed his own reason and common sense in the application of them to his patients' cases. And as a legitimate result, God honored him with marked success, in saving not only the lives of his patients, but also their health. As an obstetrician, Dr. Duncan could not be eclipsed by any doctor. He never dictated to nature. He always let nature lead him, and he obediently followed on after. The wants and wishes of the mother were his line of conduct—in all particulars. Therefore his services were never deemed officious or ungentlemanly. The instincts of the mother should be, as they were with him, regarded as safe guides in all cases. And his patience was always equal to the emergency, even if he had to wait days, and even weeks, for efficient, voluntary action on the part of nature. To hasten nature he resolutely and peremptorily refused to do. He insisted upon it that nature knew her own time better than he did, and needed no dictation from him.

He was nature's servant, instead of nature being his ser-

vant. As a result of this common-sense practice, he never lost a mother or a child, as a consequence of his indiscretion.

Dr. Charles Duncan of Shelburne, Mass., is a model obstetrician! And nothing but the prejudices of the age in favor of the old drug practice prevents him from being a model physician in all families, as he was in our own, namely—to administer no drugs at all. Good nursing, and obedience to nature's instincts were his sole, practical directions in our family. He well knew no counter directions would be of any use where Mrs. Packard was the rightful nurse. No, Mrs. Packard's children never yet received a particle of drug poison through her administration, and never will, unless she changes her mind on the subject very much from her present views.

This Dr. Rufus Forbush could catch any bird that could be caught from the bush with human hands, because he had a clairvoyant wife to see for him, and he believed the truth in thinking she could see better with her eyes shut than he could with his open!

She has looked me through and through many times, and in one of her exploring times she caught sight of an embryo cancer in my left breast, and what is better yet, she saw the cure for it, too. And it was just as she said. She did cure a cancer in my left breast, when it had got to be as big as a walnut. It had been a year or two since I first discovered it, when only the size of a pea. Now it had begun to prickle occasionally, and felt nettish at times. And so Calvin consented to let me ask Julia Forbush about it. But be sure and not let Dea. Kellogg nor Dea. Pratt know of it—for they might think he was in league with the devil, as well as his father—if they knew of it! So I kept it secret from these sort of fanatics—or crazy folks—and did as I had a mind to. For if I chose to employ the services of a clairvoyant to cure me of a cancer, I couldn't see what harm

'twould be doing to anybody to do it. I wasn't willing to make such a fool of myself as to think I must ask our deacons what sort of physician I chose to employ, if they did think all the light that came from this source came from the devil!

I don't care where the light comes from; if I am sure 'tis *light*, I walk in it—for I know all light, or truth, comes from the sun—whoever is the medium or reflector. And even if old Satan himself is the reflector or medium, it don't hurt the light any for me. It's the light—the truth—I'm after; not the medium. If I couldn't or wouldn't receive the truth only through holy mediums, I fear my sources of light would be exceedingly limited!

No, 'tain't the mediums nor the preachers that I'm to test, but what they say or communicate. And if the message bears the marks of truth, I must receive it, even if the old dragon or Calvin is the medium. 'Tain't Calvin that I pay homage to, but the truth; and I know God often sends a good message by a bad messenger. Even his slaves—the devils—carry quite luminous messages sometimes. And when I get such a message I appropriate it, just as quick as if it had been sent by a child of his. If I get a love letter, it matters little to me whether my lover, slave, or child brought it. All I care for is to be sure my lover dictated it. I much prefer to get a sound, true message through a bad medium, than a lying one through a good medium.

Mind you, Mrs. Packard can take the truth from the devil, but she won't take falsehoods even from God himself.

And another thing, Mrs. Packard didn't have to go to Dea. Kellogg or Dea. Pratt to judge for her what was true and what was false. God had given her a reason to use for herself in relation to what concerned her individual actions. Yes, so far as my own body and soul were concerned I was my own judge independent of the Pratts or Kelloggs.

But it wasn't so with Calvin; he would consent to be their

slave, his own reason and his own conscience he would prostrate at their feet, to keep the peace. What peace? "The peace that passeth knowledge," so far as my ability is concerned to comprehend it. I hope I shall never know what that kind of peace is. I think the devil must be a peacemaker!

Well, I don't think Mrs. Julia Forbush was a devil or a fallen angel, nor their medium either when she prescribed a plaster for my breast which cured my cancer; any more than I think Dr. McFarland is a devil when he is employed by Satan to abuse the insane, to cure them of insanity, and don't cure them at all either. And I shall tell what it was, so others can get their cancers cured, if they have any.

Julia said I must make a plaster of the sugar of red clover blossoms, and spread it on to leather, and wear it night and day until the lump all disappeared. I did so, and have never heard from it since, twenty-one years ago.

Calvin and I picked our copper boiler full of red clover heads, and put in a pail full of water and boiled them awhile, and then we strained them off, and boiled down the syrup to the consistence of a salve. It made about a gill, which filled one of Calvin's empty soap boxes, which he had emptied of its contents in shaving off his manliness—or his manly looks, rather. It wouldn't have emptied one box to shave off his manliness. I'd challenge any one to find enough of that article on his whole system, to pay for shaving once!

He didn't dare to let his beard grow long in New England for fear he should be called foppish! But he got over some of his foolish notions by coming out West. I can tell you, it gives a man or a woman a pretty thorough breaking up to move West, out from New England.

Well, 'tis the best thing you can do for some people to give them a good shaking, hoping they'll do better after it.

Anything to make us better, I say. I had rather be shook for twenty-three long years again than not be as developed as I am now.

I was living a holy life then all the time, but not a sinless one. I broke some of God's laws without knowing it, but just as soon as I did know it I repented, and didn't do so again. And God forgives us when we do as well as we know how, if we do make some mistakes, if we only repent when we do know—but not without we do.

I believed God to be a man of His word, and I thought 'twas best to keep on the right side of Him. And I don't know that I ever disobeyed my father in all my lifetime, and he never whipped me, for I didn't deserve it. I loved my father too well to disobey him; and besides, I knew which side the bread was buttered. I never lost anything by it, I can tell you, and if pa knew I had respect to the recompense of reward, because I felt that he was too kind not to pay me for it, I don't think he loved me any the less for my entire confidence in his kindness.

And I don't think my Father, God, loves me any the less for obeying Him to get my reward. If God didn't reward me for my self-denial and obedience, I don't see what use there is in it.

I serve God because I'm sure 'twill pay. I don't know what others serve Him for if it isn't for the same reason. I'm after happiness for myself, and I think the shortest and most direct road to it is, "to fear God and keep His commandments," and that's the only reason, so far as I am concerned, why I choose this road rather than the other.

If God says He can't make me happy in it because I am selfish in so doing, then I say He hasn't made me right, or He is unjust. For a laudable self-love is the very foundation on which my moral character is built, and confidence in His veracity leads me to trust His word, in securing my interests on the condition of obedience.

My father Ware didn't disappoint me when I trusted his promise of good on the condition of obedience, and I don't think my Father, God, will. If He does, I shall tell Him He ain't so good as father Ware was.

Another thing about father Ware's government was, he saw to it that we kept the condition of his promise, for if we hadn't done our part he was pretty sure not to keep his. I think God acts on the same principle in governing us.

Father Ware had good government—very good. His word was law and gospel both, for his only daughter, Elizabeth. And how glad I am now to think that pa never had an unkind or disrespectful word from his darling daughter.

I'd no more dare to call his word in question than I would God's. It was God's word to me.

And when I thought of goodness in God, I only thought of it as it was in my good father, only I supposed He was a greater and more powerful being. In fact, I worshiped God only through my father. He was God's image to me. Hasn't God made the father and mother His representatives to their children? If I cannot be kind, just, and true for my own sake to my children, I feel bound to be so for God's sake, as His representative to my children. And my father taught me so to do by his example to me as a parent.

I remember when I used to ask him to take me to exchange with him, when I was a little girl under ten years, and he used, to my great sorrow, say "No, no," I let it be. I didn't tease him after that. All I had to do was to submit, and this was full as much as I knew how to do, without asking him again. I found out that with him silent submission was the best lawyer I could employ.

He often would turn right round after hearing me say, "Very well, I'll give up, pa knows best," and seeing my great disappointment in my speaking little face, he would relent, and add to my transporting joy :

“ Well, Elizabeth is so good to give up, she may go, if she will run in and get her mother to dress her by the time I get the horse harnessed into the chaise.”

So by the time he had got it out of the chaise-house and brushed it up, and harnessed the horse into it, and put all the belts and straps in their proper places, Elizabeth would be ready to take her seat in the chaise and hold the reins for her father, 'till he could go in and get his saddle-bags and kiss mother, and then I'd give up the reins to him and I'd take the whip; but I'd be very careful to use it only just when pa said I might. He knew when to whip the horse and I didn't. And he wouldn't whip much; he governed by the rein mostly, and the horse would be most as sleek and fine-looking when we got there as when we started. He was very tender of his horse. He didn't lather his team. I often heard mother say, if he'd only be as kind to her as he was to his horse, she wouldn't ask any better care from him.

Now I do think 'twas in his *heart* to be kind to his wife; but somehow these subtle Calvinistic principles of wife subjection, etc., seem to starve the manhood out of a fellow, and before you know it 'tis gone, never to return.

I wish my father had never believed in total depravity, and then I'm sure I should have had one of the best of fathers all my life-time, and my mother would have had one of the best of husbands. But as it is, he has proved to be only a Calvinistic husband and father, and about all of Christ is starved out of him. He loves his money now better than he does his three children and his good, faithful wife.

He couldn't have found a kinder woman than he has now to wait upon him in place of my own dear mother. But I pity her. I don't think he knows how much she is worth.

Women do so want to be appreciated in order to be satisfied with life, even if they have ever so good a house to live in, and well furnished too, with shade trees, and fruit

trees bearing all kinds of delicious fruits about it. Thus she lives alone with him in a nice little cottage, on the beautiful banks of the Connecticut, in Sunderland, Mass., where Rev. Mr. Clark is minister—once settled in Ashfield, Mass., and native of Southampton—one of the Mr. Gould's ministers. But whether he's one of the Lord's or satan's ministers remains yet to be decided. But this I say, if his practice is consistent with his preaching, I shouldn't want him for my husband. For my father says he is a thoroughly sound "orthodox" preacher. And this orthodoxy means a thorough Calvinist—where total depravity is the foundation stone. And I don't want anything more to do with this class of men, whose characters are built on total depravity. For, so far as my experience extends, I can testify that the men who grow out of this root are totally depraved men—and a totally depraved man is so much like a devil that I can't tell them apart!—and I'll challenge any one to point out the least difference between them. It's my honest opinion they'll be found to be identified as one and the same thing when "judgment is put to the line and righteousness to the plummet."

Well, this Mr. Clark was a smart colt, and I think 'twas Lynn, Mass., where they thought he was smart enough for them, for a time, until they found his etiquette was not quite finished enough to suit their fashionable tastes. Now the Lynn folks were right in the principle, namely, that a minister of Christ "should be all things to all men;" and a real Christ-like man will be so. For he is the model of politeness—"being kindness itself kindly expressed," and every virtue and every grace is personified in such a man. But a Calvinistic man is a boor, put him where you will—his suavity is all affectation—that most disgusting of all commodities, and his sympathy is as empty of a soul or heart as a crab-apple is of sweetness. In short, I can't blame Lynn or any other

people for not being satisfied with a consistent Calvinist for their minister.

Yes, Mr. Clark was bright and smart both, and fitted by nature to shine as a star of the first magnitude, and could he have been trained in the school of Christ instead of Calvin's school, he might have been an honor to Christ's cause on earth and in heaven, both. But as it is, I fear that this subtle Calvinism has sapped the very foundation of his noble character, and thus causing him to become a warning instead of an example to his race.

I shouldn't wonder if long before this his wife would have been for asking Lincoln to cut off his head, as I have asked him to do by mine!

The fact is, Lincoln, all the clergy of the Calvinistic order do need to have their heads cut off. They are a very dangerous class of citizens for our new Columbia or Christian government.

I wouldn't let them have a foothold anywhere on this continent if I held the key to this new territory. And who says I shan't be allowed to do so! since I'm the first to discover it, before 'twas visible to human eyes, except to mine, as was this continent to Columbus's spiritual eye of faith, long before it was to any human eyes?

I hope I shan't get robbed of my laurels and confined in chains, as Columbus was before me for finding his continent; for I think it's bad enough for a woman to lie in prison three years for it, without chains on in addition. Besides I couldn't write an account of my discovery, if Dr. McFarland should chain my hands; so if he had who knows but it might be then lost to the world, as was Columbus's written account he tried so hard to secure by sealing it up in his cask—water-tight—before committing it to the waves. I intend to seal mine up in printers' ink before I let go of mine, and I intend Dr. McFarland will help me about it too, instead of chaining me to prevent it!

God knew 'twas necessary for this change of dispensations, that there should be one Noah left on the earth, when the Calvinistic deluge swept over it, lest a lone woman might have more to contend with than she could weather alone.

But the storm on old ocean subsided without wrecking Columbus, if it did his book; so I hope this Calvinistic storm of persecution will yet subside without wrecking me or my book either. And as Noah survived the scorn and contempt his contemporaries heaped upon him while building his ark of refuge; so I hope to survive the contempt and ridicule thrown upon me while writing my book—my ark of refuge. And as his was used as the means of his deliverance out of their power; so I hope my book may be used as a means of my deliverance out of the power of my persecuting enemies.

I hope there is no Americus Vespuccius lurking around my path to usurp my honors from me, as he did from Columbus. But if there are some old Calvinists scheming to defeat the publication of my book, I'll warn them to look out for themselves; for I've now got a protector that isn't going to let me be abused, and so insulted much longer. All I can tell you now is, he's a "strong man," as well as a "great man!"

Well, I hate that old scheming, mean Americus Vespuccius—and I think posterity will hate the Calvinists—and with just as good reason; for they are trying to shine in borrowed livery as he did. They pretend to be the followers of Christ, when there is no more of Christ about them than there was of Columbus about Vespuccius. Americus could forge a document and sign his name to it, and get others to, too—perhaps as many as forty! and not blush in doing it—so Calvinists, especially the preachers, can forge lies and receipt them too, and hold on their way "rejoicing in hope of a glorious resurrection unto life," having no fears of a "resurrection unto shame and contempt." But Vespuccius found the resurrection he would rather have shunned; so I guess it will be with the Calvinists.

I do hate this usurpation business. I say, let every tub stand on its own bottom if it has any, and if it hasn't, let it fall to pieces—'twill do for kindlings—but not steal the bottom out of a new tub to put in the place of the wanting one. I do hate stealing almost as much as I do lying. I won't do either, and I won't uphold a liar nor a thief either, even if it's Lincoln himself. He can't shine in borrowed colors—even so long as Vespuccius has; for the age is riper now than it was when he usurped his undeserved honors. Children can be duped; but to dupe a full-grown man or woman is not so easy and practicable a thing to be done.

So, Lincoln, I would advise you not to try to shine in borrowed colors, for there isn't the least occasion for it. You have a first-rate chance to feather your own cap, and if you don't do it, it will be all your own fault. Your cotemporaries have no notion of feathering it for you. At least there is one that won't go in for it. I go for deserts. And I don't go in for borrowing neither, when we can get along without. I have to borrow paper to write my book on, and I have to give trust for pay to come; for I haven't anything else to give till I get the pay for my book. But if I couldn't borrow paper, I couldn't get a book to get pay, so, therefore I do say we must borrow capital, sometimes. But I think we ought to be pretty sure our investment will insure the return of both principal and interest; for it is not right to risk other peoples' property too much.

I intend to write a book that the people can't help buying, so as to be sure of my capital, and more too! I intend to get enough for my book to not only pay the cost of printing it, as well as writing it, but also to pay my fare back home again to Manteno, when Lincoln has cut my husband's head off—but not before; for I don't think I'm safe there.

He might—I don't know what he might be tempted to do in a fit of desperation if he suspected what I had been

about while I was here. His mother might write and tell him she had seen a book Elizabeth had been writing, telling all the bad things about him she could think of, and I don't know what he wouldn't do to annoy me to avenge it. He believes in avenging, you know—but I don't!

But I believe in self-defense, and I carry my principles into practice too. My principle of self-defense isn't a dead letter, you see.

It is his principle to punish sinners himself, and not leave that business to God alone, as I do. Therefore he has undertaken to punish me for the crime of becoming an "independent thinker;" and I'm trying to get Lincoln to protect me in my right to think, by cutting off my husband's power to punish me for it. I don't ask Lincoln to punish him for his abusing me as he has—only hold him so he can't do so any more. And Lincoln cannot see the need of protecting "woman's rights" by the laws, unless he knows the facts in the case, as they exist. And nobody knows these facts so well as I do, for nobody has lived so intimately with him as I have; and besides the sufferer has the inalienable right of self-defense. I know the exposure of the truth brings a measure of spiritual suffering on the transgressor—an earnest of his coming doom—still I do not attempt to punish him, nor do I ask any one else to do it for me. I leave that business to God alone, as He tells me to do. And if in defending my own rights from his usurpation, I deprive him of his right or power to abuse me, I deprive him of no good, and do him no injury. I am in reality only blessing him by keeping him from "Treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath."

Thus instead of punishing my enemy, "I am doing him good, and I bless and curse not." I have pronounced no curses upon him; I only believe the truth of what God has denounced upon the sinner, and have tried to prevent their

falling upon him, by preventing his deserving them—any more than he has already brought them upon himself, by his injustice to me.

I'm not in the least afraid God will forget to punish him for me; just as much as he deserves to be punished—no more, and no less—for He has said He should, and God never forgets. God knows just how much he has abused me and my children, and Lincoln don't begin to know half. So he isn't a fit person at all to punish folks.

But he can protect folks, and not be doing wrong in so doing; but he cannot punish them at all without doing wrong, or, at least, without disobeying God, and if that isn't doing wrong, I should like to know what is.

I told my sons when they were here, when they suggested to send father off to the army as chaplain, or to the East to take care of his widowed mother, so as to make room for me at home, or rather so I should not be pushed off again as soon as I reached there, into some other prison, by him, to gratify his domineering power over his unprotected but innocent wife, that that wasn't right. "You have no right to send your father off from his home, unless he chooses to go himself; for it's his own home and his own children, and we've no more right to oust him from his home, any more than he has a right to oust me from my home and my children, and imprison me without my consent."

"But he has done so by you without your ever giving him any reason for treating you so, and now you would have a reason for sending him off to protect yourself."

"No, no, my children, don't you see that would be doing evil that good might come? and you know God says we mustn't do so."

"Yes, but it would only be doing by him as he has been doing by you, and he thinks he had a right to treat you so, and if he had that right, I'm sure you have, for you are more needed at home than he is."

"That's true; still, his thinking it's right to treat me so don't make it right. If he really had a right to treat me so, then I see no reason why I should not have the same or even a greater right to treat him so, for the reason you mentioned. His thinking he had that right won't excuse him for doing me injustice, for God says of such cases, 'There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is the way of death.' Because a person goes blindfolded over a precipice, it don't secure him from harm, not even if he had deliberately blindfolded himself, and then pleaded as a reason why he ought not to be hurt by the fall that he thought he was walking on a safe place!!

"No, every one must run his own risk of his own actions, even if he chooses to walk off from a precipice! I don't choose such dangerous places to take my walks in, and besides, I don't choose to walk blindfolded at all. I won't blind my own eyes, neither will I let the Calvinists blind them for me. My eyes were made to see with, and I ain't going to throw them by because I've sometimes stumbled against a stone. For my stumbling was not the fault of my eyes, but my fault in not using them properly.

"Reason never misleads us, if we don't mislead it. It is our guide, and as safe a one for our spirits as our eyes are for our bodies, and I should as soon expect to go safely on Niagara's banks with my eyes shut as I should to search for truth amongst the Calvinists with reason's eye shut.

"In fact, it is more than I can do to find the truth there with my reason's eyes both wide open. The truth is, either reason or Calvinism have got to be extinguished, for there is no harmony between their creed and the reason God gave us for our guide. And I, for one, would much sooner give up this hateful, insane creed than my rightful reason.

"Others may do as they please. I only speak for myself, and I'll own up I am rather partial to my reason. It would,

in fact, be the last thing I would consent to give up. I like conscience very well indeed,—we are fast friends. Still, I wouldn't give much for it if it wasn't for my reason's eye to guide it. It might be right, and it might be wrong, and I couldn't tell which it was without my reason.

“So, my children, if you go to advocating the silver rule to your mother, she shall go to reasoning you out of it, for her reason is based on the Bible, and that book recommends the golden rule; and for this reason alone I adopt it as my practical rule, and that of my children too. That is, I would teach you to do as I do, so far as your own reason tells you I am right, but no farther. We must practice the golden rule, and ‘do unto others as we would wish to be done by,’ and we wish to be treated justly, so we must treat them so, and if they treat us unjustly, it is no reason why we should treat them so. For God never does. Therefore we never should.

“I don't want to drive your father out of his own home, but I want to be protected in it myself, and since he won't protect me in it, I want the government to do it for me.

“I don't want to be divorced from him or my home, for I've a right to both, as I've always been true to him and his interests, and true to my home, and have done my full share of the toil in accumulating the many comforts which cluster there. If I had forfeited my claim to them by my misconduct, in any manner, I would not hesitate to relinquish them as a just penalty. But I have not. I have always been very prudent and economical, as well as very diligent and industrious—never neglecting my home duties for parish claims to any deleterious extent. I have always been hospitable and generous and kind to the poor and needy; have hardly ever given in charity without agreeing upon the sum I should give to meet his wishes. Property has never been squandered by me; neither have comforts been abused or misappropriated; and I have uniformly been amiable, kind,

and cheerful in my deportment in my family—both to my husband and my children.

"Now, *why* should I be divorced? I own I have become an independent thinker; but is that a reason why I should not be allowed to be the wife of my husband? or the mother of my children? or the housekeeper in my own house?

"I do believe the government will protect me there in all my rights when they know of my situation.

"Till then I'll 'trust God,' by doing right and suffering right as long as God sees fit to have me suffer; and when He takes me home, 'twill be ready for me to enjoy it. But 'taint ready till I can go without sinning to get there. I won't sin if I have to die in this sepulchre.

"My great struggles are not put forth to get out of this asylum merely, for that I could have done long ago by going where the laws put me, viz., into the hands of the one who put me in—my persecuting husband. But my struggle, or battle is for 'liberty'—*freedom to do right*—and so far as spiritual liberty is concerned I enjoy more of that article here than I do at home. And I thus have vantage ground to stand upon, to fight my great enemy—Calvinism—by using my spiritual freedom in writing a book, and getting it printed.

"Calvin, of course, would not let me write such a book at home where he has power given him from the government to prevent it. A wife has no right to either spoken or written speech! or to a free press; for if she insists that these inalienable rights are secured to her by the Constitution—as a citizen of the United States—he, her husband, can call her insane for laying claim to these rights, as Calvin has me, and then he can lock me up in an insane asylum, and keep me there until I will succumb, and yield my identity to his control, or for life—if I will not!

"Such, my sons, is the freedom you have enlisted in the army to secure to your faithful Christian mother!!!

“Is there a more relentless despotism on the face of the whole earth, more arbitrary, cruel, and soul-crushing than a Calvinistic wife is subject to—under the American flag?”

“Can there be a class of more servile slaves whose claims to ‘emancipation’ are more urgent in the necessities of the case, than the wives and mothers of America are, under our Calvinistic, partial government?”

“My sons, the North may as well give up this civil war, and succumb to the South, and put their necks again under the yoke of the slave oligarchy, as your mother yield up her contest for ‘spiritual freedom,’ by returning to her husband and establishing the marriage union as it was.

“It is not union as it *was*, that I am fighting for—but it is union as it *ought to be*—a union based on “equal rights”—on justice.

“And if such a union cannot be guaranteed to me, I will never again form a party in any marriage union, whatever, on earth. I shall go to God’s bar and tell Him I could not live out the natural loves of my womanly nature on earth, because the American government would not protect in me my right to be a Christian—by living a holy life—if I entered the conjugal relation, and bore children in a lawful manner!!”

“But, mother dear, we your children don’t know how to wait so long for all this governmental work to be done. We need a mother’s care now more than we ever shall again. Little George and Arthur are in danger of being ruined for want of your good government and good training; for you know pa never had any government at all over us, only as your influence over us compelled us to respect his authority; and the younger ones have not got their habits established as we have, so their present loss may be irreparable.”

“Oh! my sons, you speak truths too mournfully true for my maternal heart to regard with indifference. Nay, ’tis

with an anguish unutterable I have again and again viewed this prospect, and were it not that a stronger than I holds my destiny, and sustains my heart in its inflexible purpose of unswerving obedience to God's better will, I should long ere this have faltered and turned back to enjoy the 'leeks and onions of Egypt,' instead of setting my 'face as a flint Zionward.' I do believe the fair Canaan of 'universal liberty' lies beyond this vast, howling wilderness. But 'tis God, my sons, not your mother, who has placed Canaan on the thither side, and made it accessible to me only through this wilderness.

"And, O God, grant that I may not, like Moses, forfeit my right to enter it by my impatience!

"You know, my sons, too, that my Captain has often told me 'to leave thy motherless children with me. I will preserve them alive,' and this 'alive' is a deathless life—the life of holiness. God can make them good and keep them good without my help or instrumentality. 'Tis enough for me that He has said He will take care of them while I leave them with Him to care for His cause in another manner—one of His own—not my choosing. My will and desire is, and always has been, to stay with them, to be with them, to care for them as my first great care.

"But God's will has marked out a counter-line of conduct for the present, and my pliant heart has learned long since to say, 'Father, not my will, but Thine be done.' 'But Oh! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me'—the cup of separation from my children.

"But O, my Father, shall I murmur to be thus separated from my own flesh and blood, when other mothers have been called to die and be hid in the grave, without any hope of meeting them again at all on earth, while I have some hope that, ere this life is past, the great work God has given me to do may be consummated, and I be allowed to enjoy a few

declining years of rest and peace in the bosom of a happy Christian family?

“No, Father, I will not murmur, but patiently toil on, ‘and my talents improve with the patience of hope and the labors of love.’”

“Well, mother, there is another thing. You say you never will live with father again unless he repents, and if the government does cut off his power to abuse you, or protect you in your rights, at home, they can’t make him repent—what then?”

“I will tell you what. I will go home and live there as his housekeeper—not as his wife. I can take just the same care of the children as ever, only better, because government would not suffer him to interfere with my maternal rights as he used to, and I should take no notice of it if he did. I should do by him as Christ tells us to do to other apostates, viz., ‘Let him be to thee as an heathen man and a publican,’—that is, have nothing at all to do with him. He has certainly apostatized from his manliness—apostatized from the faith of the true gospel—and apostatized from the marriage covenant,—and I have done all that the gospel requires of me, to lead him to see his sins and repent. But all to no purpose. And now, if I don’t apostatize myself I must obey the Lord’s directions to me, which require me to take the next step He has appointed as His course to benefit the offender,—to leave him unmolested, to pursue his own chosen way of resisting divine influences.

“I did not appoint this mode of treatment of an enemy who remains persistently incorrigible; but God did, and His authority is not to be trifled with by men. No, never will I knowingly disobey one of the Lord’s directions. But this command harmonizes with our natures, as do all the divine directions, that is, I could not treat him otherwise unless I contradicted both the dictates of my own reason and con-

science; also all the spontaneous impulses of a holy nature. My whole nature recoils from him with loathing and disgust. I can no more force myself into a complacent feeling towards him—in his present detestable character—than I can tolerate a loathsome snake as a companion!

"And I am as sure 'tis a virtue to hate him as I am sure 'tis a virtue to love God.

"And God's directions to 'love your enemies' is not contradicted or conflicted with in this assertion. I do love him as a human being at the same time, or I could never feel complacent towards him in a repentant state. 'Tis his present character, as presented to me, that I hate. He is an entirely perverted man—a devil—the old dragon—to me. Or, in other language, he is completely in the possession of an evil spirit, so that the God in him, or his native manly spirit and impulses, are under complete subjection to evil. Just as he has for all our married life been trying to break down my womanly spirit into complete subjection to his will, and instead of the Lord's allowing him thus to bring me into bondage to him of the most unjust kind, he has only enslaved himself to a bondage of a just kind. So it is that the sinner forges only his own chains in his attempts to chain others. They weave their own net, and 'are taken in their own snare!' 'The pit they digged for another they fell into themselves.' Haman hangs himself on the gallows he built for Mordecai.

"The active exercise of any bad feeling or emotion is as certain to recoil upon itself, or the heart that gave it birth, as it is as impossible to harm another without harming ourselves.

"The fact is, 'tis very dangerous handling vipers and rattlesnakes. Sin is a very dangerous thing to trifle with."

"But, mother, how do you 'do good' to pa, to let him alone—to say nothing of the loving part?"

“Well, boys, I’ll tell you. In the first place, I’m obeying his Father’s direction concerning him, by letting God, the Head of the human family, carry out His own rules of family discipline for His slaves as well as His children. You see when a child has disgraced his nature or parentage, he sinks to the level of a slave, or devil, and God has rules for the discipline of His slaves as well as His children, and one rule is, the children are forbidden to associate with the servants.

“And this rule is made for the welfare of the slave as well as the child, and both would suffer detriment to break it.

“But we have a duty to do to the slave, although we may not associate with him; yet we must do him good, and there are many ways in which we can do slaves good without associating with them. We can feed and clothe them, and take care of them when they are sick, and help them in trouble.

“Now, my sons, all these things I am commanded to do for my husband in his *un*repentant state even; and furthermore, my heart dictates this course. I could not see a wolf suffer without helping it, if it was in my power to do so, much less a human being! No matter how much or cruelly that being had abused and tortured me, I could not help relieving him, unless I stifled an emotion of my soul that was struggling for existence—for life by action.

“I feel not the least particle of revengeful feelings towards him. I could not call such an emotion into exercise in my soul, for it has no root there. And furthermore, there is something of this feeling in my heart—the more one has wronged me, the more I long to forgive them. The kind of burden which unkindness treasures up, in longing to bestow forgiveness upon the repentant transgressor, becomes more and more weighty as the need of it becomes more and more a moral necessity to the well being of the transgressor. And it seems to have such an offender repent, I should feel like killing the ‘fatted calf’ and having one of my merriest feasts. Yes, a

second marriage to such a repentant persecutor would be a hundred-fold more joyful an event to me than was my first marriage to him. 'The lost would then be found,' 'the dead restored to life.'

"For these reasons, my sons, I shall never consent to be divorced from your father any more than I shall consent to be from my home and children. The direct way to my heart's warmest affections shall then be ever open as a temptation and inducement to his repentance."

"Very well, mother; now if father should come and say he was sorry he had abused you, and wouldn't abuse you any more, would you go back with him and live with him as before?"

"No, I would not on simply a verbal repentance. I am in duty bound to know that he is sincere, by acts as well as words. And one indispensable act would be, he must make the confession of his wrong as public as he has the offense; that is, he must publish as extensively the fact that he has called his wife insane, when she was not insane, and she had never given him the first reason for believing or treating her as if she was; but that he had thus slandered her without cause, for the purpose of destroying her influence as a witness for the truth; so that what she said respecting him or his creed need not be heeded, or regarded as coming from a reliable source. Then he hoped to be able to subject her completely to his will, without suffering detriment thereby, by her representations.

"I say this confession, in substance, he must make as public as he has the slander that I am insane. This done—and then, and not till then, have I the first reliable proof of his sincerity, as a penitent.

"Another indispensable necessity must be,—I must have satisfactory security given me that none of my inalienable rights are any more *liable* to a trespass by being married than by remaining single."

“Your conditions, mother, are reasonable so far as I can see; yet father has been so very unreasonable in his abuse of you, in calling you insane without cause, that I think there is very little, if any, hope that he will ever see them to be so reasonable as to accept them to secure you for his wife again.”

“I hardly think he ever will in this body; yet I think when he has suffered purgatory pains long enough to soften his hard heart and melt his iron will he may be glad to accept these terms to escape it. You know he dreads pain dreadfully. He has no patience with it either, and as for fortitude, I fear his purgatory will be the first place where he ever called this heroic virtue into exercise!

“You know God says, there are ‘many mansions’ in His house for departed souls to occupy, and I’ve quite a strong presentiment that he will insist upon a claim to one of the very lowest of the seats, if not the lowest. There is one poor soul who must occupy this place a long time. I don’t know but that it will be an eternity of time. For God says, ‘none is lost save the son of perdition,’ and a son is a man, not a woman.

“So one single man is to be lost, and only one. But who that man is, God only knows. I have thought perhaps it might be old Calvin himself, Christ’s potent rival and anti-Christian practitioner.

“I don’t take any satisfaction, in the least, in that thought, that one once so closely connected with me could possibly descend to so low a place before he found his proper level or plane. But whatever are the decrees of high heaven, this thought comforts me, viz., that I have done all that the most untiring love and patience and fortitude could do to prevent it.

“And I am sure that no heart but the Divine could yearn with more earnest longings to extend to him the fullest and the freest forgiveness on the gospel terms of repentance.

And no other terms can be of any service either to him or me, for had there been other terms of any avail whatever, I'm sure they would have been revealed in the Bible, our only chart and compass to guide our frail barks over this tempestuous sea of perdition into the only haven of rest and safety in all God's universe—the bosom of our God.

"Children, ever bear in mind that duties are ours—events are God's. That our places in God's universe are assigned us by God Himself from all eternity, but that we find them by our own voluntary efforts."

“THE INFERNAL FREIGHT TRAIN.”

THE SODOM OF AMERICA!

6*

PREFACE.

A teetotally manless place is the Sodom through which this train passes. The chief article of freight furnished from this locality is—woman's subjection to man. Man is here a tyrant, and woman a slave. These Sodomites are confined to no single locality, but are scattered throughout this republic; and were it not for this class, woman would be now enjoying that companionship in her marital relations which Christ's second coming is heralding to the world.

These Sodomites claim subjection to be the law of marriage; hence the number of Mrs. Lots who are fleeing from these sulphurous plains of perdition to the mountains of anticipated independence and emancipation are legions. We who have fought our battles and gained our freedom can now look back upon the seething cauldron in which our sister cotemporaries are being tested without being petrified with horror, knowing that their deliverance is drawing near!—that Christ, our Deliverer, is about to supplant this usurper, and establish the Christian law of marriage—the protection of woman—in place of this anti-Christian or Calvinistic law of—the subjection of woman.

To achieve this purpose, the insane asylums—the chief Beelzebub in this woman-crushing business—are to be destroyed; and then these old Sodomites will look in vain for a power equal to the emergency!

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THE "TICKETED PASSENGERS" ON BOARD THE "INFERNAL FREIGHT TRAIN" ARE FOUND IN THE FOLLOWING

LIST OF PASSENGERS.

- Mrs. Sibyl Dole, Manteno, Ill.
Rev. T. Packard, Manteno, Ill.
Widow Dixon, Manteno, Ill.
Wm. Haslet, Manteno, Ill.
Mrs. Sarah Haslet, Manteno, Ill.
G. P. Comstock, Manteno, Ill.
Mrs. Agnes Comstock, Manteno, Ill.
Dr. George Merrick, Manteno, Ill.
Joseph La Bree, Manteno, Ill.
J. Blessing, Manteno, Ill.
Mr. Ferguson, Manteno, Ill.
B. Hempstead, Manteno, Ill.
Mr. Townsend, Manteno, Ill.
Dr. Newkirk, Manteno, Ill.
Deacon C. Spring, Manteno, Ill.
Winthrop Spring, Manteno, Ill.
Miss Sarah Rumsey, Manteno, Ill.
Deacon J. B. Smith, Manteno, Ill.
Julius Rainville, Manteno, Ill.
Rev. J. Sammington, Manteno, Ill.
Rev. Mr. Eddy, D.D., Manteno, Ill.
Dr. A. McFarland, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mrs. E. P. W. Packard, and all her children, viz., Theophilus, Isaac, Samuel, Elizabeth, George, and Arthur, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. A. S. Field, Granville, Ill.
Cooley & Farwell, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Wiley, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Calvin Barnard, Lyme, Ohio.
Mrs. Emeline Bridgman, Jacksonville, Ill.

O. S. Fowler, Phrenologist.
Dr. Shirley, Jacksonville, Ill.
Gardner Spring, D.D., New York.
Father Chinique, Momence.
Miss Martha Mills, Jacksonville.
Noah Webster, Boston.
Rev. H. W. Beecher, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Horace Greeley, N. Y.
George B. Cheever, New York.
Thurlow Weed, New York.
Pres. Hitchcock, Amherst College, Mass.
Mr. Smith, Twelve-Mile-Grove.
David Allen Fiske, Shelburne, Mass.
Rev. T. Packard, D.D., Shelburne, Mass.
Harvey Severance, So. Deerfield, Mass.
Mrs. Marian Severance, So. Deerfield, Mass.
Otway Bardwell, Crete, Ill.
Wm. Bardwell, Shelburne, Mass.
Deacon Fluke, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
George Arms, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Deacon Taft, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Mr. Dorothy, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Miss Dix, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Stowe's Eva, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

THE "BILL OF FREIGHT" ON BOARD THE "INFERNAL
FREIGHT TRAIN" IS FOUND IN THE FOLLOWING

LIST OF THOUGHTS.

Insanity is moral death.

Should look at truth through the spectacles God has given
us.

The cloak government provides for married men.

False doctrines make false or lying men.

No man defended me from being kidnapped.

Silent sympathy, like dead faith, is of no account in God's
book.

Neutrals belong to the oppressor's side.

Actions seal the book of fate.

Saints are to be capacitated for judges.

The Abrahams and Lots of the present day.

The vial of infidelity which is being emptied upon the
earth.

The belief of a lie always leads to evil consequences.

A double-minded person is a traitor.

God praises but don't flatter.

To flatter is to utter the approbation the heart withholds.

Practical life is the element of progress.

Moral and intellectual births are born of anguish.

Duties never clash.

The broadest stream of heavenly elucidation comes through
obedience to duty.

Shirking any duty leaves its blemish upon our character.

There is time enough to do all our duties well.

My home and its furniture.

Never give up an undertaking that is possible to be done.

Fault-finding is fatiguing to bear.

Difference between selfishness and self-love.

Hints to merchants.

Description of the Sodomites.

Creeds limit what God has made illimitable—the truth.

Difference between willfulness and conscientiousness.

The throne of justice is to be established in America.

My book is myself.

Insane asylums a foe to free speech.

Humanity is persecuted for being true to itself.

Should never do anything we should not wish to have known.

The Woman's Rights Brigade.

People are apt to become what they are taken to be.

Death to slavery or the Union.

Our pic-nic in the woods.

A wedding and a Christian serenade.

A Calvinistic serenade.

A dead faith will float with the current.

We must make ourselves.

Influence of personal magnetism.

Some things are right for some, that are wrong for others.

Calvinism is adapted to dyspeptics.

This is not the only life we shall want partners in.

My hired girls.

Character is formed before we are born.

Christ's directions superior to Solomon's in training children.

Doing is sowing the seed, feeling is reaping the fruit.

Government should protect the wife—not divorce her.

Slaves should be emancipated from slavery—not from their masters.

Evil slays—good gives life.

Doing right is the only way to kill the devil in ourselves.

How God kills.

The Godhead cannot suffer.

Our own sins degrade us, but are used as God's slaves to exalt others.

All wrong is not sin.

Sinners' work is destruction of happiness.

God's work is promotion of happiness.

An evil-shielding government is Calvinistic.

The policy principle concerning freight illustrated.

Calvinistic freighting business.

Inconveniences of new settlers illustrated.

Developed, refined natures intensify anguish.

Insane asylums embody intensified, unmitigated anguish.

To treat the insane as criminals is a crime of the blackest dye.

No crime so severely punished as insanity.

The representations of the patients are the truest representations of asylums.

Insane asylums the mightiest obstacle to the triumphal car of Christ.

Despotism is the reign of hell.

Attendants become hardened by treating the patients as brutes.

What drug-doctoring is to the physical, insane-asylum treatment is to the spiritual.

Persecution is sustained by law in America.

A son under age cannot defend his mother legally.

Superintendent blasphemies are sheltered by law.

Husband's power omnipotent over his wife.

I could not be made to submit to human despotism.

Slaves of the marriage union must assert their independence.

I feel no reproaches at having done wrong.

Insane asylums are the oblivion of human rights.

We women prefer death to submission to a subjective husband.

We are called insane for using the rights of conscience.

Rev. Dr. Eddy introduces my daughter as an "animal!"

His own bigotry and intolerance.

Should depend wholly upon the inspirations within us.

Mrs. Cheneworth's suicide.

Human progress is retarded by insane asylums, and satanic progress is promoted by them.

Suicide no sin for an asylum patient.

The book of fate is opening to our government.

But in the statute-book of God's decrees stands an American Christian government.

“THE INFERNAL FREIGHT TRAIN.”

THE SODOM OF AMERICA!

Look out! passengers, and see for yourselves! Behold this Sodom of America! I have come off from the main track at Centralia, where our “Indian Train” landed us in the infernal regions, and put you aboard this “Infernal Train,” for the express purpose of showing you this place on the branch-road to Chicago. It takes us through the old Indian territories—the swamps of the Kankakee river. But this Kankakee city sinks into insignificance side of this notorious city of Sodom, only twelve miles north of it, and forty miles south of Chicago. Now, passengers, look, and see, and listen to the story of this city on the prairies or plains of destruction in old America!

Its Christian, or real name, by which “Young America” baptized it is, Manteno, or a teetotally manless place. It took this name from the fact that no man in all the city could be found who dared to show his parentage in defending an innocent, but most cruelly persecuted woman, who here suffered the tortures of a most cruel martyrdom, and died the most cruel of all deaths morally—just because no man could here be found to defend her, or try to deliver her from this most cruel fate.

Yes, they just saw her killed before their own eyes, yea, even assisted in the tragedy themselves by carrying her

corpse to the tomb—the insane asylum—for interment, and not one man even raised his finger in rescuing her from this most untimely fate! Oh, Manteno! thou art rightly named!

Now the reason these Sodomites let this woman be so abused, so far as she was concerned, was, because she just insisted upon looking at the truth through the spectacles God gave her to see through, rather than through the green goggles of deception which her husband required her to use instead. She claimed that her own eyes were made for her own use to see with. He, her husband, claimed that the wife had no right to any eyes but her husband's eyes. So the woman couldn't consent to giving them up, and he couldn't consent to let her use them, and so he tried to put them out. Here they battled it single-handed and alone,—until the husband, despairing of his efforts to destroy them—so energetically and adroitly was the woman's defense of what she claimed to be her right (I think she called it her inalienable right—she used long words sometimes), that he, in his desperation concluded to kill her himself, all alone, without any witness, so he could have the account all his own way—for he well knew a dead person's testimony would be of no account in law!

By the way, he didn't believe in "Spirit Mediums," so he had no scruples on this track of discovery. He thought if she were only dead and buried without witnesses, or even a "coroner's inquest"—as the laws allow a man to treat his wife—he should go clear of suspicion as to being her murderer.

And, passengers, I for one think the government did furnish him with a very capacious cloak to do his murder in—'tis rather tempting to the lordly nature of a man to make use of it in an emergency, and this man felt that the emergency had come to him; for how can two sets of eyes be tolerated in one person (and a man and wife are one, you know), especially when one set are black, and the other is blue?

It became a problem too deep for him with all his learning and philosophy to solve. By the way, this man wasn't a Christian; so Christianity was not consulted in its solution, and, you know, when the philosophy of the Bible is disclaimed as a standard, it is very difficult to solve some hard problems. Therefore he solved it to suit himself. No benevolence opposed it in his nature, for he had perverted or regenerated his nature so that he had become wholly selfish. He believed in regeneration! and for the best of reasons. He knew by experience it was true.

Yes, he was well suited when he had bargained with his indolence and selfishness—his privy counselors—to stop all further contention by putting an end to his wife's rational existence. Her spirit would do to associate with brutes—she would find her proper level when he had put her on this plane with his own hands; and he trusted that his own sagacity, in connection with the government's help which was volunteered to him, might keep her there until her carcass should rot, or dissolve into its native elements.

Now this man had the best of reasons, so far as position, sagacity, and a will were concerned, that any man could ask or desire, for believing he could carry out such a tragedy without being detected. His caution, too, is extremely largely developed. Another thing, he had been gulling people all his life with false doctrines, so he had become quite an adept in defending lies—if not in fabricating them—and now on the progressive principles of our restless natures, he had only to take one very short step in advance, on the track he was on, to *make his own lies*, as well as defend them—and his gulling faculties were all ready, in prime order, to do his duping or gulling with.

He could put out other peoples' eyes with the greatest ease of any man I ever saw, and it always was one of the "seven wonders of the world" to me, why he couldn't put out his

wife's eyes with such ability as he possessed in extinguishing other peoples' reason, so as to let it lie passive at the feet of his, to them superior reason.

I think that woman—his wife—must have been made of something besides dough, or, at least, I guess it must have baked in rather of a hot oven too, for if you believe me, she was the only person I ever knew who could maintain her position with him, for an antagonist. Even that "great Dr. McFarland"—whose intellect can hardly be eclipsed—laid down his own reason, prostrate, at his feet, and for years let himself be gulled by his sophistry, cant, guile, and artifice combined! But if what I hear is true, he has concluded to assume his own claims to his own reason—believing he has lent it long enough to this Packard firm for his exclusive use and benefit. He begins to find he has some occasion for the use of his own reason these days, since his lent capital don't bring in the profits to him quite as fast as he would like, or rather, they are not in the right kind of coin. He's got to be a pretty good judge of money he's handled so much of it, and he don't like the "shin-plaster," for it impedes his race after honor too much to have his shins all plastered over with with so much dough!!

The public are hoping their public officer will soon get this dough cleaned off from his shins, so he can walk on as erect and straight as he used to when he chose his own reason in preference to any one's else, as a guide for his own actions.

In short, this intriguing, designing man so succeeded in gulling this whole community that he succeeded in kidnapping this Christ-like woman, so that she was actually borne in open day-light, speechless, uncomplaining, and helpless, in the arms of strong men, across this very platform to the cars, which were to carry her to the lunatic asylum at Jacksonville, Ill., and no man cared enough for her soul to stand between her and abuse!

Her silent, beseeching look for help, met no kindly, responsive glance of sympathy from one of the many manly forms who had assembled here to witness this crucifixion of her sensitive, true, sympathizing nature—although not one of that vast crowd had ever received anything but smiles and kind, Christian treatment from this now helpless, defenseless victim of a cruel husband's unrelenting persecution.

She was not allowed even to say the word "farewell" to her dear, precious children, either by look, token, or kiss, for they had been hustled off, or kidnapped, before her turn came.

From this platform, gentlemen and ladies, or from your car windows, see! and mark the spot—for I shall give you ample time to perambulate the place; since I both feed and water my engine here, as well as polish its brasses for a dazzling entrance into the great, splendid Chicago depot, only two hours distant from here.

Look! for to-morrow the Lord will rain fire and brimstone upon this place, and sink it into the dead sea of destruction; for five righteous persons cannot be found in it when Abraham and Lot have left it for the mountains of safety, with their families and servants!

Father Abraham, with his good wife Sarah, and his children and servants, and Brother G. P. Comstock, with his wife—Lot's wife must first depart, for God says He cannot consume it with them in it. He cannot "slay the righteous with the wicked, for He is a just and holy God, and there is no unrighteousness in Him."

Those of my sympathizers who manifested it, either by word, look, or deed, are my friends. But dead, silent sympathy, like its counterpart—dead faith—is of no account in God's book of reckoning. They that were not with me were against me. The would-be neutral's influence was all cast into the oppressor's scales. All the oppressor asked or

needed was neutrals—but lest some might not be indifferent enough not to interfere, he got a party organized in his defense.

That party are all, of course, identified with the persecutor, and as they voluntarily gave their consent to support him in his iniquities, so they must share, with him, his doom. The forty who signed their names to his petition that I was an insane person, and on this ground sought to get me into the asylum, and all those who countenanced him in his course, have received the indelible mark of the persecuting beast, either in their right hands or on their foreheads, and are thereby sealed unto destruction.

But those who signed Mr. Haslet's subscription paper for my benefit, together with those who looked approval of his plans to defend me, gave an evidence of being Christ's true followers, such as will be found to be credited on God's account-book in their favor. It will be there as a standing witness, that, when Christ was persecuted in their midst, in the form of one of His true disciples, they gave their testimony in His favor; just as the insane party gave theirs against him.

The book is sealed—and another book was opened—the book of fate, hanging on the decrees of this sealed book!

The mark of Christ's friends must be found, either in their right hands or on their foreheads, or the door of repentance is closed against them forever. Nothing but the execution of the just penalty of a just law will expiate their guilt. And God will Himself be their jury, judge, and executive, just as they allowed my persecutor to be mine, singly and alone. I had no advocate to plead in my defense; they will have none to plead their case. On the simple sentence of a just judge hangs their irrevocable doom—as on the single testimony of one hardened sinner hung my sentence to a life-long imprisonment. They asked not the mercy of justice to be bestowed

upon me, but let me be unjustly sentenced on simple testimony, not proof.

So no mercy will be extended to them, but the mercy of justice. They have let me suffer the full penalty of an unjust law, being innocent; they must suffer the penalty of a just law, being guilty.

As they would not allow Mrs. Packard either jury, advocate, or judge, except the persecutor himself, and his own selected church jury, so I will be my self-elected jury and judge of their matters. For I have found that when I am forsaken by my kindred and people, the Lord takes me up to a higher plane of light and intelligence, and thus is capacitating me for the office of judge, to which His saints are elected.

Yes, the Lord has taken up the defenseless and forsaken daughter—the deserted and cast-off wife—the uncared-for sister—in the arms of his Protective Providence, and she is to continue to find that she has not leaned on a broken reed when she leaned, alone and solely, upon the “Rock of Ages” for support.

“Yea, I have supported her, for she has dared to trust me—by doing right—in spite of her persecutor’s mighty power to torment her soul and body. O! the barbed arrows of slander and cruel lies entered her lacerated soul, and would have rent soul and body asunder, had not my Omnipotence been her support. But her spirit I brooded under the eagle wings of my protection, and as she was strong to protect and defend my cause, so am I strong to save her. She is saved! and an almighty deliverance awaits her, as her well-earned and sure reward—for she did trust me, though I did suffer her to be slain, and taken captive by her enemies, and I myself hid my face from her, at times, to see if she could be driven from me by a frowning providence.

“But no! her steadfast faith knew no fear, though other

refuge she had none, and she hung her only hope on me. Me—mighty to rescue—mighty to deliver—mighty to save—mighty to glorify—and now, in proportion to the days wherein she has seen evil, in that proportion,—yea, even greater, shall she see good. Yes, good and happy days await her in the home I myself have provided for her, as yet unknown to her. She has a foretaste or precursor of it in the bright vista of the future, which sometimes looms up before her entranced spirit."

Passengers! Look at that large freight-house on the left, where Abraham, my kind and only father, does his business, and invoke heaven's blessings upon him and all his interests, for he has raised a purse for my benefit, and sent me notice thereof by some men from a town near by, who delivered their message faithfully; and it did cheer my forsaken soul to know that *one* true man did care for me on earth.

Yes, kind, noble, generous-hearted Mr. Haslet! although I never saw thy fine face but twice, yet its noble lineaments are daguerreotyped upon my inmost soul in characters indelible, for I saw the tear of manly sympathy trickle down thy manly cheek when we stood at the east window of the Methodist church, in company with thy lady wife, Sarah. And she too cried for me and my little ones; for she saw that we were in the hands of a fiendish tyrant, from whose power there was no escape.

Yes, Father Abraham and Mother Sarah, thy tears are bottled in God's tear-glass, and they will yet bedew thy sad hearts with the fragrant blossoms of hope and trust, as they did mine, to see them shed for me. You too feel for others' woes. God will feel for yours, and thy children shall flourish like olive plants about thy table. Thy sons can see in their father an image of God, their heavenly father, and by its likeness they will be led to imitate thy manly virtues, and shine in thine own reflected splendor.

Noble Mr. Haslet! May thy seed fill the Congress seats of our new republic, and there reflect, in multiplied mirrors, thy true manly heart as the "Washington" of New Columbia!

Father Haslet, may a daughter's love and a daughter's blessing ever attend thee, and may the bright bow of hope ever arch thy horizon until all its promises find full fruition in thine own blissful experience.

And you, Brother Lot, flee to the mountains on rapid step! for the flames of God's wrath hover over this devoted place, and, until thou art safe, they must be stayed. For you too mollified thy sister's sad heart with the ointment of love and gentle respectful attentions, to my wants and wishes. You are a gentleman, and you can be none but a gentle husband. Favored, highly favored must any woman be to become the wife of thy bosom! No arrow shall reach her sensitive heart, except through thine own. She shall not be insulted, except at the risk of a husband's revenge. She shall not be defamed—she shall not be slandered—for her husband's shield of watchful love protects her.

Hasten! O, hasten! with thy lovely spouse, lest God's wrath swallow thee up, if thou linger in its suburbs. Entreat, yea, drag thy wife, if need be. But come—come to the mountains of truth for thy refuge and defense.

You, Mr. Comstock, were kind to me and mine. My tender, sensitive Isaac is a son of thy adoption. You have been kind to him. May posterity be kind to thy Isaac!

But, Brother Comstock, the sun of thy manhood has its dark spots on its resplendent disk. You too were deluded by that vile man's sophistries—your next door neighbor—and the mephitic atmosphere of this contiguity wellnigh blasted your manhood by its pestilential effluvia.

Oh, how did my instincts lead me to cling to you, as a man who would defend me, because I thought your strong manly proportions had capacitated you to stand undaunted before

the face of Leviathan. But I was disappointed. Even your resplendent brightness was dimmed by his murky, clouded atmosphere.

Oh, most noble but deluded Mr. Comstock! Do let your love for Mrs. Packard and hers for you draw out into bold relief that eclipsed manhood which lies now shaded by the clouds of distrust, lest my husband's representations of me are truthful. Oh, they are not, Mr. Comstock!—they are lies of the blackest, foulest dye. Believe them no longer, but trust the testimony of your own eyes and ears, as you see and know this testimony contradicts flatly all the slanders he fabricated against my sanity. You are too much of a man to thus lay down your own reason and conscience prostrate at the feet of this arch-villain and arch-deceiver. God has formed you to be a perfect pattern of Himself.

Mr. Comstock, I loved you for what God made you to be—a model man—and not the perverted one my husband's preaching and practice combined to make you.

You are not the infidel I heard Mr. Samington, the Methodist minister of Manteno, tell God you were in his evening prayer-meeting in his church, because you raced horses to see which could run the fastest! Mr. Comstock, it is not near so infidel an act to race horses as it is to race the accountability out of a Christian sister just because his Christian charity had become so shriveled in its proportions that he could not recognize a consistent, Christian, practically godly life and conversation in his brother minister's wife, as proof of her accountability, in defiance of her husband's simple, unproved testimony to the contrary!

I think that Methodist doctor and minister had better engage in horse-racing business himself, or you will outrun him in your race after eternal life, if he continues to run in the direction he is going, to get it. I can tell him beforehand he won't find it when he gets there, on this route. He's got

to turn a pretty sharp corner to get into the kingdom, or I shall lose my guess. He cares a little too much for Brother Calvin's interests and a good deal too little for Brother Christ's cause to suit Sister Packard's Christianity.

I don't think, brother Comstock, his opinion of your "infidelity" is worth minding, for I'm very sure God won't believe Samington's slanders about you, for He don't give as much credit to lying testimony as He does to the testimony of His own reason, even if Samington does more.

Still, I know we can't help wishing there were more people like God on earth, and fewer like Samington, for if there were, people would be a little more cautious about telling so many bare-faced lies about people, to the ruin and detriment of their unblemished characters. However, we must weather the emptying of this "vial of infidelity" upon the earth as best we can, for I don't fear the emptying of any other angel's vial which is to come; for there can be no more deleterious, practical infidelity in store for the inhabitants of the earth to be tested by, than this treason to our own reason, and loyalty to slanders, which has become so universal at the present age, while Calvinism is culminating.

I do hope I shall have some company besides my children, ere long, who, like us, dare to trust our own eyes and ears more implicitly than we do the eyes and ears of other folks. It has been now nearly three years since I have come in contact with but one other such person, and that was Mrs. Angeline Sylvester Field, now a resident of Granville of this State.

Every other individual who has believed me to be an insane person after seeing me, thereby giving more credit to Dr. McFarland's and my husband's testimony than they did to their own reason and common sense, is, in my estimation, either a fool or an insane person or a villain.

And I, for one, don't court any more intimate a compan-

ionship with either of these classes than circumstances compel me to endure.

I and my children are going to seek, in the hope too of finding, some higher class of intelligences for our associates hereafter; for the Godhead is so darkly eclipsed in such, that I don't feel at all safe in their company or under their influence, for there is no knowing what lies they can't be made to believe, when the rudders of reason and common sense are both wanting in their organization.

Comstock, don't you ever allow yourself to be so befogged again as to believe such a lie, as to believe I was an insane person, when the observation of your own reason and common sense contradicted it so boldly as my conduct did. Let that noble spirit ever possess you which dictated the remark you made to me, when I sought you as my counselor, lest my husband might succeed in executing the plan he had formed to get me into an insane asylum. Said you, "Mrs. Packard, you have nothing to fear, for your husband cannot get you in without you first have a 'jury trial,' and no jury in the land can be found who would pronounce you to be an insane person." Meaning, "Your own actions vindicate you of this charge, and condemn the testimony as a bare-faced slander."

But O, the dangerous power of a combined, popular, evil influence!

I never could have believed even such an influence could have laid low the manliness of my friend Comstock, had I not seen it done. But I must believe what I see, even if it be ever so unwelcome a truth. And I will not believe a lie which I hear even if I, in my desires, wish it ever so strongly to be true. For the "belief of a lie" always leads to evil consequences and sad results. The citadel of the heart once taken captive by the arch-deceiver, there is no knowing what devastating train of evils may follow in the wake of this fatal belief.

The long, dark record of agonies and griefs caused by the belief of this lie upon my fair name is yet to be unfolded, when the recording angel delivers up his unsealed book of unerring records into the hands of our common judge.

Mr. Comstock, 'tis now my most gratefully cherished opinion that you have "repented with godly sorrow" of the part you took in this sad drama, for Isaac's account of you thus represents you as a penitent. Therefore with all the fondness and sincerity of my loving heart, I extend to you my free, full forgiveness, and restore you to your former place in my true heart's love.

As I said, I respect and love you as a model man, and such anomalies are so very rarely seen in my track of late years, that I now have to concentrate my heart's loving powers upon the few, which I once extended to the many, and while my love to this precious few is thus intensified, yet my regard to the many noble ones of former date is by no means lost. They live in my heart, by faith, that they have not fallen from their former integrity.

But Samington is down!—down in my estimation lower than I hope any other Methodist minister will ever get, for I went to his church to seek for that Christian charity and sympathy I so much needed, but which my own Presbyterian church most cruelly denied me, and I found there what was "like cold water to a thirsty soul,"—verbal sympathy; and even this my charitable heart compelled me to credit as genuine, true, and sincere.

O, I cannot school my sincere, undisguised heart into the belief that others are not as sincere and honest as I am myself; and therefore I must bear the pain of finding my bright hopes all blasted by the mildew of hypocrisy and deceit.

Such was my sad experience in seeking a fold in the Methodist church, when disowned by my own. I trusted

Dr. Samington's professions of friendship for me to be sincere, and I regarded that his fellowship and that of his church was virtually guaranteed to me by the expressions I was allowed to judge by. But subsequent developments blasted this assurance entirely. They did not defend me. They did not protect me, although they professed that I needed help and succor. And, what was worse, they lent their secret sympathy to my persecutor, aiming thus to befriend both parties. And by so doing they proved themselves to be "traitors to me."

Dr. Samington was my friend to my face, but my enemy to my back, in that he extended the same kind of friendship to my persecutor. "He is a double-minded man—unstable as water," and whoever trusts him does it to his sorrow, for he is unworthy of trust and confidence, having no principle higher than policy to depend upon.

Brother Samington, "thou hast been weighed in the balance and found wanting," and God, thy judge, will award thee thy just deserts.

But, Brother Comstock—and Dr. Samington's infidel horse-races—your fleet, sleek, fine horse has already got a great start of his old lagging mare. I tell you, Mr. Samington will have to put spurs to his horse to outride you, for you are the swiftest driver and the safest I ever saw. You haven't been to horse-races for nothing, and you have got something besides your well-earned prizes to prove it too. Yes, Mrs. Packard can give her testimony that you are the most elegant driver I ever saw hold the reins of a fiery steed, and not even our hospital farmer Jones excepted. I compliment his driving. No I don't either. Such drivers don't need complimenting. Their own works praise them, not me nor God. God never flatters, but he longs to praise His dear children for well-doing.

I never intend to flatter,—that is, utter the approbation

my heart withholds. And if I do bestow undeserved praise, it is not flattery on my part, for I only speak the honest opinions of my heart, although false in reality. My abundant charity leads me to cover or hide a multitude of sins, perhaps sometimes prematurely, by crediting sincerity to the apparently penitent offender before 'tis merited; therefore the recipient of my false praise may be flattered by what to me is not flattery. I only intend to praise where God would praise,—that is, where their works praise them.

I did praise you, Mr. Comstock, and so did God, when you took my dear Isaac into your counting-room and taught him your way of keeping accounts. A man like Comstock can't cheat; 'tis too mean business for him to do himself, or to engage a clerk to do such business for him!

I praised your generous soul also when my Samuel brought home from your store his arms full of satin marble paper, which he said Mr. Comstock told him to give to his mother to paper her room with, and tell her if it isn't enough, to send and get enough, and select her own border. Oh, didn't I bless his dear refined soul, to find he pitied me so much, to have to sleep in so dirty, rough-plastered, unwhitewashed walls as he saw I had to the day before, when he called upon me with his elegant and splendid wife, to give me paper to cover them with, when I had vainly begged Calvin to do it for me for two long, long years' time?

And this was not the end of my joys. Calvin seemed to catch a ray of his overflowing benignity, and now consented to let me get enough more out of his store to cover every room I had—seven in all—not only with paper, but also two good coats of white paint, and whitewash for the ceiling also, on condition that I paid for it with the cotton cloth, Mr. Cooley, of the firm of Cooley & Farwell, of Chicago, my former pupil in East Granville, Mass., sent to me in a bundle by express, from his wholesale store in Chicago, with other gifts

to the amount of twenty-five dollars, and I must put it all on myself, without any help out of the family, and none from him, except to take care of the baby, then about nine months old.

I did so, and all the seven rooms were all whitewashed, painted, and papered by me, except one coat of whitewash I got Mr. Hempstead to do for me, to learn me how to prepare the lime and put it on. Isaac helped me a little in putting on the paper, and so did Mrs. Comstock help me put on the satin paper her husband gave me for my parlor.

I say I kept my conditions well to the letter, and figure too; for I know how to match paper as well as carpets, and how to hang it plumb too, if Mr. Willey, a paper-hanger in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, is any judge; for he said the eight rooms I papered in our Mt. Pleasant house were done as well as he could do them himself. And I put on the whitewash straight and even, and the paint too; for Mr. Calvin Barnard of Lyme, Ohio, said I had painted the parsonage there very well indeed, and he's a painter and can judge justly of a painter's merits. He there praised my window-sash painting as being extra well done, for the glass was so little daubed with the paint. I painted and papered eight rooms there also, although we stayed only one year to enjoy it; yet I knew other ladies besides me enjoyed it to have good clean paint and paper on their walls. But Lyme people paid for the cost of the materials, and I put them on without cost. But I had a hired girl then to help me do my house-work, so it was comparatively a very easy job on my part to do that parsonage, compared with my doing my two other houses, within the next four years, and no help at all to help me. I moved twice too in that time, and had one baby, and took the sole care of my family of eight without any hired help at all, except my washing.

But work of any kind was never a burden to my strong, active, healthy body and my elastic, happy spirits. In fact,

'tis a luxury to me to have enough to do, to keep soul and body alert and active to their highest tension.

Practical life is my element of progress, or rather always has been so. But now the tables seem to have been turned. As Mrs. Emeline Bridgman said to me yesterday, after listening to the reading of a portion of my book, "Why haven't you written a book before,—I should have thought you would?"

I replied, "For the simple reason, I had other duties to do, so I could find no time for such things. But now I have nothing else to do, and therefore I can write a book now, as a pastime as well as a duty."

And besides, I was not capacitated to write before, as I am now, for it is suffering that develops character. I had formed my character on the gospel platform of practical godliness, and now God saw fit to develop or bring out to view the character I had thus formed and established, by putting me into the furnace of trial, to test my virtues, and to call forth those throes of anguish by which new powers are always born into a new existence.

All children of moral or intellectual birth are born of anguish, of labor pains, as well as children of physical birth, and there are laws just as inexorable, by which their birth is brought about, as are the laws of our animal natures.

God knew the time when these conceptions of moral and intellectual character were fully ripe in me, and He too knew when and where and how to give birth to them.

I have always trusted to Him to guide my destiny—not myself—for He knows the spirit laws of my spiritual body so much better than I do myself that He is the best and safest pilot or guide for it. It is all I know how to do to study and find out and live up to the physical laws of my complex nature. But since God has said "First the natural, then the spiritual," I feel certain that the natural are of prime import-

ance to me in this my natural body, and I am certain a symmetrical spiritual body is built upon or grows out of a symmetrical natural one. Therefore the practical duties of a woman have been my forte; and if I follow out my present views of duty, these will ever continue to be my elements of future progress. Still, if God's providence has in store more public duties than the kitchen and nursery present for me to perform, I shall simply say, "Not my will, but Thine, O God, be done," and try to fulfill the destiny God—not I—has marked out for me.

But this is certain, I see no reason for regretting that I did not enter the arena of literary labors before; for I see no way in which this could be done without neglecting some of the practical duties which Providence had lain in my track.

And duties never clash. When they seem to, it is the result of miscalculation in some particular. Had I neglected my domestic duties for either reading or writing, my husband might, and doubtless would, have urged this as a proof of insanity on my part. But he never can say this of me now, in truth. But Oh, God only knows how ardently I have longed in vain for a tithe of the time he had for reading, and leisure to do anything he chose to do. I never felt it my duty to neglect any practical duty to indulge my taste for literature—and I never did.

And my own experience demonstrates the truth of the assertion that "They that do His commandments shall know of the doctrine." I believe true light flows into the soul through natural sources, and the broadest stream of heavenly elucidation comes in through the line of self-denying obedience to duty.

The wiser one is in doing right, the wiser they are in feeling right, and thinking right, and speaking right, and writing right; and the more foolish one is in doing wrong, the more foolish they are in feeling wrong, thinking wrong, speaking wrong, and writing wrong.

In short, our only safety lies in doing the duties Providence has made incumbent upon us, however self-denying, not in shirking them, for supposed duties, however attractive, and, to our view, desirable. And if we have latent tastes ungratified, and desires unsatisfied, in the present spheres we occupy, let us bear in mind that the only safe way to seek their fulfillment is to plod on in the line of self-denial so long as God appoints us this path to tread, knowing that this is the only path in which to find the fruition of our retarded hopes and wishes. But if we, in our haste or impatience to reach the fruit, cut down the tree to get it in its immature state, we gain nothing but disappointment and blasted hope, as the result of our foolish impatience.

Another thing, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and a slighting of any duty leaves its blemish upon our moral or intellectual characters. Therefore, when I had anything to do, I felt there was time enough, somewhere, to do it well in, or it was not my duty to do it at all. So, if it was my duty to mend stockings, it was my duty to do them well and thorough, or, so that my works would praise me, as Sister Dole remarked, in the hearing of my daughter, to some one standing by when she was washing my family stockings, just before she got me locked up in this prison, "I wonder how Sister Elizabeth can get time to mend her stockings so nicely when she has so much to do." All my mending would merit the same meed of praise, and my uniform practice to determine to excel in everything I undertook to do, helped form that trait in my character by which I hope to excel in the delineation of truth as a writer, as well as a practicer of godliness.

Well, I repaired my house by painting and papering inside, and in painting the inside of my porticos on the outside, and succeeded in getting green blinds put on to the front windows, and I bought a new and beautiful carpet for my parlor, and

a sofa, and got damask curtains—crimson and black—for the windows, and hung them with nice brass fixtures and large, heavy tassels, and paid for them all with my own money; and I exchanged my elegant Brussels stair-carpet (as we have no front stairs to this house) for sofa-seated chairs for my parlor. I had besides in it a nice mahogany card-table and bureau, and a light-stand, and the walls were hung with paintings and drawings of my own—one painting on white velvet, inclosed in an elegant mahogany frame, one yard square, or nearly that—and several mezzotint drawings, and some other bought pictures, and a good-sized mahogany-framed mirror.

The next room adjoining it is my reception-room and summer dining-room. The porticos from each wing open into this center room, the only front room on the upright center building. This is covered with an ingrain carpet. There is my china closet in the side towards the kitchen, which is directly back of it, and of the same size. I painted my china closet light pea-green, and my fine transparent tea-set of white china is here displayed in its most imposing and tasteful manner. I have a nice home-madé lounge in this room, covered with black camlet, with arms and a back to it like a sofa; a table, a nice bureau, a mirror, and pictures, curtains—one turkey-red and one embroidered muslin. My nursery is on one side, and the parlor on the opposite; it is connected with the parlor by folding-doors, but with my nursery by only a single door.

I have described my nursery furniture in another place.

My parlor has a bed and washstand in it, as my nursery has, and it is used for a spare bed. Both beds are dressed in white.

I have three good chambers up-stairs, and three beds. I keep all my beds dressed in white. The hall above and two of the chambers are carpeted. This hall and stairway I

papered, whitewashed, and painted the stairs and all. But my ingenuity and perseverance was put to its test to hang the paper here, since the staircase was so high, and I was so low. But difficulties are not impediments to Mrs. Packard. What she can't do one way she does another. But there is one thing you'll find she never does—and that is, to give up an undertaking which it is possible to be done by any one.

To undertake a possible thing is, with her, a certain guarantee of its being done.

Yes, I undertook to get my house put into decent order, and I carried the enterprise straight through: but I was several weeks about it, for I had all my housework to do as usual, alone, and my nursing babe to attend to, and for three weeks I had to do all my housework, cooking and all, up-stairs in husband's study, while my three coats of paint on my kitchen floor had time to harden, and I had some company in the meantime which hindered me.

One day I had to get a dinner for fifteen; the guests all came unexpectedly. Still I contrived to roast my beef, cook my turnips, onions, and potatoes, and bake my notion and custard-pies in my husband's study cook-stove, and transport it all down-stairs again in its cooked state, across my kitchen floor on boards to save the paint, through my reception-room all filled with unarranged furniture into my nursery, the only room in the house in a furnished and decent condition. Here my company dined on as good a meal as any need ask or wish for anywhere; and as cheerful and proud a mistress presided as you could wish to find at any table. And she gave her guests as cordial a welcome, so far as she was concerned, as any guest need desire to receive—and they left feeling both gratified and satisfied with the attentions which had been bestowed upon them; and the hostess felt equally satisfied with herself, as she felt conscious she had done the best she could to manifest her hospitality under the circumstances.

She habitually felt under all emergencies that she had only to merit the encomium of her Judge, "she hath done what she could," and her enlightened conscience always found peace, if not joy, as her well-earned portion.

Yes, I put my house in prime order, and enjoyed it more than I ever did enjoy any other home, for the few subsequent months, when Calvin put me out of it by force into the insane asylum, for him to keep bachelor's hall in, while I occupied the cell of a prisoner!!

Indeed, I kept my part of the bargain fully, but he didn't keep his; for instead of taking good care of my baby—Arthur Dwight—he let him fall down-stairs from between his knees. Although I was some distance—the farthest from him when he fell—I was the nearest to him when he got to the bottom of the stairs. He is the first and only child of mine that ever met such a fall. I always looked carefully after my little darlings, and shielded them securely from harm, so far as watchfulness on my part could shield them. My children were my first care—my house-work my secondary interests to them.

Calvin did not help me in the least, if I recollect rightly—not even so much as to bring in the long, heavy boards for me to stand on, in making my platform to do my white-washing from.

But he deserves one long credit mark; and I gave it to him when on his knees with my arm around his neck I thanked him for not scolding or fretting me while I was doing it; because I couldn't be so regular in my hours for our meals, nor so orderly in their arrangement as usual. He did bear these disturbances with commendable fortitude and remarkable good humor. And it was a blessing which did call for my devout thanks; for had he been captious as he sometimes was, I don't know as I could have stood this additional source of fatigue, and not got sick from over-

exertion. But as it was, I arose every morning as bright and happy as a lark, feeling that my toil was only pleasure to me, and no source of uneasiness.

But had he complained and hurt my feelings by fault-finding, even reasonable fault-finding, it would have been a heavy burden to carry at these times of such great extra physical exertion. As it was, my health suffered no detriment at all from carrying through this my third house which I had repaired with my own hands within five years' time.

And I think O. S. Fowler did not deviate much from the truth when he remarked of me, as his first expression, on laying his hands upon me, "What a worker! You have worked enough to kill four common women!" Then on looking at my breast he added, "Oh, I see the reason why it has not hurt you, you know how to breathe! That's the secret of your endurance of toil so well! Another thing, you are so systematic, and so good a calculator, you accomplish a great deal more with the same exertion, than most can do. In fact, your equal can hardly be found anywhere, for efficiency and dispatch in business."

Pardon me, passengers, but you see there are several switches about this depot, and I have to run my cars away from the platform occasionally, on necessary duty. Of course, you in the cars cannot see the need of so many switches from the main object, or track. But the engineer sees the need of each and every one; therefore he constructed them all for practical utility. Our business is not simply to get to Chicago, but it is to get there in the right state or condition, leaving no unfinished work in our rear. Remember, it isn't your business to conduct my movements, but mine to conduct yours; and if you don't like me as your conductor, just go to Chicago in your own way then, if you please. If not, please to go in mine.

But now as I have got you back to our old standpoint, in

front of the platform, just cast your eyes out your west windows, and see my friend Comstock's store, directly opposite, marked with that sign, "G. P. Comstock," on his sign-board. If you wish to buy good articles, go to his store, and you can get them, for if he has not the article on hand to suit you, he will send directly to Chicago and order it for you; for he gets a fresh supply from this mart of business almost every week, and he is extremely obliging and accommodating to his customers. Some may call this trait in his character selfishness, because his pecuniary interests are promoted by it. But I do not. I say it is simply a laudable self-love which prompts such developments of his noble nature.

And this principle is as different from selfishness as God is different from Satan. Satan is selfish, because he strives to promote his own interests at the expense of others' interests. God is exercised by a laudable self-love because he aims to promote his interests in harmony with the interests of all others.

Now if Mr. G. P. Comstock chooses to grow rich by promoting the interests of his customers so that they find he is their most profitable commercial friend, and on this account give him their entire patronage—I can't see why he isn't a God-like trader. I altogether prefer to do my trading with a God-like man—who has some regard to my interests as well as his own—and who is too much devoted to his own interests to cheat me out of my just dues—than to dicker with a selfish, mean merchant, who would as leave cheat me as not, if he was sure he could make money by it, and not be detected in his fraud.

But Merchant Comstock has too much self-respect to do such mean things. Go to his store and get the full value of your money restored to you again, for he is too noble to cheat you out of a single farthing.

Look farther north and you'll see Dr. Merrick's sign, a hardware merchant, and I advise you to pass by it, for he is a hard man. His heart is stone, and his God is mammon, and let a mammoth failure befall him, for he needs a chastisement and affliction deep as hell, to move him to tenderness and compassion for helpless innocence.

Go to thy home, Dr. Merrick, to find thy pillow strewn with thorns, which thine own vices have planted there. May thy darling boys—my infant-class scholars—shun their father's footsteps, and be led by thy accomplished wife into the paths of purity, integrity, and peace.

On the south of Comstock's, see La Bree's law office. One of heaven's own lawyers, true to God and true to man. A Catholic, a Christian citizen, and a man whom the King delights to honor. Look at Haslet's list and see if his name does not head the list with one of the largest sums attached to his name.

I know not who has signed that paper, neither do I know the amount subscribed. But I do believe there is such a paper, for Father Haslet sent me word there was, and I should as soon doubt the word of Father Abraham as that of Haslet.

Although Dr. McFarland has tried to stifle my faith at times, by intimating that if the money is raised, why don't you have some of it sent you?

But the puffing steam tells me I am lingering too long in Sodom's plains, I must quicken my pace or the cars will be off before I get half through the place.

On the east side of the track see that nice, new tavern stand, with a "Blessing" on its sign. See a blessing on the subscription-paper attached to the name Blessing. This Mr. Blessing and his wife called upon me after I had been here a few months, and brought with them Dr. Shirley of this place. They are the only Sodomites who have deigned to show me

any tangible interest in my welfare, by a call or any other communication since I have been imprisoned, except a call from Mr. Ferguson, a few weeks since.

So far as proof goes, aside from these facts, to show the Sodomites take the least interest in my welfare since I have been here, by my seeing any proof, I am null and void of this kind of testimony. Still, my faith assures me, there is a party there who do not believe me to be an insane person. Such, and only such, are my friends.

But look south of Blessing's, and a little farther east, and see the house of Dea. Spring, where he and two ruined sons, and one ruined daughter, and Mrs. Dixon, another widowed daughter, and two girls of her own, live. Look at Dea. Spring! You'll have to spring quicker to get out of Sodom than you did to spring upon the wolf that was carrying off its helpless lamb in his mouth, or you'll be too late, for you did not spring at all to my rescue, but rather put me into his mouth with his own hands, or advice.

I should think your brother, Dr. Gardner Spring of New York city, would be ashamed to own you as his brother, since all of your manliness has sprung out of you, if you ever had any. But you are a too bigoted Presbyterian to have any vitality left for it to be resuscitated again. If those Catholics who have attached themselves to Father Chinnique were ever as bigoted Catholics as you are a Presbyterian, they never could have broken the shackles of their creed, and have come into the liberty of the gospel of Christ. And God grant that your indefatigable labors to proselyte them to your faith may be fruitless; for so far as their good is concerned, I think their chances of getting into the kingdom are ten to one, to remain Catholics such as La Bree, Esq., is, than to become Presbyterians, as Dea. Spring is. For Catholic La Bree has the mark of Christianity upon him, while Dea. Spring has the mark of the persecuting beast upon him.

I went to this good Christian brother La Bree, our nearest neighbor, for that Christian sympathy Dea. Spring and all his family most scrupulously withheld from me; although I first sought it from his children, only to be most basely insulted and abused by them, especially by Mrs. Dixon; and I found it there. Mr. La Bree had a heart gushing with genuine Christian sympathy for me, as an abused, insulted, and persecuted woman. He gave me good advice, based on truly Catholic, Christian principles of liberality and magnanimity, such as any one might search in vain for in the Presbyterian church, to find such tolerance extended to a Catholic as he extended to me—a nominal heretic—but in reality a sister in Christ. I felt that I was communing in spirit with a brother in Christ, and I would as soon think of withholding from him my Christian fellowship, as I would think of extending it to Dea. Spring or his pastor. For Mr. La Bree is my Christian brother, as his fruits demonstrate; while they are my most bitter enemies, as their actions demonstrate.

When I can fellowship Satan, I can fellowship Dea. Spring and his pastor, Mr. Packard, but not before.

And should Providence ever cast my lot to dwell again in Manteno, as the churches now are there, I should not hesitate a moment which to go to, to find the most practical godliness. Of the three—the old school Presbyterian, the Wesleyan Methodist, and the Roman Catholic—I say the last is, in my estimation, the best type of a Christian church, based on the soundest of Christian principles.

The Roman Catholics, there, *practice* the liberal principles of Christianity, while the other two practice the illiberal, bigoted, intolerant principles of Calvinism. I think the Methodists are not near so bad as the Presbyterians, yet they have no liberality to spare or to boast of.

If the old school Presbyterians are not the most illiberal, bigoted, intolerant church in America, then it is because I

don't know where 'tis. And if a Catholic wishes to find a liberal Christianity, I tell him to seek for it outside of the limits of this Calvinistic church.

And when you come across a proselyting Spring, tell him it is not Presbyterianism you are seeking for, but Christianity!

And the two sects are so diametrically opposed, the one to the other, that a consistent Presbyterian Christian is as much a contradiction of terms as a Calvinistic Christian is, or a Devilish Christian is.

As for myself, I fellowship no church but Christ's church, and I fellowship all Christians—of whatever name or denomination, and wherever found—and I think that Christians are found more frequently outside the limits of any church creed than within it. Creeds contract and limit what God has made illimitable and boundless—the truth.

And the truth is as various as the organization of individuals is various; and to make a universal creed, you must make a universal humanity—that is, you may as well make people alike as make creeds alike, to suit them. Every man must be his own judge of what is truth, as indicated by his own organization; but he must not judge for any one else, or make a creed for anybody but himself, for Christ says He must do so—"Judge ye not of your own selves what is right," and, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

I don't want any one to judge for me what I must believe; I choose to be my own judge in that matter, and therefore I won't judge for others what they ought to believe. "Believe what you think is truth!" is all the creed I give to people, for it is all I am willing to give myself.

Truthism is my creed, and Christianity is my practice.

And a brother or a sister may be as different in their creed from mine as they are different from me in looks, or organization, and I can fellowship them just as sincerely as I could

did they agree with me in all particulars, provided they all practice Christianity. And by practical Christianity I mean living up to what their own reason and conscience dictates as their rule of duty.

But the objector may say, "What will you do with those cases where, like your husband, they become conscientiously wrong?"

"I will treat them as I have him—viz., fellowship him so long as I have any reason to hope the gospel means of enlightening him will be of any avail in bringing him to see his sins, and repent; but when all means fail, and he persists in practicing iniquity instead of godliness, I must leave him as a devil, or a slave to his lusts, or sins."

"But he still pleads he is acting conscientiously, and you say you go in for freedom of conscience, and feel bound to fellowship a conscientious person; how are you acting consistently, thus to withdraw from him while he is honestly or conscientiously wrong? Who knows but that you are the one who is believing lies, and are thus conscientiously wrong yourself?"

I would bring in the gospel scales, and thus test the merits of both sides in these infallible balances. I would first go into one side, and ask him to balance me by just the treatment I give him, and then I ask him to go in, and I balance him by just the treatment he gives me; and if the oppressor cannot thus be made to acknowledge that he is an oppressor, when he feels the oppression he bestows, I say he is willful, not conscientious, in his wicked course. For conscience never can approve of injustice, wrong, and abuse; and after being enlightened by the gospel test, he persists in pleading conscience as his vindication, I know he is either self-deceived or a hypocrite, in calling things by their wrong name, hoping thus to deceive others, as he has deceived himself.

Wilfulness will not be enlightened by the truth; it pro-

fesses to believe lies, knowing them to be lies. But conscientiousness will consent to the truth, and seeks it, alone, as its only guide, and when it apprehends the truth, will acknowledge it, however humbling or mortifying the issue.

For example, let my husband place himself in my cell for three long years, with dangerous maniacs for his associates, deprived of every privilege as an American citizen, on my simple testimony that he had done what he never had done, how would he like it?

And how should I feel to stay at the home which he had fitted up for my comfort, and exert all the energies in my power to keep him for ever out of it, and in his prison, while he was denied any means of self-defense, and thus deprived of any ray of hope of ever being delivered, could I claim that I had the first claim to the title of a human being, thus to treat the partner of my bosom?

No! I should be a "fiend" in human shape, to treat a partner thus, and I should say I was only receiving my just deserts to be treated as such by all ranks of society.

Mr. Packard and Deacon Spring, and Deacon Smith, and the whole forty signers to my husband's petition, if you are not treated as such by the present age, you will be placed on this level by posterity, while your spirits are in torment, receiving their just portion, as a just penalty for this heaven-daring crime.

"The memory of the wicked shall rot." So will their memories rot, while their names will be left to blacken the pages of American history. For truth will be ferreted out, and all will receive their just deserts—for a God of Justice reigns in heaven, and is about to establish His throne here on this American continent. "Woe to the wicked, for it shall be ill with him."

Rev. Gardner Spring of New York! your name is to be linked with infamy and dishonor, because of your brother's

disgraceful treatment of me in Manteno. Your brother knew I was an exemplary, consistent Christian, ever, and at all times, and in all places, gentle, ladylike, and kind, in my deportment; he knew I was, until the last day I was kidnapped, a model housekeeper, a model mother, and an exemplary friend to all, and without ever manifesting the least aberration of conduct in his presence; and he could get no testimony, true or false, of my ever having manifested any, except what came from my husband's lies. For there was none! God's account-book records not a single act against Mrs. Packard betokening her insanity in the slightest degree by the least irregularity of deportment.

I openly and boldly challenge any being in the universe to prove to the contrary, by one act of mine, truthfully represented!

You may take any one of the legions of falsehoods current against me and trace it back to its birthplace, and I challenge the proof on it, to show that it is not a mere fabrication of a lie in essence. I can singly and alone disprove any and all such charges to be false as hell, from whence they all had their origin!

As to opinions and views, my book is me. It is the result of my "independent thinking," and written with no author or book within reach for reference, except my Bible and Webster's large dictionary, the lent favor of my educated and kind friend, Miss Martha Mills. My Bible contains our "family record," the only record of time, dates, or places within my reach.

My book may therefore be found to contain some mistakes as to time, places, names, or dates, since my memory is not good in those particulars, and cannot therefore be safely trusted as a calendar. But on all other statements of facts I am ready to stand or fall as a truthful witness on the testimony of my book. I know I have investigated subjects and

great principles farther and deeper than the common minds of the present age; and to such my ideas may be as incapable of comprehension as are the principles of trigonometry to the unlettered arithmetician; yet this is no evidence against them as to their verity or truth.

Again, my individuality is so strongly marked in it that it is peculiarly Mrs. Packard's book, and no one's else.

Now, Mr. Spring, are you, a man of your intelligence, prepared to call an original thinker an insane person simply because she has such great talents that God has made and fitted her for a pioneer in the investigation of moral and spiritual truths? Have I got to suffer the reproach of being an insane person all my days simply because I have thought of some truth in advance of my cotemporaries? Have all independent thinkers got to run the risk of suffering this most cruel of all kinds of treatment—that of being treated as an insane person when they are not—as I have for three past, sad years of imprisonment? Why have not others the same reason to fear this fate I have so cruelly suffered if you, for the sake of saving your guilty brother, wink at this cruel persecution of the innocent, without cause? Can you be a philanthropist and do this bigoted, mean, unrighteous act?

O, Rev. Gardner Spring, D.D., this is a crime of the blackest kind against civilization—a crime of the blackest kind against human progress,—and dare you, in this nineteenth century, wink at and defend this most cruel persecution of an American woman, simply for opinion's sake? Dare to do it, and your name sinks with your brother's to the lowest pit of infamy, to rise no more to hail the brighter light of coming luminaries.

God grant that there may be found other women on this continent who will have the daring and courage to be true to the inspirations of the divinity within them, even in face of these asylum inquisitions which now stand in battle array,

ready to torture as insane any one who dares to express opinions in conflict with the present age! I know, and am now feeling, the most excruciating horrors of this hellish institution, and they may well wish to shun them. But how, Oh how, can Christ's second coming be heralded unless some have the courage to defy them as I have done?

Oh, these insane asylums are a terror, an incubus, a mortal foe to free speech, to free printing, to free thinking, on this American continent, and never, never can we be a free people until they are destroyed from the continent.

Hundreds and thousands have here met a most untimely and cruel fate, just because they were the best people on the continent, of whom the age were not worthy, because it called the new light in them insanity, and then treated insanity as a capital crime, with imprisonment and abuse!

Christianity took this form of persecution when its Founder came to establish it on earth, and it still continues to be here in America the most cruel form of persecution which can be inflicted upon it.

Christ was called insane because He advocated opinions at variance with His age. His views of the resurrection, the trinity, the coming of Christ, the change of dispensations, etc., etc., did not meet the stereotyped views of the Church of His day; therefore He was not fit to live on earth.

Mrs. Packard is called insane for the same reasons, and experiences a similar fate from her cotemporaries. It was the devilism of Christ's day that called Him an insane person for opinion's sake. It is the Calvinism of Mrs. Packard's day that calls her an insane person for opinion's sake.

Dr. Spring, do not close your eyes or ears to these momentous truths, for the spiritual coming of Christ draws nigh, and the wise virgins must fight for their spiritual or inalienable rights, or they will not have them, since you Calvinistic men are determined we shall shine only with borrowed oil,

or in light reflected from yourselves. We spurn the offer! We stand on our own identity,—in our own inalienable rights, secured to us by the invisible, spiritual powers of the universe. And we shall go forth to meet our Bridegroom with our lamps trimmed and burning, without any of your help, either, in trimming them,—yea, in spite of your taunts and fiery persecutions to hinder us! Then we shall have the protection we sought for from you in vain. For Christ will protect the weak, and not shut us up in asylum prisons because we were true to Him and His persecuted cause, as you have done.

Yes, we saw the truth was suffering martyrdom here in America, in the house of its professed friends, and we flew to its rescue, and were martyred with it! But the martyred truth will rise again, and so shall we! The glorious cause of truth and liberty are identified with "women's rights."

Christ, our defender, will not terrify us then by the sight of these insane asylums, for He will destroy them, as He has said He should destroy the hells of the universe at His coming. Christ's kingdom cannot be established where humanity is persecuted for being true to itself. Our right to think, speak, and act freely, naturally, without being called insane for it, must be protected to us; for but few will dare to use this right as I have dared to do, unless it is.

Well, Brother Spring, I hope you are in favor of freedom of opinion in women, for you yourself would be ashamed to deny her that right since 'twould be considered rather ungal-lant to defend the opposite position; but perhaps you may feel a little like as I could see Dr. McFarland felt when I got him to admit the principle; he still felt a little anxious about the use we made of our opinions!

I thought I could see the feeling way down deep in his heart, "I am in favor of freedom of opinion, yet I should like to have you keep some of your opinions about me to yourself!"

I shouldn't wonder if Dr. Spring felt something of the same feeling; and I don't know of but one safe way of encountering this right unflinchingly, and that is to never do anything that we shouldn't wish to have known. But from what I do know of what Dr. Spring has done, I shouldn't think of putting him in as Brigadier-General of my New York City Emancipation Brigade. But I think he would consent to take a seat in the back car of our Emancipation train, since he likes to be found in the popular current, as well as other smart men do.

I don't consider him fit for the highest office. But Beecher and Greeley I consider competent, and for this reason I appoint them Brigadier-Generals of my Emancipation Brigade for the emancipation of the slaves of the marriage union, and for the defense of their inalienable rights—and George B. Cheever, and the other city lions, I appoint their body guards—and Dr. Spring I appoint as fourth corporal of the company!

I find people are apt to become what they are taken to be. So perhaps this is the best course to take with Dr. Spring to make him become a "woman's rights" man! I guess he can earn his two dollars there, as well as anywhere.

I wish to instruct the "officers of my brigade," that our motto is, "Death to Slavery or the Union!"

Slavery has existed and been legally protected in the union just as long as it can be tolerated. Indeed, forbearance with this giant evil ceases any longer to be a virtue. Your virtue now lies in exterminating it entirely. I shall allow you to make no compromises with it whatever. There can be no union, either nominal or real, without immediate and complete emancipation. This crushing of all the rights of one-half of the union, and forcing them to yield to the mandates of the slave oligarchy, is more than we shall longer yield of our rights, to support the slave power. "Evil, and only evil,

and that continually," comes of this injustice to all parties. It cannot be worse, or more sinful, to raise our share of children without any marriage right, or union, than it is to try to raise them, as we now do, under this most merciless form of human despotism.

Yes, officers, if you cannot succeed in obtaining our complete emancipation, then dissolve the marriage union entirely.

Heed not the utterances of Thurlow Weed, when he tries to intimidate you by telling you that "if your policy prevails, it will result in the destruction of our family government and union, and a triumph for rebellion and slavery." For it is not true!

In fact, the only safety to the government and the union, lies in carrying out your policy, and the destruction of the rebellion and slavery can be secured in no other manner.

But hark! I heard the whistle clear down here to New York city! I think the sulphur in the atmosphere must be a first-rate conductor of sound! I must be back to Manteno, ready to spring into the cars, or they'll be off. No mistake.

But hold! Engineer, I'm not ready to have my train start just yet, for I have not yet shown you, passengers, the house of the old "Wolf in sheep's clothing," the lion of the place.

I had become so enamoured with the noble city lions, that I liked to have forgotten this old fellow, the Sodom lion. No, he isn't a lion, that's too noble an animal to be thus desecrated. He's nothing but a "wolf in sheep's clothing"—there is no lion about him, now his wife is absent from him. She was a lioness who could defend herself, and her whelps, too, when she was there.

His house is almost concealed by the foliage about it, and the grove of locust trees on the west of it. It is on the south side of that hollow square, just south of this depot, on the west side of the track. Don't you see the chimney over

his study windows, with green blinds on them? I got Calvin to send to Chicago to get them for his own use and service, and for my gratification, for I like to see blinds on a house. It looks so cool and cozy out here on these naked prairies, with no shade trees to keep the sun out, and the heat and cool both in. I fitted up that front yard with the small fruit shrubbery with my own hands.

Mr. Comstock, our nearest neighbor on the north, in that neat white house, with green blinds, and a neat portico in front, and large, tasteful front yard, enclosed with a white fence, let me have his team, and his boy Julius to drive it, with me and my nursing baby, Arthur, and Isaac and Samuel, in his old lumber wagon, way off to the woods ten or twelve miles distant. I think I was honored with a kitchen chair to sit on; but the springless wagon wouldn't keep it, nor me, from springing about a good deal in it, especially when the horses went pretty fast over the rough places; and Comstock's team is trained to be pretty fleet generally.

I couldn't help thinking quite often of President Hitchcock's, of Amherst college, remedy for the dyspepsia, as he told me 'twas, as we were jolting along over the rough roads, sitting together on a board put across the top of his one-horse springless wagon, in Amherst, Mass. Finding it difficult to maintain my upright position without holding on to him, he tried to comfort me by saying, "This is good for the dyspepsia!"

When we got to the woods we all pitched in and dug our raspberry roots, our blackberry roots, our grape roots, our thimbleberry roots, our cedar trees. But our currant bushes we bought of a Mr. Smith we found out there, a noble man, one of the first settlers. He also sold us some of his nice pie-plant root, his asparagus root, his splendid yellow raspberry roots, and we picked up our share of walnuts besides from under the splendid trees on his farm. We ate our

pic-nic in the woods, and fed our horses from the bag of oats we brought with us, and returned home at dark, weary, and heavily laden, with a pile of brush and briars and roots piled up high above our heads.

Arthur and his mother were almost buried up in the center of the pile, which served very well as battlements, too strong for my restless chair to overcome. Thus I returned a more stationary orb than when I went, in my comet-like course, from side to side on the bottom of our empty wagon.

By the time we reached home, the stars began to smile upon us; so did my two stars, Elizabeth and George, give me a welcome return, and help us in unloading our treasures, Elizabeth taking charge of her baby brother by undressing him, and giving him his cup of milk, and then rocking him to sleep in his suttee cradle-bed, where he lost the fatigue of his day's work, in slumbers sound and sweet.

But his tired mother's day's work was yet far from being done; for she had two suppers yet to eat, one at home, and another at Mr. Townsend's, our village neighbor, about half a mile distant, where I must walk to eat of a most sumptuous marriage feast of roast turkey and all the *et cetera* of a Western wedding's luxurious entertainment. But I must first partake of the feast husband had provided for us, with Elizabeth's and George's help, consisting of baked chickens which he had killed and dressed and cooked for us, together with turnips, onions, and potatoes, and such other deserts as the house afforded. His black tea was well steeped that night, for he had been looking for our return for more than an hour. But I couldn't see but that a cup of it stimulated me just as well, with all its long boiling, as fifteen minutes steeping would have done. And this was all I drank it for, to stimulate my powers of endurance, so as to drive off the demon fatigue, until after the wedding was over, for husband insisted upon it that the wedding could not be consummated without my presence as a witness.

So, after partaking of his supper with an extra good appetite, for we, none of us, came home with the dyspepsia that night for want of exercise, I can assure you, I donned my traveling dress for my party dress, and was soon walking arm in arm with my husband across that prairie, and landed at that large white house, opposite here, with long parlor windows reaching down to the floor. The guests soon collected in that front parlor, and my husband soon pronounced that man's son one with another man's daughter. In this instance, the groom brought his bride-elect to his own home to be married, instead of going to her home to be married. So they had no more fuss to make after the wedding to go home, for she was already in it.

So was also their serenade all ready outside, waiting for the house party to eat their supper in quietness, first; and then we heard the signal of a gun for a general salute, made up of music from tin horns, cow-bells, and tin pans, combined with an occasional gun fired, accompanied with yelling and screaming.

Our host seemed to understand well his duty, for he, together with his son, the groom, went out of the front door to meet them, and extended to them a most polite and cordial invitation to come in to the front door and pass down the hall into the back parlor, and there feast themselves upon what the sumptuous and groaning tables afforded. They did so, and the hall and dining room were soon crowded with guests, with appetites so good that they soon left nothing but the table furniture undevoured. This they left unharmed. While they were thus feasting themselves, the groom came and opened the door connecting the parlor with the dining-room, and taking his bride by the hand led her out into the dining-room and announced her new name to his new guests.

All eyes were turned to behold the bride; and when they

had feasted and gazed to their entire satisfaction, they quietly and civilly retired, leaving the house and its surroundings as quiet as before. Thus ended this Christian serenade.

But Satan is not willing even a Christian serenade should come off without getting up his counterpart in the form of a Calvinistic serenade. And such a Calvinistic one took place in Shelburne, Mass., when David Allen Fisk brought home his bride, the first night.

They assembled about the house and commenced their music, when the exasperated groom and his brother-in-law rushed out and attempted the enforcement of mob law to get them to disperse. But this didn't take! but a stone and a stick of wood did take a piece of flesh and much blood out of the groom's attendant's head, and he rushed back into the house with his shirt covered with human gore. He didn't stop to put on his coat before going out, so his white shirt made him a more visible mark for their missiles.

The groom laid hold of one of their number so roughly as to divide his coat in twain, and kept one half of it himself, but the owner himself escaped unharmed in body, but much exasperated in spirit, and after much fighting and many wounds and bruises, the company dispersed with feelings far from complaisant towards the newly married pair. This Calvinistic serenade neither awakened nor defended the better feelings of either party.

So you see, my friends, that Calvinism is just good for nothing wherever it tries to manifest itself.

Arbitrary authority won't do with people after they become "of age." The age for despotism has gone by, with the decline of Calvinistic principles, and it will never come back again, thank God! People ain't going to be dictated to any longer. They will be governed through their free agency or not at all.

You may as well detect insanity by the feeling of the pulse, as to detect the manliness of a mob by arbitrary authority over them. Or, you may as well detect the spots on the sun by putting your hands into an owl's nest, as to think of detecting insanity by the feeling of the pulse!

Another feather for Dr. Merrick's cap! and one too for Dr. Newkirk his partner, in their new "patent" insanity detectorship!

But I have some sort of sympathy for this partner of Dr. Merrick's. I do think 'twas only because Dr. Newkirk had got into such bad company that made him act so. He is a smart man and a good one too, I should think, if he only could act himself. But the darkest mark I can see in him is, that he likes Dea. Spring so well. I am a little suspicious that he likes Dea. Spring better than he does a good conscience.

A dead fish can float down the stream; but it takes a live one to come up against a strong current. He didn't seem to have life enough for that. But the fact is, I took something of a shine to Dr. Newkirk, myself, for I could see he could see into things in our Bible-class so much better than the Smithsonians. They couldn't see through a door-nail, even if the nail was out.

One Sunday noon when we had been battling away at our lessons, and it came my turn to give my opinion, I thought I would just let Dr. Newkirk see I knew something! By the way, I had to be very careful about this kind of business amongst these Sodomites, and I knew my danger or I should have been in my asylum long before I was. But I thought I'd just risk letting off a little light so as to test our new comer, lately arrived from Chicago. So you see he didn't have any idea how smart I was! and I felt like showing off a little to our new doctor.

I just took occasion, out of respect to our new doctor, to

illustrate my ideas by a kind of medical parable. The point I aimed to establish was—that the same act might be right for one, and wrong for another; yes, even good for one, and bad for another. I saw Deacon Smith, our teacher, open his big eyes at me for venturing to advance such an infidel sentiment in his class—his orthodox Bible-class—even after he had tried to gag me so many times before!!

But you know I had got wonted to these daggers, so I had learned how to stand my ground—and I stood it, feeling

I had as good a right to my opinion as he had to his, my tongue was my own and I meant to use it as I thought proper—so is my pen my own, while in this asylum under Dr. McFarland's superintendence; and I guess Mr. Smith will think so when he reads my book, and if he don't like my opinion about his character, he may just give me a chance to change it, by changing his character—that's all. I can't make him over. He must make himself. I've made myself—and that's enough for me to do.

But I find these devils like Deacon Smith and Calvin carry a great deal of magnetic power, and they can psychologize weak-minded people to think as they do. But he found he couldn't come it over Mrs. Packard by his psychology, although I trembled like an aspen-leaf under its influence; yet it wasn't because I felt the least afraid of him, but just because his magnetism is so very painful to me. Our natures are like the opposite poles, repellant, not attractive to each other.

But when I come under the influence or magnetism of a true man, I could look up and speak without my voice trembling so bad. I could think as clear and as fast again as I could under a perverted man's magnetism. I could tell by my instincts what a man I was talking with, by how I felt in talking with him.

Mr. Comstock's magnetism was right the opposite of Dea-

con Smith's. He was one that I knew a great deal with—and I could tell it too right straight off to him, or in his presence. But with Mr. Smith I felt so small somehow, just as he looks, and I didn't feel that anything I said was hardly worth saying or hearing. What it was—I can't tell! but somehow he'd take the shine off, while Mr. Comstock would put on the shine! I can't tell how it is—but only as it is. Some of these knowing spiritualists must explain the cause; I can only tell the effects of some laws on my spirit nature.

Well, I tried to tell Doctor Newkirk of the different effect some kinds of food had on different stomachs, to illustrate my point. I told him when I visited at Dea. Spring's the other night (it was that party visit when I got to talking in Beecher's name against oppression, and Calvin looked me dumb), that Mrs. Dixon passed round some black walnuts for our entertainment. I declined taking any, for I had heard they were poison to some people—but I didn't tell it all out—I only thought it. Mrs. Dixon insisted, saying, "They are very nice and healthful—I eat them for the dyspepsia, and they always relieve me."

If so, thought I, they may not hurt me. So I, to be civil, took a saucer of them and pretended to eat more than I did, for my stomach evidently rejected them, as my appetite indicated, and they left a strong stinging feeling in my mouth and throat like lobelia. I tried in vain to wash it off with the apples and water which followed. I soon began to feel sick, as if I had taken a severe cold, and was glad when it was time to go to my home and my bed. I tried to sleep, but couldn't much. I was so restless, and my bones ached, and I was so cold and hot alternately. But I said nothing about my feelings to Calvin (by the way, Fowler says this is one of Mrs. Packard's peculiarities—not to complain without cause, neither with it, where most people would), for I

did not like to disturb him. And in the morning I got up first and made the fire as usual, and went about my work hoping I could work off my bad feelings as I often had done.

But the boys soon came down, and on looking at me exclaimed, "Why, mother! what ails you? Your face is all swollen up."

On looking into the glass, I saw it was true. I shouldn't have known myself by my looks. I looked as if a bee had stung me, and my face all swollen by it. I thought a moment, and thought it might be the erysipelas, as my face looked as Father Packard's face used to look, when he had it. But the next thought was, I've been poisoned by eating Mrs. Dixon's black-walnuts, and I told them so.

They wished Mrs. Dixon could give their mother something better than poison to eat when she visited her!

But I told them not to fear, I should get over it soon, by not eating much for a little while, and letting nature carry it off in her own way. And I charged them not to tell of it, lest it should get to Mrs. Dixon's ears, and hurt her feelings. In a day or two it all passed off. But when that day I saw Mrs. Dixon's girls coming on an errand, I put on my sun-bonnet so they wouldn't notice my face—and they didn't. So their mother's feelings were saved from being hurt by knowing it.

"Now," said I, "these nuts were life to her diseased stomach—but death to my healthy stomach"—so liberal views are life to my soul, but death to her bigoted one.

And I, for my part, don't care how quick this part of her soul is killed by this Gospel remedy. And I don't think God does—unless He sees her good demands that He holds her where she now is, long enough for her to receive her just penalty for persecuting her sister as she did me, just because I could not consent to be as bigoted and illiteral and intolerant as she was.

Mrs. Dixon's sick, diseased, moral condition would not allow her to regard me as a Christian, merely because I differed from her in opinion; while I could receive her as a sister to my heart, after she had written me a most insulting and abusive note, telling me she regarded me as one "possessed with a devil," and who was eminently exposed to receiving my endless portion in torment, "with the beast and false prophet, where the worm dieth not, and the fire was not quenched;" and unless I repented she could regard me with no feelings but those of pity! The note is now in my husband's possession, or I would here copy it, verbatim. Such was its spirit. She said this warning of my coming doom she wanted me to regard as the "wounds of a friend;" that she had prayed for me, and got others to do so, that my soul might be saved, if so as by fire. She said she was my "sincere friend," but pained exceedingly at my doleful condition!

I returned this answer, in substance: "Mrs. Dixon, will you be so kind as to entertain our minister at your hospitable abode over the Sabbath, so I can go with my husband to Batavia, on his exchange, to visit my brother there? Your grateful, or sincere friend"—I don't remember which.

She returned answer that she would do so, and did extend to him, cheerfully, the many luxurious hospitalities her home afforded.

So I just let the devil take care of his own business. I couldn't attend enough to his matters to reply to them. 'Twas Mrs. Dixon that I replied to, but let the devil in her go unanswered. I know the devil can't harm us, let him do his best to do it, and send his messages to us, even through our best friends; still I don't court a battle with him, neither will I accept his challenge for a duel—for I don't believe in duels.

She called on me afterwards, with Sister Dole, and gave

me a long lecture on the subject of a "wife's duty to reverence her husband." She said she was pained to see that I didn't reverence my husband as much as a true wife ought to, and it was her duty, as a Christian sister, to tell me my faults, hoping I might correct them in time to save my soul from endless destruction.

My husband was present, and listened to her eloquent plea in his behalf with the most unfeigned pleasure. I think he tried to get her to take some lettuce, from our early garden, home with her, to pay her for it; at any rate he offered to let her girls have some if they would come for it. I don't remember whether they did come for it or not, but this I remember, I gave each of them one of the cedar trees I helped the boys dig up in the woods to ornament their beautiful grounds with. I guess she felt well paid for her undertaking this sad duty, and getting so well through with it, as to get the approbation of Calvin, as she desired. This was all she sought; the pastor's influence must be sustained, or the interests of his flock might be jeopardized, and his views of truth might possibly be tested by the hearer's own reason! and such sacrilege must not be tolerated, lest the creed suffer violence! So Mrs. Packard's most dangerous precedent must be put down, or the interest of Christ would suffer in Manteno!

No, Mrs. Dixon; it is not the interests of Christ that are endangered by free speech and free discussion, which reason calls to its aid in testing the teachings of the pulpit; but it is Calvin's interests alone which are endangered thereby. You just made the very common mistake among Calvinists of calling things by their wrong names.

Calvin's and Satan's interests won't bear the light any more than owl's eyes will. It just extinguishes all the light they have, to have more—for these systems and eyes are only made to see in the dark with. But light and reason are

luminaries by which Christ's system and interests are promoted, and without which his followers stumble upon the dark mountains of Calvinism.

Your Calvinism, Mrs. Dixon, will only do for you dyspeptics, like your black walnuts. It won't do for a healthy, practical Christian, any more than your black walnuts will do for a healthy stomach. It swells them up to an unnatural size, and disfigures them, so much so that you wouldn't hardly know them if it wasn't for their names. They get to feeling so big, too, or bigoted rather, that they not only are sure they know the kind of food which suits them best, but they can venture to dictate for others' stomachs as well as their own; and if you don't give up your own reason and convictions to their control, you must run the risk of being regarded and treated as a heretic by them!

I think I shall run the risk of being my own judge hereafter, whether it is best for me to eat black walnuts or white ones, or none at all, if I choose. I see there is no reason in Mrs. Dixon, any more than there is in her Calvinistic creed; so I don't go in for either, even if Calvin does for both. I've no doubt but that the sallow-complected, small-featured, low-foreheaded widow would feel herself most highly honored to have an offer of marriage from the author of the system she loves so ardently. In fact, I've no doubt but that they are spiritually married already, and are only waiting for the divorce from Christiana to take place, in order that their nuptials be consummated. They twain are one spirit, if not one flesh. 'Tis easy enough for any reasonable person to see, plain as day-light. But these plaguey laws which do keep partners apart who ought to be together are so Calvinistic that I, for one, can hardly away with them. Only think of my being compelled to live with the man I most of all others do hate with perfect hatred, while his partner is close by, longing in vain for the privilege of living with the very man that 'twould be my greatest privilege and blessing to get rid of!

Never mind, Sister Dixon; this life is not long, at the longest. He's now above sixty, so his turn to die will ere long come, and you, being a sickly woman, although under forty, I should think, may not have to live a long life ere you meet your beloved partner in the spirit land, where your unbroken union can be consummated. Remember this ain't the only life we shall want partners in, by no means. You can just "mark him" here, and get him there. You are both so indelibly marked with the mark of the "persecuting beast," both "on your foreheads and in your right hands," that I think there is no doubt of your mutual recognition as spirit partners.

But it is a mystery to me how two so much alike can agree! Both being inflexibly determined to have their own way,—which way is to domineer over others,—how, then, can they rule each other? They can't rule as the wolf and lamb did, of course; and I see no way but to rule as mad dogs do each other, by biting and devouring each other.

I don't know but this is God's appointed way of destroying bigotry.

But this I do know: it is to be destroyed, because it is an evil, for all evil is to be destroyed by fire, and I can conceive of no hotter fire being built than would be built by the union of two such fiery passions as two bigots' tempers can kindle. If such fires can't consume their bigotry and intolerance I should despair of hell fire doing it! I shall have to conclude that the "Son of Perdition" is a whole man, instead of a half being, as a single unmarried man would be!

Christ is not complete until He gets His consort. I don't know as His counterpart can be.

Well, I do declare, these infernal regions are a "doleful" place, as Mrs. Dixon said of my moral condition. The stench here is intolerable to my olfactories. I'm very sensitive in those parts—ain't at all fitted by nature for making exploring

tours into these regions. Bad as Calvinism stinks above-ground, it's ten-fold worse below it. I advise you to take my word for it without going to seek for yourselves. You can't rejoice more than I can and do to get back to my old starting or standing point, above-ground.

Well, here we are in the house of the beast and the false prophet, bidding adieu to our guests, Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Dole, after delivering their extemporary lecture to Christiana on her duty to "reverence her husband." I think I told you he paid her on the spot, as he did his sister, when she had been toiling hard for us two or three days after Arthur Dwight was born, to save her brother the expense of paying a hired girl. He gave her a pair of men's long stockings, in size fitting a giant, which had been sent us in a box from some benevolent society east, together with other articles of this giant's wardrobe, such as a coat, and pants, and drawers, etc. (I suppose he had died, so he couldn't wear them, and so his widow made a donation of them to the Home Missionary Society for some of their western missionaries' pecuniary support); and you may be sure they fell into the right hands, for Calvin, and especially his wife, well knew how to make the most profitable use of any article adapted to any practical utility. The cloth contained in these capacious garments could all be profitably and economically used in making garments for her boys' use; for she could cut and make with her own fingers any garment of boy's apparel, until they needed frock or straight-bodied coats. And these stockings, four pair, I think, I thought might be used by raveling them out, to knit stockings adapted to family use.

Sister Dole received her pair very thankfully from Calvin, as a token of his gratitude for her timely services, and as a compensation for them. I found she made the same use of hers I had intended to make of mine—made several smaller pairs of this one large pair.

I felt hurt that he should treat his sister so meanly, after she had done so much for him, at so great sacrifice on her part and on the part of her large family, who were thus deprived of all female help, except what her delicate daughter, Laura, could do. Her magnanimous-hearted husband most freely gave his consent to let his large family of working farmers thus suffer great inconvenience by this absence of their cook and housekeeper; and to think of balancing all these obligations by one pair of useless stockings!

I paid her for what she had done for me by giving her one of "Uncle Sam's notes" out of my own purse. I don't remember the figure upon it, for I don't let "my left hand know what my right hand doeth." I know she said she papered her dining-room with it, and the paper was real nice parlor paper too.

I had to get used to this sort of way of his paying my help. He couldn't allow me any voice in the matter. He could judge better than I how much women's work was worth, as he thought not as I thought. I did not think it was right to let my workman go unpaid, if he did try to prevent it. None of my help can tell God at His bar that Mrs. Packard ever cheated them out of their just dues. I meant to compensate the poor laborer who worked for me as well as the rich, and I'm glad I always did so. I shouldn't like to have the rich oppress me if I were in their places, and therefore I won't oppress them to save a shilling, for I should be breaking the "golden rule"—my rule of practice—if I should.

My washer-woman in Mt. Pleasant found a five dollar gold piece in my letter to her after I got to Manteno. I felt afraid I had not paid her enough, although she felt that I had well paid her.

I don't know how my last help came out, as to her pay. I left her alone with Calvin to settle her account. But, she being the betrothed of Mr. Winthrop Spring, and the oldest

daughter of Mr. Rumsy, another influential Presbyterian supporter, I have no reason to fear she was not treated with justice, if not with generosity. I've no fears but that she got all she earned, for that was precious little. I think there never was so shiftless a hand found in Mrs. Packard's kitchen as was found there the last week of my home life; and the poorest, meanest meal that company ever sat down at in Mrs. Packard's dining-room was on the last Saturday but one before I was stolen from my home, and my guests were Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Haslet, and out of respect for the latter and tolerance for the former, I wouldn't have had the responsibility of such an entertainment resting upon me for a great deal. I shouldn't blame people for calling me insane if I couldn't get up a more decent meal than that for my company. But as it was, Calvin justly bore its honors, or rather its dishonors. Miss Rumsy and I were both nearly guiltless in the matter.

Calvin had Calvinistically dismissed my excellent hired girl, a French Catholic, that day, just after dinner, without having given her or me the least warning of his intentions of so doing beforehand, and without giving either of us any reason for so doing. All she had to do was to leave the table and pack her things, and be off in the team that was then waiting at the gate to take her to her home.

And all I had to do was to take my housework out of her hands and transfer it into the hands of Miss Rumsy, our guest, as I supposed, at dinner; but as it proved to be the hired girl Calvin had provided to take the place of my Catholic girl; and the reason, I afterwards found, why he made this exchange, so unpropitious to me, was because he had heard that my good friend—my girl—had reported abroad that she could not see "why in the world Mr. Packard called his wife insane, for she was nothing but the very kindest and best woman she ever lived with." Calvin feared lest such

kind of testimony might militate against his own contrary testimony, and thus possibly impede his plan of making me out an insane person on his own fabricated lies. She had been in our family two or three weeks, and her testimony as to my being "insane at home," flatly contradicted his. So this honest-hearted girl, because he could not psychologize her into his opinions respecting me, had to be discharged in disgrace, to give place to one whom he thought was too strongly committed on his side of the question for me to overcome by ever so sane conduct.

I think she stood the test in his Calvinistic scales, so that the delusion triumphed over her reason, and she was sanity-proof, or hopelessly insane, on this point.

Now the reason why he was bothered with this article in his family—a hired girl—for the three weeks before I left home, was because I insisted upon his showing some reason, if he insisted upon it that I had none, by calling me insane, by providing a girl for his family to do his cooking and kitchen work, at least, since it was not reasonable that an insane person should be trusted doing the cooking for a family, lest she might poison them! no knowing what an insane person might do! So in this way I received for a few weeks what I had long begged for in vain—namely, some help about my housework—since a severe attack of influenza on myself and children rendered a little temporary help almost indispensable to our comfort. And after securing the services of a competent girl I just gave up to her, entirely, the care of the cooking, kitchen, cellar, and milk-room duties, and I became the chamber-maid and seamstress of the household, hoping thus to secure a little rest to recruit after my cough and lung fever. I gave up the care entirely to her, and let her make her own plans, and work in her own harness; so that when she left so suddenly, without even time to tell me the state of affairs at all, I found, to my surprise, come tea-time, that we were

minus almost anything to eat; when we accidentally found the whole batch of bread in my stove-oven—baked to death. This was the bread my guests had for supper; and were it not for our crackers and tea, and such preserves and honey as I had on hand, I think our stomachs would have been obliged to suffer entire want. The only apology I could honestly make to my guests was, that this was the result of his housekeeping—not mine. He accepted the fact as the simple truth.

Well, passengers, our slow baggage-train has at last landed at Chicago depot, and our freight is being unloaded, and the freight-agent feels that the "T. Packard" who carries such an immense amount of baggage, is some person of note, somewhere. I tell you one car can't begin to hold all the boxes thus marked, unless it is a great deal larger than the carts which transported them from Lyme down to the Bellevue depot. Ask the "Good Templars of Lyme Lodge" if they didn't think so when they carted their "Worthy Chief's" goods for him to that place.

We didn't go with the goods, but Brother Harvey Severance did, to see that they didn't get set in any depot too long. But he told us afterwards that it was a useless expense to hire him to accompany them, for no agent ever thought of slighting such a great man's things as this Packard must be, to carry so much heavy freight on one track, to one destination,—Mt. Pleasant, Iowa!

But these drones must have something to do, and be paid for it, if they don't do anything, especially when it isn't their fault that they don't. I don't feel any spite to this Brother Severance, who married my husband's sister, Marian Packard, although she did have the credit of making my match for me. But she didn't do it.

Mrs. Packard made her own match with Mr. Packard, all alone. Nobody but God and I shall take the credit of it. I

chose to marry Mr. Packard out of the hundreds of other beaux I had, simply because I felt that he was so good a man that he could help me to be better, and enable me to become, what I was most longing to be—a perfect person in Christ Jesus' estimation. And I felt that he'd make me more like Christ than any other beau I had. I felt that there was no doubt of his piety or sincerity, although he did not seem to love me much. Yet I thought, as father said, that this was only because he did not know me. He told mother, and she told me, that he said that no one could help loving Elizabeth when they got acquainted with her. And I think pa was right there. For I don't know of any one who knows me but that does love me, except Calvin, and he loves me as well as he can love any woman. I don't think he could live twenty-one years with any woman, not even Mrs. Dixon, and then feel for them the deep, profound respect he does for me.

He has no reason for any other feeling towards me; and where a being commands respect on their own deserts or character, they cannot fail to get it any more than God can. Yet their real characters may be slandered, as the Calvinists slander God's character; but this don't make them the insane, unreasonable beings they represent Him to be; and, besides, God will live down all these slanders. So shall I! For He has a character to stand upon. So have I!

I do know my husband never did love any other woman at all but me. I was his first and his only love. And he himself said to his jury, in Manteno, when he was pleading my case as one of insanity before them, that I always had been a wife of "whom kings might well be proud, and princes might well covet him his jewel."

But the fact is, nature had made him a natural devil instead of a natural man—as nature had made Dr. Merrick a natural fool. And he couldn't help it. His parents were own cousins,

and perhaps it wasn't right for them to marry! I don't know. At any rate, he never was a natural boy, son, brother, or husband. It was all artificial that seemed manlike.

I often think, when I see the buffalo calf that goes with our asylum cows here, that it don't grow nor look any more cow-like for growing up with cows, any more than if it grew up in a herd of buffaloes.

The training won't make the man, but the man makes the training, and then the man is made before he is born. And no more can the buffalo become a cow without being born again, than can Mr. Packard become a man without being "born again."

And his parents must conform to the laws by which men are made—not devils—or they won't make it any better next time. Fowler is the man our age needs, to tell us how to make smart and good men, and that too before they are born! This kind of "regeneration" means something; and it must be understood and acted upon or we shall have more Calvins and fewer Christs born. Fowler's preaching strikes the ax at the root of Calvinism as John's did, and no sapling can spring up under his ax. Let mothers be healthy, and let fathers and husbands know how to do their part of the bearing process as well as the male robin does, and we shall have good, kind, and lovely children.

We can then banish the bloody stripes from our family government, for we shan't need to whip any fools, for we shall have none to whip.

The whipping of a human being with anything but the rod of reproof I don't approve of at all. That is, I don't approve of having any cause for so doing. As it is now we, the parents, punish their children for their own faults. Thus the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty.

I know I have punished my Samuel for the result of my own fretting about the hen, and I didn't know any other way

to do, and I don't now. He could not be governed except through the influence of the very lowest motive in our nature—fear—fear of suffering.

But Isaac, especially, needed nothing but firmness and love. A mother's reproof for him was the severest rod I could use on him. The rod without mother's displeasure was of little account with him. But the mother's displeasure without the rod was as much as his loving, sensitive heart could bear. Indeed, blaming Isaac more than he deserved to be blamed has been one of the severest abuses I ever practiced in my family government.

I ought with him never to have regarded the directions of any but Christ, who says, "Overcome evil with good," not evil with evil, as Solomon directs. I marked him before he was born with a peculiar tenderness towards his mother by my mourning the death of my mother while I was carrying him. He was born about six or seven months after her death, and her death was an occasion of great grief to me. So is the death or withholding of any maternal love from Isaac the greatest grief I can bring upon his tender heart.

I hope God has forgiven me for thus hurting his sensitive feelings so often; for I did it ignorantly, until Fowler explained the position of things when he examined our heads at Mt. Pleasant. Since knowing of my fault, I have tried to repent and be more regardful of his peculiarity of organization.

And O! my dear Isaac, will you not forgive your penitent mother for thus ignorantly causing you so much unnecessary sorrow and anguish of spirit?

All my other children, except Samuel, are similarly organized, although not quite so sensitive to reproof, yet sufficiently so to enable me, if rightly used, to govern them by this means alone, independently of any other rod, I think. Still, as I did not know then as much as I do now, I used

the rod occasionally on all of them, although very rarely after they were five years old. I am sure in all cases except like Samuel's, the nearer we follow Christ's directions, and the less we do Solomon's, in governing our children, the better we shall succeed in training them to become patterns of godliness—meek, gentle, and confiding.

Another thing, treating one wrongfully makes us feel wrong towards them, for we feel just as we do. To feel right we must first do right. Doing is sowing the seed, feeling is reaping the fruit.

We cannot feel right to our Southern brethren until we treat them right. And it is not right to fight them. But it is our duty to govern them, to make them treat their slaves as men and women, not as beasts of burden, to not let them abuse them or separate families, or treat them in any other way than as we should wish to be done by, in exchange of circumstances.

We must own that they have just as legal right to them as slaves, as the Calvinistic husband has to his own slave wife. But the government must see to it that neither class of slaves are abused by their owners.

If a man and wife choose to get divorced, it's none of the government's business. It's our own private matter, and no man is willing the government should come into his own home and say, "You shall not have your slave wife any longer, I'll take her from you, and send her to Central America, and let you get along alone!" I'm sure a man would not be doing very wrong to try to free himself from the control of such a government. And if he could, by fighting, get his independence, I shouldn't blame him for doing it. A man has a right to his wife, but he has no right to *abuse* her, and when the government says you have no right to have a wife because you abuse her, he goes out of his province, that of protecting the abused, and instead of doing that, is trying

to do just what God has forbid his doing, punishing or avenging the oppressor. God, not government, must punish the oppressor in His own way, time, and manner, and we have not the least reason to fear He will not do it in the best way, time, and manner.

But we have reason to fear that when government leaves its own work undone, and instead of confining its energies to its own province, goes into God's provinces to do God's work, unbidden, God will undertake to teach the government a lesson of subjection to God's authority. The government may be left to become blinded as to its duty, that it may bring upon itself the very destruction it was trying to shun.

The government must protect the interests of the slaves, not by destroying or damaging the interests of the masters, but by promoting them. It would be for the interest of the masters to hire their servants, and treat them kindly, and the masters should be compelled by the laws of the Federal Government to do it, and any State laws which conflict with this general law could be nothing but a dead letter. For if our government is a government, it can govern all classes, and none have a right to resist its authority, nor can they do it successfully if its vitality is not extinct.

So, unless we give back to the slave-holder his right to his slaves as servants, subject to all the privileges of free servants, as citizens of the U. S., like his master has, we do not treat him with justice, any more than we should be treating the cruel husband with justice by taking from him his slave wife, instead of compelling him to treat her as his wife, if she chose to remain with him, subject to the same laws and entitled to the same privileges as himself.

The government has an inherent, inalienable right to emancipate all its slaves from slavery, not from their masters, of whatever color, state, or condition, and make all its citizens free, and all alike subject to the authority of the general gov-

ernment ; but it has no right to separate man and wife, master and servant, against their will.

No government has any right to interfere with our domestic institutions any farther than to insist upon protecting the inalienable rights of all its members. And this it must do, or it fails entirely of its heaven-appointed object.

The wife has rights as a woman, and the government is bound to respect her rights and see to it that her husband does not trample upon any of her womanly rights. And so has the slave his rights as a man, a human being, and our government is bound to see that the slave-holders respect these rights.

The slave-holders have just as good a right to take the government horses away from it, as the government has to take their slaves away from them. The people have a right to say the government shall not abuse its horses, so has the government a right to say their subjects shall not be abused.

The slave has become, by our laws, legally, as much the personal property of the slave-holder, as a man's wife has become, by our laws, legally the personal property of the husband, and now, when our government comes on to a different platform, and says, we will no longer recognize humanity as goods and chattels, they must consider the legal claims, which they themselves have not only tolerated, but given, and the slave-holder's rights of property must be regarded as the government's fault, as much as it is the slave-holder's misfortune. If the government issues notes which prove to be worthless in the hands of its loyal citizens, who is to blame—the citizen who thus loses by the government's mismanagement, or the government, who has thus defrauded him? Ought we not, in such cases, to be willing to "bear each other's burdens," at least, and not suffer the innocent unfortunate to suffer the whole burden of the government's faults?

The government has, by protecting slavery, led many an

honest-hearted, true citizen to enter, almost unscrupulously, the arena of the slave power, and now, being found there at the time of this great failure in the government's slave bank, he should be regarded by us with feelings of pity, rather than contempt, and the government who had lulled him to sleep in his feeling of security ought now to deal with its unfortunate citizens as they would wish to be dealt by in exchange of circumstances.

The time has fully come when this fictitious property must be exchanged for the true gold, and the government, the country, must bear their share of the trouble of transmutation. But when this change has taken place, none will have greater cause for gratitude than the slave-holders themselves.

I, the slave, don't ask the government to give in my six children, by divorcing me from my husband. All I do ask is, to keep my husband from abusing me in my old home, where I want to be, and nowhere else.

I want to live in my own home, and I want you to let me do it, and not let him colonize me into Central America, where I don't want to go; but he has done it without my consent, and I don't like it here now near so well as I did at home, even with all his abuse, for I can't be with my dear children so! I had rather be his slave, as God suffered me to be all my life, than to be treated as I am now. But he won't let me do even that! If I go home he is determined to colonize me into some asylum or Central America. And I do say he hasn't any right to treat me so if the government does allow him to do it, because I am his legal slave, and have married away all the freedom I ever had in America!

So we ought not to let the slave-holders, nor even Lincoln, colonize the slaves without their consent. The slave-holder's slaves were given to them by God just as much as the Calvinistic husband's wife was given to him by God; only the slave-holder bought his slave, while the slave wife gave herself with-

out money and without price to her master. The slave-holder has the first right to bargain away his slave, just as the husband has the first right to the disposal of his wife. But neither have the least right to make any disposal of their slave without their slave's consent. The slave-holder can give his slaves their freedom on just such terms as he and his slave can agree upon, just as the married pair can agree on what terms they can separate. The slave-holder has no right to sell his slave to another, any more than the husband has a right to give his wife to another man.

When the slave-holder dies, his slave is free to sell himself to whom he pleases, or keep himself if he chooses, just as a wife is free when her husband dies, and she can marry again or not, just as she pleases. If the slave chooses to sell himself to his master's children to serve them, he can, by agreeing upon the terms, do so, just as a wife can agree to serve her husband's children after he dies, if she chooses to.

She ought not to be compelled to serve even her own children. If she won't, then they are orphans of God's making, and we should care for them; but we have no right to force them from their parents against their wishes, or without the consent of both parties. But the children should be protected from abuse, and the government should provide for children when parents can't or won't provide for them.

Government, put yourself in the slave-holder's place, and then see from that standpoint the right of the slave-holder. Be yourself a slave, and see from that standpoint the rights of the slave. Be yourself a wife, and see from that standpoint the rights of the wife. Be yourself a hired servant, and see from this standpoint the rights of a hired servant. God commands you to do right and justly by all parties, and then you'll feel right and just to all parties. Do wrong, as you are now doing to the slave-holders, and you'll feel wrong to them. Allow to the slave-holder his right as a man, and

thus lead him to respect his own rights, by respecting the rights of his slaves.

We must learn to see in every human being a brother and a friend, and we must bring the good in him out into exercise, and leave the evil to starve out for want of use.

We must not forget that every human being has a God and a devil in them, and it must be our desire and effort to develop the Godhead in order that it may gain power to overcome all the evil in them by their own voluntary exertions. We can kill no devil but our own, and that is enough for most people to do, and far more than most do in this body. But we must try and encourage the good in others, so that it can slay its own devil, or rather overcome it, so that it will commit suicide. It is evil always that slays,—good always that gives life.

The government must kill its own devil, and let each subject kill its own. And if it won't, we must stand ready to help him, not by doing his part, but by driving him to do it himself.

Make people do right, for this is the only way they can kill the devils in themselves. One wrong act gives them more life than many good acts can destroy.

But the God in you cannot be killed, but he will kill you unless you kill your devil, or rather, he will let the devil kill you. Then you are "dead in trespasses and sins." But you are to rise again and battle it again, for "none is lost save the son of perdition," and all are, except him, ultimately to overcome the evil in them by the good or God in them. Evil, or the devils, are God's slaves, to do the work of enslaving the wicked part of us, while God's government protects the good part of us. But the slaves will govern the master unless the master governs the slaves. And the slaves will destroy the master unless the master protect the slave. The law of right will rule, and none can hinder it.

It is not emancipation from our masters that we want, but emancipation from slavery. 'Tis freedom we want—freedom to do right—to follow the dictates of our consciences, with none to molest or make us afraid.

I have been afraid to do right because I feared the asylum, for I knew he was determined to rule me by his wicked will, and he meant to get me “dressed down” in an asylum—the cruel husband’s calaboose—if he could not do it without their help! Still, trusting on the arm of Omnipotence alone as my defense, I have dared to obey the dictates of my own conscience, and in so doing I had to disobey my husband, and I must now meet my recompense,—the asylum—my hell—my death—my grave—my resurrection—my crown—my glory!

God is now “my all, and in all” I do or suffer. And I am not sorry I dared to do right, even if God has suffered me to be taken captive by Satan, at his will; for I know the triumphing of the wicked is short, but the favor of God is eternal life.

Now, can I come out of my living tomb and again tread my native soil, unmolested? or is man’s arm so short that it cannot extend to me, to rescue me from the jaws of the hungry lions who are outside these walls, watching for me, their coveted prey? Oh! with glaring eyes and bristling mane, they stand outside my bars and grates, eager to tear me in pieces.

Is not the “lion of the tribe of Judah” among them? Do I not feel his paws at my grated window, ready to break its bars asunder and seize me, his helpless and bleeding victim?

Yes, thou English lion, I ask shelter in thy den until these calamities be overpast.

The whirlwind of God’s fury is sweeping away both the wheat and the chaff of our American institutions, and it is to be feared not a vestige will remain to seed our vast prairies.

I see no law—no gospel—in my native land, which offers protection to thyself within me—my conscience. Yes, here I die, a victim of American persecutions, to rise again on British soil, if God so appoint. To Victoria's realm I flee for shelter for my godhead—thyself—my conscience.

America, my home, gives me naught but an insane asylum to shield me in. O America! canst thou be the land the pilgrims sought as a refuge where they could enjoy freedom of conscience? Hast thou come to this, that Christiana must appeal to England to afford her a shield for her conscience? Are there no gentle breezes to waft me back to where the *Mayflower* received its living freight of freedom-loving souls again; and are there no gales of hope to spread our sails for that as yet undiscovered continent of freedom and universal liberty?

Nay, nay, here on this once boasted free American continent I must testify that, with God for my witness, I have had to contend with "the persecuting beast," single-handed and alone, with no law or gospel extended to me by humanity, to cheer my sad and sorrowing heart, while striving as for my life to be permitted to have any being on American soil.

The tomb has received all there is left of national freedom—national life! Yes, my single right hand against this whole American republic! their proud Beelzebub has laid Christ's cause here low—trailing in the dust!

Thou didst drive me to strike thee low, to save my own God-given life.

On thy ruins alone can I rise, because thou tramplest me into the dust. I came not to harm thee; I came to bless thee, and thou wouldst not be blessed. Thou chooseth death rather than life, in spite of my struggles to hold thee back. The bears from thine own wood have torn thee in pieces. Thy lust of power, and thy ambitious aspirations after the applause of men, and thy lust of gold are thy furious bears, by which thy childish phantoms are destroyed.

Beelzebub, adieu! adieu for ever! The English lion has me in his strong embrace, and I defy thee now. Beast that thou art! the King of Beasts shall overcome thee! Yea, the tower of thy great strength has already fallen—fallen to rise no more—cast down and destroyed utterly. Not even death and hell can receive thee to their embrace, for they reject the foul stench of thy pollution. Yes, death and hell are too good a portion for thine inheritance. Annihilation alone is thy fit, thine only portion. Not even the life of a mineral is allowed thee as thy resting-place. There is no rest for thy restless soul in all God's universe. It seeks Infinity as its sheltering dome in vain. Blasting, mildew, annihilation is thine only cup of consolation. 'Tis thy well-earned portion—thy heaven-appointed doom. No resurrection—no hope—naught to rise—naught to hope for.

My country! 'tis not thee I leave in oblivion. No! Thyself—the Godhead—cannot suffer.

Good is at an infinite remove from the power of evil to harm it. It is encased in the adamant shield of Omnipotence. No darts from Beelzebub can storm thy castle. The lion lurking in thy path is chained with chains of adamant strength. Goodness cannot be harmed. 'Tis badness alone that is vulnerable.

“Evil shall slay the wicked—but they that trust in the Lord shall be delivered.” 'Tis righteousness alone that exalts, and sin alone that destroys.

Our own sins degrade us, and we are used as God's slaves to exalt others. He alone can bring good out of evil. But He never does this to the guilty doer himself. He must feel the penalty of the law he has broken in his own soul, but the enforcement of this penalty is all the sinner's voluntary work. He places himself, voluntarily, under the condemnation of God's inflexible laws, and thus his punishment is inevitable.

All sin brings misery ultimately upon the sinner. All righteousness brings happiness, ultimately, upon the right doer.

But all wrong is not sin. Honest mistakes and errors are overruled, for the conscientious doer's own good. It is the knowingly wrong acts that rebound in evil to the wrongdoer. The sinner's only work is the destruction of happiness—ruin. God's only work is the promotion of happiness—saving.

Each human being is a God incarnate, and a devil incarnate, combined. His earth life is the arena on which these two sovereigns contend for mastery. The "lion of the tribe of Judah" is found fully equal in every human being to the power he has to overcome in his antagonist; and the contest is only protracted, not abandoned, by the restraints which an enslaved conscience throws around the devil's antagonist. He only wants his chains broken off so that he can stand erect in his own native dignity, as a God—when Beelzebub will then be compelled to flee to his den, the bottomless pit of destruction, to rise no more.

Government's sole business is to protect the God, enthroned within every human being, from harm. And this Godhead includes all the inalienable rights of a human being's God-like spirit!

And that government which will not do it, is destined to annihilation. For, inasmuch as the good is exposed, in the same proportion is evil protected by the government. And an evil-protecting government is a Calvinistic government, and is, like its author, destined to entire, total destruction.

Cannot American citizens be allowed freedom of conscience? Or, can it be only purchased at the immense price of all the rights and privileges of an American citizen, accompanied with the chains of a life-long imprisonment in an insane asylum? Oh, my countrymen, will you dare to

meet the accusations which Mrs. Packard will bring against you at the court of heaven, for thus treating her ?

With Christ for my advocate, and God for my judge, can you expect to escape the just sentence of an awful doom? You cannot escape it. My appeal is already made at the court of heaven. My witnesses are waiting His summons to give in their testimony to the truth. My jury are in their box, and Mrs. Packard's acts are her proofs of loyalty to Christ's government, for which, and only for which, she has suffered this long persecution from this American Calvinistic government.

Say, my countrymen, will you support Christ or Belial? Will you protect God in humanity, or the devil in humanity? Will you be a Christian, or a Calvinistic government?

THE CHICAGO TERMINUS.

The Conductor's Address to his Freight Agents.

Gentlemen,—I do this day deliver into your care this accompanying freight, which I have brought from Sandusky City, Ohio, and do now deposit it in this depot for you to dispose of, according to law. As an interested agent, myself, permit me to volunteer a little advice of a practical nature with reference to the disposition you make of it.

I find the bulk of my freight by this train is marked, "T. Packard, Jr., Mount Pleasant, Henry Co., Iowa," and judging from the number, magnitude, and weight of his innumerable boxes and barrels, I conclude he is an important personage, destined to make quite a stir in this Western region, where our own interests are now concentrated. I therefore advise you to look well to his baggage or freight, especially see that every article, "great box, little box, band-box, and bundle," are all kept in juxtaposition, that none of this freight be separated, and thereby delayed in reaching its destination.

By no means attempt to store it in your freight-house, for these reasons : first, there is none in Chicago can hold it all, and in the second place, it could not hold it long, if you put it in there, for this said Packard would be forthwith ordering it out, and then you would only get your labor for your trouble.

But this minor trash, small freight, marked "O. Bardwell, Crete, Illinois," you can turn into some empty corner, where it need not be disturbed until some future leisure time turns up to turn it out into its destination.

But on this Packard freight concentrate your energies with dispatch, and dray it across the city to the Burlington depot ready for the earliest train down the Burlington track towards Iowa. Don't you put it where it will be exposed to wet or water, for we might hear from this said Packard, for damages, such as we shouldn't like to risk doing ; for if his money is equal to his means, he'll lack no means of carrying on a legal prosecution to secure damages, and we should have to pay cost and damages, too—no mistake—with such a nabob on hand!

But this "Otway Bardwell's" freight you can let rest on this unsheltered platform, for if it should chance to rain and get soaked we needn't fear, for he hasn't much to do with, and can't afford to pay cost in securing damages from us.

So don't trouble yourselves about O. Bardwell's baggage—but look well to T. Packard's! for, mind, we are all interested in this matter. So see well to it that it goes on straight! for we must be "wise as serpents," the holy Book says. Now is the time to follow out both the letter and the spirit of these directions, so we can have both the blessing of God and man resting upon us. For blessings, you know, gentlemen, are valuable concerns, not to be trifled with, and well worth securing in an honorable manner!

Now for the credit of this Chicago freight-company, I feel bound to advertise them in my book; as having followed out the above directions to the letter, and, so far as our goods were concerned, they are the most faithful company engaged in this freighting business; for, to speak well of the bridge which has carried us safe over, I must say, that they did their duty to our freight—not an article was missing or delayed—none hurt, either by exposure to weather or by rough handling, excepting the box containing my best bureau. That was in pressing need of Deacon Fluke's cabinet-tools before it could stand alone. But I don't think the forwarding agents were so much to blame for this as was Mrs. Packard herself, for putting more crockery in the drawers with her linen than the frail cabinet-work could sustain. Although no great damage was done—since only a few tumblers and a bowl were all the irreparable losses our freight sustained in moving from Lyme, Ohio, to Mount Pleasant, Iowa. And this is a mere nothing, considering that our freight amounted to thirteen thousand weight!

Our misfortunes all seemed to have concentrated in moving our goods from Shelburne, Mass., to Lyme, Ohio.

Then, almost my entire dining-set was completely smashed up in pieces so small, that we could hardly find a piece as large as my hand. Mr. William Bardwell of Shelburne, kindly offered to pack them for me in barrels, and I trusted his judgment before my own, since he had had much experience in this line of business, and I, then, none at all. He did his part well, so far as his intention went, but as far as the crockery went, it went to destruction. My first thought was, on opening the barrels, that a robbery had been perpetrated, since they were hardly two-thirds full. However, we soon found it was all there, only the number of pieces had wonderfully increased! We carried several baskets full of pieces to the barn for the hens to make their shells of. The chil-

dren only had to pound it a little finer to fit it for practical utility, in this way. So we found there is no great loss without some small gain!

But poor Otway Bardwell's freight was so damaged, that he hardly felt that he had got paid for moving it out.

His beautiful, clean, nice, live geese-feather-beds, which he and his wife had filled from their own flock of geese, were nearly ruined with mildew and mould, from having been exposed to the water. But he needed his money to buy new beds with, so he had none to spare to prosecute the company with for damages; so he was thus compelled to suffer the punishment of the freight-agent's faults. The innocent for the guilty again.

Lincoln, won't you please look into this Calvinistic freighting business and abolish it entirely, and see to it that the poor man's goods are protected to him, and let the rich man take care of his own freight. "He that oppressteth the poor reproacheth his Maker, but he that hath mercy on the poor honoreth Him." Remember that the poor man is a God incarnate, and if you protect him in his poor clothes, he will protect you in your time of need. Can we claim God's protection on this ground? Judge ye.

Our freight all came to Mount Pleasant in about three weeks' time. Our poor neighbor's freight was wantonly long delayed, and also much damaged. We could well afford to lose some of our abundance; while he could not afford to lose any of his scanty all.

God nor man has no objection to our freight-agents being all as "wise as serpents," provided they conjoin with this wisdom the "harmlessness of the dove." But without this union, you separate what God has joined together—and such a divorce is Calvinistic, and therefore cannot be Christian.

Before the arrival of our goods at Mount Pleasant, we lived upon the hospitality of Mr. George Arms and Mr. Taft.

But when our cook-stove arrived, I insisted upon setting up housekeeping in two small rooms in the back part of a small house, which rooms had been used for storage. The rooms were ten or twelve feet square, not more. This house was in the same yard with our new house which we had purchased of Mr. Dorothy, and he had volunteered us the rent of these small rooms until he could plaster and finish off our newly-purchased property.

We occupied our small quarters for three weeks, where I received our first calls from our city parishioners, and many were the compliments I received in commendation of my ability to adapt myself to the inconveniences of a new settler's life. I found all had taken similar lessons in their own experience, and most had stories of want and inconvenience which they had passed through, which sunk mine into insignificance.

However, it was a thankful day to us all when we passed from our small quarters on Thanksgiving-day into our nice, new, comfortable house of five rooms, besides a good hall. We added the next spring to it a kitchen, pantry, study, wood-shed, cellar, and a portico across the whole back part. We had blinds to the windows, and the rooms were all nicely painted and papered with our own hands. Our twenty large boxes of furniture well furnished our home with a far more than the usual share of home comforts that most Westerners can boast of having.

Yes, we were truly glad and happy when we found ourselves where we could turn around without interfering with each other's impenetrability. Still, we were not unhappy in any place where mother and children could be together.

It was this union which constituted home to me and to my children—whether on the boat, or on the cars, or in the shanty. I find peace and love with them, and none like it without them on earth.

Oh, had I known that three years of my earth-life would have been passed away from my children, I could not have thought I could have lived through it. And I could not, until I had become so capacitated by suffering as to endure the tortures of this unjust and cruel separation, unharmed.

Oh, has not the mother here died a thousand deaths to live one life of crucifixion in this asylum? Indeed she has! Tell me not of the horrors of Southern slavery, when the child is torn from its mother. That mother is of a nature so much nearer the animal than my refined spiritual nature has become, by grace, that she can tell no more what I suffer than a cow can tell what she suffers, by their own experience. No! To intensify anguish, take the low, animal nature, refined and purified by education, and treat it like a beast, and then, and only then, can you know what we suffer in this insane inquisition of the nineteenth century.

Oh, can there be a God who knows what we suffer? Canst Thou be like a human being in tenderness, and know what we suffer, and not interfere in our behalf, and destroy these horrid inquisitions?

Oh, whoever he or she is who advocates the existence of insane asylums—on their present basis—God grant they may be put into one, as a patient, and endure what we are called on to endure, to sustain them!

Oh, can't there be some way devised for the use, or rather the abuse, of money besides using it to torture humanity as they are now doing with it in our insane asylums? I know, God knows, and so does every intelligent sufferer in them know, that if there is such a thing as intensified, unmitigated suffering in God's universe, it is to be found among the thousands and tens of thousands of sane inmates in our insane asylums, there treated only as brutes.

If it were only the insane who were imprisoned here, and they sent off within any reasonable time after they

became sane, the horrors of these hells might be somewhat alleviated. Still, to imprison and treat as criminals the most unfortunate class, is a crime of the deepest die. And as the practice now is, it is just as much of a crime to be called insane, when one is not, as it is to be insane in reality; both the innocent and the guilty have to receive the same most abusive, cruel treatment.

And it has come to that, that anything, everything, and nothing is treated as insanity, if any one chooses to christen it by that name!

Yes, I say it intelligently, that of all the long catalogue of crimes which our laws recognize, there is not one of this list that I should not choose to be convicted of rather than of the charge of insanity, so far as this life is concerned—as these crimes are treated by my cotemporaries. For no crime receives such base insults to humanity as the crime of insanity, whether insane or not. Oh, to be treated as if we were unaccountable beings—only brutes!

Oh, 'tis such an indignity—an insult—to the Godhead within us! Nothing can be greater.

Do not let the opinions of the officers of these institutions, who have waxed fat and kicked under the accumulation of wealth which has flowed so profusely into their coffers from the pockets and farms of the taxpayers, be regarded as the standpoint from which to look at the patients' opinions. The patient is the one from whose groans and anguish the coffers of the officers are filled, and will the officers choose to let this truth appear, since the taxpayers are human beings, and may not their humanity expose their purses to suffer want should they refuse to support asylums any longer? Let the officers tell their opinions; yes, let all be free; but do not turn a deaf ear to the patient's opinion when it conflicts with the officer's opinions; for he takes his views from another and entirely different standpoint from the officer's.

I say, let the officer first be a patient for three years in one, and then let him give his honest opinions; and if they don't differ from his officer's opinions, then I say that a patient and an officer are one and the same thing.

I say again, if in the revelation of the judgment day, it is not found that the representations of the patients are the truest representations of the asylums, as they are, then I say that Mrs. Packard is not a truthful witness. The patients are, hundreds and thousands of them, just as competent to give in legal testimony in courts of justice as the officers are, and they are ten times better qualified to report what takes place in the wards, for they are eye-witnesses to it, and the officers are not. Their walking through two or three times in a day is a very limited field for observation, compared with an occupant who has not left the wards one moment for years, and has witnessed and felt the tortures which interested attendants like the officer would prefer to keep veiled. The patients are the ones, and the only ones, who can correctly report asylum life as it is to the patient; and the officer is the one best qualified to report what asylum life is to the officer—but not to the patient.

I intend to do my part to report it as it is to the patient, for God has qualified me for this purpose, and sent me here to do it. And I call God to witness that what I say is the truth, and nothing but the truth, and whoever believes otherwise believes lies, which will as surely bring about evil results as that Satan first deludes, then destroys.

I am responsible for no one's opinions but my own, and no one is bound to adopt mine as his own. But I say that, to me, my opinion that insane asylums are as unmitigated evils, solely and purely, as can be found on God's footstool, is as true, in reality, as that the sun performs his daily circuit through the heavens. And I should as soon expect that God would acquit me as guiltless in His sight, to apologize for

them, and defend them, as I should to defend Satan in his attempts to dethrone the Deity. For these asylums are, themselves, attempting to do this very thing.

They are Satan's most skillfully devised plan to accomplish this very thing. I know they are nothing but humanity-crushing institutions. There is no redeeming thing about them. "They are evil, and only evil, and that continually." And were I called to name the most potent of all evils, in retarding the coming and reign of Christ I should say the insane asylum is the mightiest obstacle to be removed, to help on the triumphant car of Christ, by preparing the way for His coming to establish His kingdom on the earth.

God grant success to the truth he has inspired me to write in bringing about their speedy, complete destruction!

Nothing in them is worth saving, except the property, and that is needed in this time of our country's need, in carrying on our war. If the money thus sunk by supporting them was used to protect and reward loyalty to our government, it might be an investment which would bring in an interest worth securing. But as it is, it is only paying for disloyalty to God's government, and the interests of such investments we cannot afford to sustain, since we have got to sustain an accusing conscience as the inevitable result.

"Reform them," as Miss Dix is trying to do. Reform them! Yes, reform hell! if you like, Miss Dix. But Mrs. Packard insists upon it that there is nothing in hell or its system worth reforming!

I am a woman as well as you, Miss Dix, and what is more, I am a woman of truth too, and have not sold myself unto Satan to do his work, and what is more, I never will, let Dix, or all Dixie, be to the contrary. No, Miss Dix, I would no more dare to take upon myself the responsibilities you have assumed—in sustaining them—than I would dare to assume Beelzebub's responsibilities. I say you are doing, and have

been doing, Satan's greatest work on earth in all you have done to sustain insane asylums. You have been led captive by him at his will, and are now so blinded as to the truth, that you cannot see the mischief you have done, until you are made to feel its effects in your own undying soul. Oh, the long black record of curses, provoked by sufferings, your efforts have helped to extort, has been sent before you to be bestowed upon you as your just recompense.

Some happy souls are destined to find that their arrival at heaven's court is welcomed by the blessing of many ready to perish, resting upon them. Others, among whom you will, I fear, be found, Miss Dix, whose arrival will be retarded by the curses of many perished souls, destroyed through your instrumentality, in sustaining insane asylums.

Miss Dix, I expect to meet you at that bar; and I there expect to be crowned as the Christian conqueror, in having done what I could to tear down what you have built up. I stand there as your mortal foe, a foe to your life's sad work of building up Satan's kingdom on earth, in defiance of Christ his opponent. You are self-deceived—but your works will be burned in the liquid fires of God's wrath until completely destroyed.

My countrymen, be not deceived as Miss Dix has been, by the mock statute of *human* laws, by which these institutions are ostensibly governed. For, believe me, they are a dead letter in their practical application to the patient. The patient has no protection from inhuman abuse in the practical application of these laws. I am ready to stand before any court on earth, and in heaven, and take my oath upon the fact that instead of the insane being protected from abuse by the laws of the land, they are the most exposed, defenseless, unprotected class of human beings on God's footstool, and the laws afford a complete shield to the oppressor, but none, not even a shadow of protection, to the oppressed.

In this asylum, physical abuse is not so flagrantly and openly and boldly practised as it was when I first came, but I have upon testimony reason to believe it is most shamefully practised still in secret. And testimony is not my only proof. I see and hear it with my own eyes, although I am most scrupulously kept from making observation outside the limits of my own ward. For my many threats of exposure has awakened fears at headquarters.

Still, in justice to Dr. McFarland, I can say in truth, that I think he does not now wink at or shield abuse, when he is sure of its being practised.

But this fact by no means protects his patients from most grievous abuses, from unprincipled attendants. An attendant very quickly becomes hardened by treating human beings as brutes merely, and this seared or hardened conscience very soon approves of horrors from which he would at first have shrunk in disgust. Still, I do not think it is a moral improbability to remain true, sympathizing, and good in the practice of the attendant's duties any more than it is impossible for a superintendent of a hell to remain a true man.

But this I do say, if attendants sustain this test unharmed, they are in the exercise of grace more than human, or they would as certainly secure their own ruin, as that they are walking on slippery places, where fiery billows roll below. And I say, too, a superintendent must be an uncommon man to keep alive a spark of his manliness at such a post, sold as he is to sustain the *reign of despotism* over his patients, which is the reign of hell. A superintendent is compelled either to be traitor to the laws he is sworn under oath to enforce, or traitor to his conscience and his manly feelings.

Only think of an intelligent and accomplished lady, who has reared an accomplished family, and been looked up to as the leading spirit in community in all that is good, noble, and elevating, being placed in the full exercise of all these

abilities, accomplishments, and graces, on the level of a brute, in being treated as if she knew nothing, and was not accountable for anything she said or did! Let her be put into the absolute power of a little inexperienced school-girl of eighteen or twenty years, and the girl instructed to treat her just as if she were a maniac,—order her to bed; order her to get up; order her off from her bed, if she feels the need of lying down in the daytime; order her what she must eat and how much; order her to make her bed, to sweep her room; order her to do the work in the ward and dining-room, which her attendant has been hired to do herself; order her into the sewing-room, to sew without pay for the house month after month, and year after year; order her to walk out, or to ride out; order her to take and appropriate to herself any such clothing as she may judge best for her to have; order her when to change her clothes, when to bathe, when her clothes must be sent to the wash; order her to put her clothes out of her room at night, before she is locked up in her cell for the night, so she need not tear them; order her to have her hair cut against her wishes; order all her wardrobe out of her keeping into the common clothes room; deprive her of all communication with her friends, either by letter or verbally; never let any letters sent to her be seen by her; let her have no hope or prospect of her ever being taken out of the asylum, or ever hearing again from her children or friends; be made to feel that she has no friends, that no one cares for her or how she is treated; and by no means tell her there is any prospect of her soon going home to see her children, for how can an animal—a cow—understand human feelings of anticipation!! be ordered into a screen-room because you told the truth, and then be locked up as long as the feelings of the key-holder prompts; be told, when you are quietly weeping, "you mustn't cry—you are getting worse—you can't go home until you stop fretting about it," and get, in reply to the ques-

tion, "Dr., can't I go home?"—"Not till you stop teasing me about it!"

Oh, the horrors—the spiritual suffering attendant on *such* treatment cannot be exaggerated. I have not had my hair cut; neither have I received these insulting replies to questions my heart was aching to ask, but would not risk getting the insulting replies I saw I was liable to get if I did. But all, and countless others of like character, I have felt and known from my own experience. And if any one is disposed to call these imaginary troubles, as all the trials of such as are accounted insane are by many heartless beings, I say such people have natures less than human to thus judge.

And can there be a process better devised to stifle or strangle out every human feeling than this is?

Now, since this process is so peculiarly adapted to break down and destroy every noble, self-reliant feeling of an accountable, moral agent, how can it be adapted to raise the fallen, and place them again on the self-reliant platform of accountability?

They cannot be subjected to this soul-crushing process, whether sane or insane, without imminent peril to their reason becoming dethroned. Human and satanic ingenuity, combined as it is with Satan and Miss Dix, could not devise a more direct and efficient system to *make insane* people than this ostensible one of curing insanity. The system was devised by Satan to make maniacs; and Miss Dix was so deluded by his Satanic Majesty as to believe it was a system to cure them, and when he had succeeded in gulling her, he gave her a share of his kingdom to work with, in helping him to carry it out into practice!!

And oh, how Satan has laughed in fiendish joy to see how successful he has been in executing his wise plan—as wise as a serpent's plan.

Yes, he has succeeded in establishing a "spiritual wicked-

ness in high places," for the destruction of the spiritual body, as he enabled the allopaths to succeed in establishing a practice to destroy the physical body of our race. As you cannot make a practical use of this drug practice without detriment to the physical constitution, much less can this insane treatment be bestowed without imminent hazard to the spiritual constitution.

Miss Dix, you and your partner, Satan, have done your work in establishing insane asylums; now Mrs. Packard and her partner, Christ, are trying to do their part in destroying them. And if we don't succeed, it will only be because our firm is not strong enough to conquer or break down yours; because truth is not so strong as lies to work with; because humanity was not made to be saved, but to be destroyed.

Oh, Father in heaven! Show Thyself mighty to deliver humanity out of this awful power of Thine adversary! Break down his strongest fortress, where man's ruin is most certainly effected, under the attractive banner, "Their good" requires it!

Their good! Yes, the devil's perfection in iniquity requires this system to keep his regions supplied with subjects—wrecked humans. *His* good; no one's else good is gained by this!

O, shall I ever be delivered out of the persecuting power of our persecuting government? Was Nero protected by the laws of his country in persecuting the Christians?

No. It takes free America to sustain inquisitions by law, on the benevolent platform of "charitable" institutions, sustained for "the good" (?) of its subjects!!

Satan well knew he must drape himself in his benevolent livery in order to gull his American subjects. And his sagacity has been found equal to the emergency, particularly after he had found he had gulled the benevolent Miss Dix, and thus secured her large benevolence in his great cause.

A cause that has such a benevolent, self-denying woman enlisted in its behalf must be a good one!

O, Satan knows a great deal; he knows when to make use of benevolence as his lever, and when selfishness.

Oh, my deluded country! Satan has beguiled you, and thus deceived, you have mistaken this Satanic Majesty, clothed in his garments of light, for the Saviour, and have been doing him homage when you honestly supposed you were worshipping God. Do be convinced now of your mistake, and destroy every vestige of insane asylums from off American soil, lest God in His wrath destroy you from being a nation for not doing it. Is not the cup of His fury red with indignation at these outrageous abuses of his defenseless creatures?

Would that negro slavery were the only sin—the darkest crime on the catalogue of thy guilt! Nay, verily; would that God had not been wounded in the midst of His professed friends.

Can any friend to Christ be found in America who dares to come to the rescue of His most afflicted of all people, the afflicted—the legally persecuted?

Three long, weary years have brought me no deliverance. No man in America seems to care for my soul. Of all the sons whom I have brought up, is there not one who will be allowed to care for and protect his mother?

No, not one; for the laws will not allow the son to shield the mother from the father's abuse. She must pine away in a prison, uncared for, unknowing and unknown, because the cruel, persecuting husband so appoints, and the government shields him in thus crushing his wife, and no one dares to stand where an infant son cannot.

Yes, the hungry wolf can carry his prey through the street in his clenched teeth, and no dog dares to bark at him. He can pace the platform of a crowded depot, and still thrust his fangs into her maternal heart, and no dumb dog dares to

bark to oppose him. He can put her into an asylum den, and instruct her keeper to keep her from observation and from communication with other beings than maniacs, and no dog or puppy barks resistance. He can bolt her door, and bar her window, and let no light except the light of heaven visit her spirit, or let fall upon her lacerated heart no tear of human sympathy, and no dog dares bark beneath her window and tell her to take heart, for she has friends still on earth.

No! No! Mrs. Packard must be entombed within these asylum walls until its treatment has had its desired effect, which is to break down her conscience—to make her yield her heaven-aspiring spirit up to the dictation of a hell-seeking husband.

Dr. McFarland once told me himself that so long as I held to these notions of duty respecting my husband, he considered the asylum as the most proper place for me to be in!

Yes, I must—regardless of the dictates of my conscience—consent to acknowledge as my protector and husband, the vilest and the basest and most intolerant persecutor and tormentor that ever walked God's earth, and voluntarily put myself again under his arbitrary authority and absolute control, with no law to shield me from the most flagrant outrages on my person or character or feelings; and fully knowing that the dictates of reason which I should feel bound to use in self-defense would all be regarded as insane reasoning, so that the pearls of thought and heaven-inspired truth would not only be thus trampled under foot by him, but the argument clenching into his conscience, would goad him to make out another plea of insanity upon it, and again cast me off into a still more hopeless bondage!

Still, I must do this, or never be allowed to see or hear from my innocent and much-abused children. Yea, all the horrors of this insane inquisition must be concentrated upon my defenseless head, until I will deny the God who bought

me, or die here, in ignominy and disgrace, regarded as the filth and offscouring of all things, fit only for the habitation of dragons and owls.

Or, failing in this, I must be made to yield my notions of duty respecting going out to ride and walk with the patients, and thus perjure myself, or stay until I will. In either case, the sole end and object to be secured is to *break down my conscience*, in the first instance to my husband's will; and in the second, to yield it to Dr. McFarland's dictation. As he himself once told me that he considered his judgment a safer guide for my actions than my own conscience was! But I say *it is not!* I believe my own conscience is a safer guide for my own actions than the judgment of any superintendent—not even the “great Dr. McFarland” excepted.

Now, can it be that these blasphemers are sheltered under the laws of our free government?

Yes they are! The insane laws of our land allow Dr. McFarland to carry out the wishes of any cruel husband respecting his wife, however cruel and unreasonable they may be, if the innocent wife's conscience chances to interfere with the husband's wishes in any respect whatever. And the superintendent is allowed to treat all his patients as irresponsible moral beings, as subject to no law but the law of despotism or brute force.

The husband has omnipotent authority and irresponsible power guaranteed to him by the government over the destiny of his wife, more inflexible and arbitrary than the slaveholder has over his slave. And so has the superintendent of an asylum all this same power over his patients, absolute, entire, irresponsible, despotic power! And now just unite these two legal powers in one combined force to keep an unbefriended woman down under their feet as a mere slave or a mere brute—or a brute slave—what chance has she to rise and assert her womanhood?

Can a more intense vise be formed wherein to crush the womanhood out of a sensitive, intelligent, true woman? Can anything but a divine influence keep such a woman from becoming a maniac?

No. Nothing. And to God's grace alone, be it said, that His grace is sufficient for these things.

Mrs. Packard has been in this vise, and that—when it has been screwed to its utmost pressure,—now three years, and she yet asserts her right to her own conscience, and in addition, her own opinions too. I have not yielded an iota of right to these combined powers of despotism.

God has stood by me, and I have stood by Him, and He has supported me without one human being to befriend me, or take my part against them. All, all, so far as I know, took part with these my persecutors, in encouraging them to pursue the course they had undertaken—that of humbling a woman to submission to human despotism.

But they have failed, and the woman has triumphed alone over all!

Woman, yes, American woman! is destined to have her rights secured to her; for one woman has "been weighed in the balances, and has not been found wanting" in loyalty to her God-given nature.

She can stand alone, with all "the powers that be," pressing in triple force upon her, to keep her down.

She needs no man to protect her rights—for she can protect and defend them herself, alone, in defiance of husband, superintendent, community, and government—all, all combined against her to overthrow her. She stands immovable as a rock, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against her. Her fortress is invincible.

Never let a man now say that a woman is a dependent being.

For she is not! She is independent and self-reliant. She

has fought her own battle. She has gained her own victory. She has declared her own independence. She is free! Free to live out the instincts of her own pure nature. Free to obey God according to the dictates of her own conscience. Free to love. Free to hate.

Never, no never will she again be the slave of man. She is the "Lord's free woman."

So may all the slaves of this marriage-union assert and maintain their independence of despotism, and stand, as I do, on the soil of spiritual freedom!

Sister-slave—"Though faint, still pursue" your heavenward course of resistance to the "powers that be," which are not ordained of God—and the powers we are called to resist in securing our right to our identity, are not powers ordained by God—but are the powers of darkness, combined in fiendish resolve, that the spiritual power of woman shall never be untrammelled, lest their rule—the rule of despotism—be destroyed from the face of the earth.

Sisters! we shall be untrammelled—but we must burst our own chains! Man has bound them—but woman must break them.

Yes, our man-government has made us their slaves. Our Christ-government has made us their companions—entitled to equal rights and privileges with themselves.

We know our proper place—and we shall fight until we secure it. *Our entire independence of man's authority is our goal*—and we shall "so run as to obtain it." For, "As birds flying, so shall the Lord defend Jerusalem, and in defending shall deliver it." Yes, we shall be delivered out of this our cruel bondage; for the Lord is on our side, and the spiritual armies of this Lord of Hosts are engaged in our defense.

The physical and spiritual freedom of both the negro slave and the married slave is as certain and as sure as the

promise of God that every yoke shall be broken, and the oppressed everywhere shall go free.

The liberty army is increasing—the bondage army is diminishing—and He whose right it is to reign, shall reign on earth, and declare our independence of all human and Satanic authority.

But, mind you, this King reigns by working in us, to *do* His good will and pleasure—He does not do for us what He has commanded us to do ourselves. Therefore, sisters, *act your rights!* without let or hindrance from man, custom, or government. Be a woman in your family as I have been, and your works shall praise you as do mine, if your husbands don't. My Father, God, has accepted mine as "well done" work—He will yours, if you will dare, like me, to do likewise.

My conscience—not my husband's will,—when it interfered with it,—has been my constant guide, so that now in looking over my married life, I feel no reproaches as having done wrong, or differently from what I now wish I had done, and the more I contemplate it, the happier I feel in the assurance that I have God's testimony that I have done right—just the very best I could do. I have not a single misgiving in that my work is accepted by Him, as good, and that a glorious recompense awaits this faithful discharge of the wife's and mother's practical duties. I see no particular wherein I could have done better than I have done, with the light I then had. I desire no other trial to prove my loyalty to King Jesus, by living a natural woman's true life, than I have had;—for I have been true to my nature, under the most adverse circumstances in which a woman could be placed, and not failing at this point, what have I to fear or dread as to the future?

I intend now to be as true to my spiritual nature as I have been to my natural one, hoping that in this way I may secure

as healthy and symmetrical a spiritual body as I have a natural body.

I feel that my last battle for the rights of opinion and conscience has been fought—that my victory is complete—and when I shall have finished my book, in the full exercise of the freedom I have hitherto written it in, and got it in print, I shall then feel that the rights of speech, both written and spoken, and the rights of a free press have all been secured to one American woman by her own indefatigable efforts to obtain them, in defiance of the combined powers of despotism to oppose it. And if one woman can do this, others can and must, or the power of the old dragon, Calvinism, will never be completely worsted and annihilated.

Married slave! fight your own battles, as our country has to fight hers. And when I've freighted these horrid insane asylums into the bottomless pit, you may take heart that your redemption draws nigh. But until then, you must dare defy them as I have done, and stand up in your integrity, on your own right to your accountability, as I have done, even within these walls, where accountability is denied me by law. And this is the very oblivion of human rights of all kinds, except the animal rights.

I know this is taking you through the darkness of the grave, to find the spiritual light of heaven, but if your country will let you obtain it in no other manner, *dare to do it!* for your endless, eternal life can only be made sure to you by your spiritual freedom—a right to your identity.

It is your country that has enslaved you, and yet the North say they have nothing to do with slavery!! They plead guiltless of enslaving human beings. She is not! She is a slave-holding government. She is a despotic government of the foulest kind on earth—for no other government can be found where the right of self-defense is denied to its subjects as our American government denies it to married

slaves—including the very first, best class of its citizens. 'Tis true—the most refined, intelligent, educated class of American citizens are denied the inalienable right of self-defense, from the blackest crime on the American statute-book—insanity!

And yet they boast of being a men-protecting government.—Yes, but the better half of your men are not benefited by it, but crushed altogether by it.

Oh, women, fight your government!

My country itself deserves to be regarded by other nations as an outlaw for so treating us; for we are loyal citizens, driven to appeal to other governments to defend us in securing our right to our identity!

The government is in the wrong; we are in the right. The government is thinking it is doing right in keeping us in subjection; we are doing right in resisting its authority over us. The government is a traitor to its principles; we are loyal to its principles.

The government has no right to interfere with our domestic institutions. But it has—and monopolized the rights of portions of our family, and left the other null and void of any.

The government was appointed by God to protect and shield the manhood and the womanhood of all its subjects. And should a husband overthrow or trample upon the inalienable rights of his wife—in her rights of property, maternity, speech, opinion, conscience—he should be held responsible to the bar of his country for "woman's slaughter," for an attempt to slay the womanhood of one of God's daughters in the flesh. Sooner far let him put the poniard to her heart rather than pierce her sensitive soul with arrows barbed with the poison of distrust and suspicion. Yes; sooner far let the master kill his slave rather than keep him in life only to protract the death struggles by his never-dying tortures!

Let the overseer be compelled to add the fortieth stripe of his lash, and not leave his victim to die of protracted agonies from the thirty-ninth.

Oh, do let us, slaves, die—yea, do kill us; but don't be so long about it! Oh, we will thank thee for death, if you cannot afford to protect us in a decent life—a life beyond that of a lamb in the fangs of a hungry wolf! Oh, how many, many times have I longed for death, since my country would not shield me from my husband's abuse! Is there any government on God's footstool where a woman's inalienable rights are protected to her by law? If so, let me and my innocent children be transported to it, and we will leave America without a tear; only the tear of joy that a refuge is provided where a woman's rights of conscience are protected to her without being exposed to be called insane for using them, and then be punished with imprisonment and abuse because she is thus slandered.

Don't let my darling daughter, the second edition of Mrs. Stowe's *Eva*—revised, improved, and corrected—be liable to suffer the tortures of an American martyrdom, as her mother has been obliged to do, to live a Christian life. She, like her mother, can work—does work—and is willing to work, for her father and her brothers, her country, and her God, but do let her be like Christ in her spirit and conduct, and we ask nothing more of our country's protection. Oh, protect her from receiving the penalty of capital punishment for doing this, as her mother has. She, like me, must be good and kind to all, or she cannot be happy, for her nature is tender, loving, and sympathetic. But if, like her mother, she must be punished unto death to make her like her husband—cruel and hard-hearted to others—O! thou compassionate God, send her to an early grave! Let not her loving heart be wrung with anguish, as mine has been, thousands of times,

while striving after the liberty of the gospel, which I knew could not be obtained without doing right myself.

Shall such beasts as Dr. Eddy—formerly a Presbyterian minister at Chicago—be allowed to enter my fold and trifle with her tender, sensitive nature, as Isaac told me he had done since I have been locked up in this asylum, where Dr. Eddy aided my husband to put me ?

Isaac told me on his visit that Elizabeth said that Dr. Eddy knocked at our front door one morning when she was full of business, doing up the dirtiest part of her kitchen work, and taking care of the children besides ; but both she and they all, just then, were very dirty, with uncombed hair and dirty clothes, her own sleeves rolled up, scrubbing hard at her work, and she, fearing and dreading to see any one in this plight, undertook to wash her face and smooth her hair before answering the summons of the door-bell. But long before she had got herself into a presentable appearance as door-waiter, the impatient guest came in, unbidden, even through the reception-room into the kitchen, where she and all her dirt were. George and Arthur sprung out the back-door, and thus escaped notice, leaving her alone.

The unfeeling, impudent, uninvited guest, Dr. Eddy, seeing her unhappy plight to wait upon guests, took her by the hand in all her dirt, confused, chagrined, and mortified as she was, and led her out to the gate, where his two daughters, dressed in their silks and velvets, sat in an elegant carriage, and introduced her by saying, "Here is the only *animal* I could find in the house."

Elizabeth said she did not know what to do or say in presence of such splendor, which contrasted so painfully with her costume and condition, especially with the peculiar introduction she had had, in being called an "animal" instead of a human being. She felt like a cat looking at a king and his splendid livery.

Ashamed and mortified at being called an "animal," when she knew she was not, and still feeling that she looked like one, she was so dirty, she was glad when the Doctor let go of his animal, to give her an opportunity to return to her duties, instead of being presented as a show animal for the amusement of his idle, gossiping daughters.

Oh, Dr. Eddy, why couldst thou not speak one kind, soothing word to that more than orphan child—made so by thine own base help in depriving her of the best of mothers' faithful care?

Thou didst help her father to take from her God's appointed guardian, and then come and ridicule her sad fate, and hold up her sensitive feelings to contempt and scorn before thy more favored daughters! Was she a fit object for derision and ridicule? Couldst thou find no better pastime for thy pleasure-seeking daughters than to make light of the heart-broken, tired, overburdened, and oppressed orphan girl, whose refined, lady-like, and sensitive feelings were stung to the quick by thy heartless, unfeeling conduct towards her?

Why wast thou willing to deprive her of her mother, while thine own children were allowed to have theirs?

Oh, 'twas the bigotry of thy Calvinistic heart which has thus shorn thee of thy manliness, and led thee to seek the entombment of a liberal-minded Christian woman, lest thy mean creed be endangered by her influence!

You know I was not an insane person, notwithstanding all thy base attempts to force this belief upon thyself and others. You know you have had convincing proof from my lady-like, intelligent conversation and deportment, to compel your conscience to say, that "If any person is an accountable being Mrs. Packard is." And yet your bigoted and intolerant feelings could not recognize my accountability while I cherished opinions conflicting with your own bigoted creed!

Dr. Eddy, if you, with your intelligence and opportunities

to judge, have committed a sin, less than "blasphemy against the Holy Ghost," by calling me an insane person when I was not, I know not what this sin is. If it was blasphemy against the "Son of Man" to call Him "mad" or insane, as He said it was, what is the act of calling a spiritual woman mad, for the same reason?

Is not a spiritual woman a personification of the Holy Ghost? and a spiritual, or Christ-like man, a personification of the Son of Man? Can you deprive either of their accountability, slanderously, and not be blaspheming the Divine influence thus incarnated?

Dr. Eddy, the revolving circles of eternity will alone determine the magnitude of the offense you have committed against God, by calling His work of the Spirit on me Insanity.

And your sins against my children, too, in depriving them at their early age of their God-appointed guardian, who, in her full health, was filling her God-appointed place, doing the duties which are now pressing so heavily upon my only daughter of twelve years of age, I, healthy, strong, and well in body, and sound and equally healthy in mind, must be imprisoned to gratify the intolerant feelings of a bigoted priesthood; while she must be overburdened with the onerous duties of mother, servant, nurse, housekeeper, seamstress—and all the care of herself and her own education, besides. And none to speak a soothing word of comfort to her, or sympathize with her in the feeling that her mother is suffering wholly from false representations of her character and conduct. But if her full heart of sympathy for her mother chances to overflow in the hearing of her father, 'tis only to be met with threats of abuse, if she will not call her mother insane!

Oh God, is it right to suffer me and my darling ones to be so trifled with? Must it be so? Can't I and my daughter be treated with the respect due a house-slave? Are not the

slaves of the South better treated, in that they are better protected by the laws than we are?

Indeed they are!—a slave to be imprisoned, as I have been, for good Christian conduct, without trial of judge or jury, or any proof or evidence to convict me of the charge whereof I was slanderously accused, would be defended by the chivalry of mob-law, rather than be suffered to go on, as my persecutors have done, unmolested for nearly three long years.

Oh, let the chivalry of mobocracy be established, and maintained, if no other law or force can shield our natures from such outrages!

Dr. Eddy, for you to treat my daughter as you did, was an outrage on humanity under the circumstances. It was devilish. It was brutal. And should you descend to your proper level, you would be the “animal”—and her proper place, that of queen, to rise to.

You had all your valuables on the outside—she had hers within. You and your proud daughters could look down upon her as an “animal!” She could look up to God and feel that He would own her as His child. You could make light of her trials, her sorrows, her broken heart. She could look to Jesus and feel that He loved her and pitied her—He would befriend her, for she was trying to befriend the little brood of motherless ones which he—the bigoted priest—had helped to make desolate.

She knew, too, her mother would love and praise her to know how kind she had been to the baby and George, and how she had kept right on with her mother’s system of family government, by keeping up the record of merit and demerit marks daily, and kept George doing his stint of knitting on his stocking morning and nights, and sent him off clean and tidy to school, in good season too. She was sure her works would praise her, if Dr. Eddy and his daughter did not, but only laughed at her.

Daughter, thy mother does pity thee in thy trials—thy insults—and oft have I laid thy case before our compassionate Saviour, and besought Him to stand by thee, as He stands by me; to sustain thy soul, and keep it from sinking under your trials. And He will sustain thee—He does listen and attend to my every petition in thy behalf as well as mine.

Daughter, it is a hard school thy God has sent thee to, to fit thee for thy life-work. But rough and thorny as thy path now is, remember that this is the path thy God—not thy mother—chose for thee, and He loves thee with more than a mother's tenderness, and He will not plant a single thorn in thy path, but what thy highest good demands to make thee supremely blessed in future. Joys bright and fragrant lie beyond this dark vale thou art now called to tread, and when thou art fully prepared for it, the tide will turn, and we shall all be truly blessed. Take heart, then, my daughter! and keep hope in lively exercise, and thus be cheerful amid all thy present gloom.

You have leaned on your mother—now lean alone on thy God. Become self-reliant, independent of all helps to do right, except the inspirations within thee.

Thus stand, where God has placed you to stand, on this self-reliant foundation, even at this early spring time of thine existence.

Daughter, mother will hasten to thee just as quick as the government or community will protect me there. But until then 'tis folly to try to defend myself against my persecutor there, since the law upholds him in casting me out of my family at his own will or pleasure, and we know, for he has often said it, that it was his determination to keep me for ever separated from my children, lest I ruin them! and he well knew that any place outside of insane asylum walls could not insure me entirely from communicating with them.

So, for this reason, 'tis his will (and none oppose it!) to

keep me entombed in one all my lifetime. Therefore 'tis folly for me to go to my home just to be sent off to another. But if government listen to my case, I may hope they will, in time, extend to me the protection I ask and so much need.

But O, must my book be printed *first*, and the people read it, before the laws can be made to defend me?

God only knows. It is my desire to be with you to-day. Each day seems like a year when viewed through this mirror of a mother's love.

But God reigns, daughter; therefore let us fear not. His time of deliverance is our time—the best time. O, let us patiently suffer so long as it is necessary for us to endure this separation, without sinning to escape the trial.

I cannot do as Mrs. Cheneworth did here,—hang myself with a cord made of my own wardrobe, to get out of the hell my husband has put me into, for my faith has attained such giant strength that it is sufficient to my day. But hers was not strong enough, and her weak, sickly body, too, was too weak to hold up this shield of self-defense from Beelzebub's darts. Thus she deliberately sought and found death, as the only refuge within her reach of escape from this most cruel fate,—that of being treated as an animal without reason or accountability. She had been most delicately and tenderly reared, in the midst of luxury, and was the pet and darling of her parents and her husband; but they, her poor, deluded, misguided friends, put her here, vainly expecting and hoping that her weak and diseased nervous system might here receive that medical treatment it needed to restore it to its healthy condition.

They, like community at large, supposed to be true what is not true, viz., that such cases received what they needed—kind, humane treatment, combined with medical skill adapted to the necessities of the case; neither of which is employed

for the sufferers' relief, but, on the contrary, neglect and abusive treatment is employed as the sole and exclusive remedy for such aberrations of mind as often accompany such diseases. And this treatment, instead of removing the cause, only increases it ten-fold, so that the case soon becomes a hopeless one, beyond the reach of medical skill. So long as the least spark of intelligence remains, this treatment is making them mad, as God says of "oppression, it maketh the wise man mad." But a fool can bear it unharmed. The wiser, more intelligent, and more refined a human being is, the more reason there is to fear this asylum treatment will succeed in dethroning the reason, as Satan planned it to do.

This is the very object he had in view in carrying into execution his insane system. He knew that oppression was the most efficient means by which to effect this object, and when the reason had become dethroned, he knew they could be unresistingly led captive by him at his will. Therefore when he had got his insane system established, and sustained by the laws of a Christian government, he had secured his object in seeking the ruin of an immense amount of humanity.

They not only are adapted to ruin the humanity of all their occupants, both the help and the patients, but they are a terror to the good and a shield to the wicked throughout entire Christendom. Human progress is immensely retarded by them, and satanic progress immensely promoted by them.

Mrs. Cheneworth is only one of many hundreds who have sought death by their own hands; driven to it by the feeling of desperation induced alone by the deplorable condition they find themselves to be in, under this insane treatment of a human being.

I cannot blame them for so doing, and I cannot feel that God does. But I do believe their blood will be required of

this government as being their murderers. They have no right to place a human being in a situation where death is deliberately and intelligently sought, rather than such a living, lingering death as government has assigned them as their portion for being unfortunate, but not guilty, either in the sight of God or man. Indeed the horrors of the Romish Inquisition are a mercy to the horrors of this American charitable! benevolent! inquisition!

There the victim's natural body is stretched on the torturing rack, with the cheering prospect of death before him, as his speedy and kind deliverer from physical suffering. But here the spiritual body of its victim is stretched on the spiritual rack of torture, with no hope of deliverance from his cruel fate, except as he is driven to seek it with his suicidal means.

Thus he is driven to become a deliberate murderer in self-defense. He murders his own body to deliver his own soul out of torment.

If it is right for our government to kill the rebels in self-defense, then it is not wrong for the victims of our insane institutions to kill this government in self-defense. And they are doing it! The curses, the execrations, and the prayers extorted by this persecuted class of American citizens for the destruction of this God-defying government are now coming down upon it in bolts of wrath, accumulated by the combined influences of cursing and praying, which has long been ascending to heaven from these smoking altars of human sacrifices, on these Moloch altars.

Yea, your persecuting spiritual power is now rebounding upon itself, and you are taking your own life with your own suicidal hands.

Blinded and infatuated government! You have sought and found your own destruction, as you have been destroying God's government over His creatures by a code of laws in

conflict with the divine. But on your ruins Christ is to be enthroned, where anti-Christ now is being dethroned.

Your Calvinistic statute-book is to be supplanted by the book of fate, whose seals are now unloosed, while you are receiving your just retribution. But in the statute-book of “God’s decrees” stands,—an American, Christian government!

'THE FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER TRAIN.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

P R E F A C E.

Progression—growth, expansion, development—is the great law of human nature. The human race has attained to that point of development when it is bursting the shackles of creeds and long-established usages and customs, that it may bask in the sunshine of individual freedom. My “first-class passengers” have fought this great battle between creed-bound and independent thought, and are now prepared to aid other souls in their struggles while passing through their birth-throes of spiritual freedom. We have burst our chains of married servitude, even without breaking the bonds of the marriage covenant. We live in so close companionship with the *God within us*, that even the obligations growing out of an uncongenial marriage relation can be discharged without detriment to our higher soul-relation. And the children, too, need inherit no deformities, for goodness is more potent than evil in its propagation; inasmuch as the spiritual forces of woman are mightier than the intellectual forces of man.

It is woman who is to educate the race; and she who has attained this spiritual freedom is proof against the enemy. She is too courageous to be a deserter or a divorcer from this marriage-conflict. She can not only carry herself, but her children also, through a “Sebastopol siege,”—even under its heaviest batteries, unscathed and unharmed—for her armor of faith and good works is invincible.

If the father is a liar, the power of truth in the mother will leave its stamp so indelibly impressed upon the child she rears,

as to leave no barren spot for the lying seed to take root. Thus she plants her virtues so deeply, and roots them so firmly, that the father's vices find no place or footing in this preoccupied garden of the young soul.

So cheer up! fainting mother, and pursue your onward way through this battle-field of social strife, knowing that victory awaits the valiant, determined soldier. Carry every child with you. Leave none to be slain, or taken captive by the enemy. And if by some misfortune one is taken captive, redeem him! as your first and all-important business.

Thus are soldiers to be furnished for Christ's all-conquering army who shall possess the earth, and establish upon it the reign of righteousness. This Calvinistic eclipse is almost past, and the light of nature—human nature—is henceforth to be the true light to guide the benighted race into the only true road to happiness and heaven.

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THE "TICKETED PASSENGERS" ON BOARD THE "FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER TRAIN" ARE FOUND IN THE FOLLOWING

LIST OF PASSENGERS.

- Rev. Samuel Ware, South Deerfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Olive Ware, South Deerfield, Mass.
 Austin Ware, South Deerfield, Mass.
 Samuel Ware, Batavia, Ill.
 Mrs. Mary A. C. Ware, Batavia, Ill.
 Mrs. E. P. W. Packard and her children, viz., Theophilus, Isaac, Samuel, Elizabeth, and George, Chicago, Ill.
 Dr. Andrew McFarland, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Rev. Theophilus Packard, Manteno, Ill.
 William Elliott, Greenfield, Mass.
 Orlando Fiske, Shelburne, Mass.
 Mrs. Sophia B. Smith, Kankakee, Ill.
 Abijah H. Dole, Manteno, Ill.
 Mrs. S. T. Dole, Manteno, Ill.
 Emanuel Swedenborg.
 The Pope of Rome.
 Dr. Fordice Rice, Washington, Iowa.
 Hon. Gerrit Smith, Peterborough, N. Y.
 Mrs. Hosmer, Jacksonville, Ill.
 Medical Fraternity, Cosmopolitans.
 Rev. Aaron Foster, East Charlemont, Mass.
 Mrs. Foster, East Charlemont, Mass.
 Charles Conant, Shelburne, Mass.
 Miss Maria Conant, Shelburne, Mass.
 Rev. Samuel Harris, Conway, Mass.
 Deacon Albert Peck, Shelburne, Mass.
 Rev. H. W. Beecher, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Abner Baker, Marshall, Michigan.
 Rev. Amariah Chandler, D.D., Greenfield, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. Throop, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

David Field, Lyons, N. Y.
Mrs. A. S. Field, Lyons, N. Y.
Dr. E. W. Sylvester, Lyons, N. Y.
Mrs. Fanny Sylvester, Lyons, N. Y.
Mrs. Martha Stone, Lyons, N. Y.
Francis Field, Lyons, N. Y.
Almeron Field, Lyons, N. Y.
Miss Lucy Field, Lyons, N. Y.
Emeline and Le Gree, Uncle Tom's Cabin.
Jeff. Davis of the Conspiracy.
Michael Servetus, Scientific Theologian.
Mrs. Emeline Bridgman, Jacksonville, Ill.
David, and Saul, and Michael, Jews.
Daniel the Prophet.
The Shakers, Cosmopolitan.
"Old Hurd," Jacksonville, Ill.
Mrs. Gill, Jacksonville, Ill.
Miss Goodrich, Jacksonville, Ill.
"Mother Triplet," Jacksonville, Ill.
Miss Mary McFarland, Jacksonville, Ill.
Farmer Jones, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mrs. Catharine Page, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mrs. S. B. Olsen, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mrs. Maria Chapman, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mr. Chedister, Jacksonville, Ill.
J. C. Coe, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mrs. Celia Coe, Jacksonville, Ill.
Dr. Asa Tenny, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mrs. Morris, Jacksonville, Ill.
Miss Clauson, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mr. Carter, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mr. Antonio, Jacksonville, Ill.
Miss Mary Salton, Jacksonville, Ill.
Queen Esther, The Jewess.

THE BILL OF FREIGHT ON BOARD THE "FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER TRAIN," IS FOUND IN THE FOLLOWING

LIST OF THOUGHTS.

Father Ware's parting message, viz., "See to it that prosperity don't prove your ruin."

We must make our own ruts out West.

Action is the vital element out West.

Nothing but bigotry can prevent a conservative from becoming a radical out here.

Perversion of Home Mission Contributions.

'Tis not so sinful to kiss the toe of the Pope as it is to lay our reason and conscience prostrate at the feet of any one.

God would despise me to lay down my reason and conscience before Him.

God controls us through our reason—not by dethroning it.

Difference between man-worship and God-worship.

I shall break my fetters.

We marry to get more liberty.

To convince a tyrant against his will is useless.

Acts of my married life are approved before my own tribunal.

We must be acquitted or condemned by our own deserts.

A wife's love is strangled out by abuse of her feelings.

Forbearance sometimes ceases to be a virtue.

The most hateful form of despotism is for a husband to domineer over his wife.

Man makes himself into a devil.

Hydropathists the most honorable of the medical profession.

They are the most honorable who honor nature the most.

Regularity and order are indispensable to health.

Children's education at first should be confined to observation.

Duty first, and then pleasure.

Parents make liars of their children, not God.

Sin consists in restraining nature, not in acting it out.

Doing wrong is perverting nature.

Our family system disclosed by a dialogue between Samuel and Rev. A. Foster.

Some people grow apart while together, while others grow together while apart.

We want man and wife protected in living peaceably together where they cannot unite.

Woman cannot be made to sink permanently.

'Tis only weakness that needs props or praises. Strength is self-sustaining.

A burnt child dreads the fire, as I do the Calvinistic influence.

A godly life is a better test of character than an ungodly creed.

Mongrel unions must be broken up.

Holiness will win, as valor and fortitude alone can, the battle-field.

The prize we are seeking to win, is love.

Tax-payers should protest against supporting these insane asylums.

Government ought to make the patients restitution.

Spirit wrongs demand restitution to heal them.

Punishment not essential to repentance.

Government must stop burying people alive.

Death of the Calvinistic government.

Humane work will generate humane feelings.

It is when we are afflicted that friends are needed.

Married slavery under this government must meet a recompense.

Steamboat scenes.

My children are their own servants.

Contrast between Christian and Calvinistic family training.

My children know no other way of being happy but by doing right.

Selfishness engenders bitter feelings.

My children are taught that humanity everywhere is entitled to respect.

Isaac's devotion to his mother.

Maternal joys immortalized.

Capacities for happiness and misery are in the same ratio.

My greatest sorrows come through my greatest joys.

When facts lie, my book lies, but not before.

Being innocent aggravates the sufferings of the persecuted, as being guilty aggravates the sufferings of the sinner.

Injustice and ingratitude the heaviest burdens to bear.

My respect for the truth is most profound.

My views of spiritualism defined.

My sainted mother.

Should carefully test the source of our spirit communications.

None should be indorsed that our reason condemns.

The science of spiritualism is to become a great source of spiritual knowledge.

Express lines from the asylum depot running to the celestial and infernal regions.

Doing wrong is an indispensable qualification to an operator to the infernal regions.

Mr. Packard's robbery of my wardrobe.

Restitution deserves no thanks.

Husbands are constituted legal robbers.

The sympathy such robbers claim.

Robbers should have the recompense of justice.

Injustice of denying postal communications to the patients.

To be angry is to punish myself for others' faults.

Reasonable conduct marks my actions.

Believing lies leads to damnation.

Benevolence polishes the heavenly armor, while selfishness corrodes it.

Goodness is immortal. Badness is perishable.

The arch-apostate is to be redeemed by woman's forces.

Union is strength, disunion is weakness.

War is in conflict with woman's tenderness.

Woman is the angelic human.

Devils are perverted men; fallen angels are perverted women.

Being a part of humanity, they are to be redeemed.

'Tis natural to be outspoken.

Ministers ought to get mad now-a-days.

The paradoxes of celestial love.

Delay is not denial with God.

Humanity is my personified God.

The purest love is the most searching.

Sin can be destroyed only by the voluntary agency of the wrong-doer.

Love is limitless, so is the atonement.

The atonement does us no good unless we make one for ourselves.

There is reason in all things, even the Christian religion.

What God permits to take place is the very best that can take place.

Great truths must be born of agony.

'Tis a great honor to be the mother of important truths.

A spontaneous effusion of the human soul is not a sinful prayer.

Compromise implies a mutual concession.

The present age has lost the rudder of both reason and common sense.

Our government sanctions the hellish marriage and ignores the heavenly marriage.

Nature repels a vacuum.

The noble Indian needs protection as a citizen.

We cannot be good unless we are happy, and we cannot be happy unless we are good.

God's happiness is a solid reality.

Should seek for the largest dividends on the smallest capital.

How would men like to marry away their identity?

A dialogue on this exchange of conditions.

No wonder manhood is extinct by pursuing just the course to extinguish it.

Despise woman, he despises himself.

Man pities dependence, but he respects independence.

We cannot really love one we do not fear to offend.

The fear of the despot is fatal to true love.

A silly man is no more an object of respect to woman than a despot.

A man is not a man who will submit to be ruled by a woman.

Neither is he a man who will not be influenced by a woman.

So it is *vice versa* with a woman.

Calvinism requires woman to lean on some human prop to avoid being masculine.

Christianity claims that feminine perfection demands self-reliance.

A woman don't respect the man whom she can eclipse.

Suns can shine of their own intrinsic merits,—moons with reflected light.

All nature is sexed, so there are female suns and masculine moons.

Marrying an inappropriate mate begets mongrels.

Like begets like, and thus are adapted to the orbit which gave them birth.

The spiritual union is that of a personified God and Holy Ghost united in one.

These spiritual gifts are new manifestations of progressive Christianity.

They have come to their birth and there is not strength in Zion to bring them forth.

What we do not understand we should not condemn.

Daniel would have been called insane by the present age.

We first pity, then endure, then embrace evil, if not resisted.

Practical godliness is the only stock on which practical fruit can grow.

Sinless obedience is impossible, but holy obedience is not.

Holiness only requires us to do as well as we know how.

Neglects of humanity are neglects to God.

Kindness to humanity is kindness to God.

Act kindly to the poor sick man instead of preaching to him.

Calvin preaches lies, and practices iniquity.

Christ was nothing but a perfect gentleman.

God is a married man.

Christ is only a betrothed man.

It is evidence of diseased religion to see it subject to epileptic fits.

What the system gains in temporary action, is lost in temporary inaction.

Charity institutions starve the benevolent doer for want of the nutriment God had assigned to it.

Greater charity to be taken out of these charity institutions than to be taken in.

Gratitude is as spontaneous a feeling of the human heart as a love of liberty.

Should use all our influence in favor of humanity, and against oppression.

I fear God, but nothing else.

Father God must be a man, or he could not be the father of a child.

Unrequited toil is slavery.

All are our superiors in some things.

To heap up testimony as high as the clouds won't make a falsehood a truth.

We have no right to insane one for opinion's sake—only for action's sake.

True knowledge comes by reflection.

David never said all women were liars.

Time tests all questions.

Dr. McFarland weighed in the scales of truth and justice.

Testimony of his patients and employees on this point.

If we have a right to defend human governments by violence, then we have a greater right to defend the Divine government by any force.

Should not thank people for doing a simple act of justice.

It has never been my object to ruin Dr. McFarland, but to save him from ruin by repentance.

THE
"FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER TRAIN."
FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

Farewell! father, mother, brothers! I leave thee this pleasant September morning, 1854, to seek my Western home in Lyme, Ohio. My little group of loved ones are all in good health and spirits—five in number—the oldest, Theophilus, twelve years of age—the youngest, George Hastings, seventeen months—a nursing babe.

As we enter the cars at South Deerfield, Mass., my father kisses us all, and bestows on us his parting blessing. But hold! he has one more message to deliver, and his last word is spoken. "Mr. Packard, my son, I wish to say one word to you before we part, probably to meet no more on earth. I approve of your going West! I think you will be prospered there—but see to it that prosperity don't prove your ruin!"

How often has this parting advice been brought to my recollection, since I have so often seen the need of it exemplified in our experience.

We have been prospered. Our New England habits have been broken up. Our mould in which we were cast has been broken up. We have had room for expansive growth. We were too conservative rut thinkers, there.

Here we have to make our own ruts, or not move at all—

and that we can't help doing, for we are knocked about so like a foot-ball, we are compelled to move to get out of people's way, or we shall be kicked out.

Action is the vital element out here. The prairie winds are always moving—no such thing as a dead calm day here to dry our line of washed clothes, so that the hems and wristbands will be as nearly connected with the garment as when we hung them up. If you doubt it, go out for yourselves on the stillest day you can find, and hang up a line of clothes and see if they don't flap. You can no more keep the clothes on the line without a strong clothes-pin, than you can keep a conservative man from becoming a radical, without the strong pin of bigotry to hold him on the old line of habit.

The hoops, too, drop from my pails and tubs without leave or license here, and that before they are half worn out, or half as old as the two pails were on Mr. Elliot's auction table, and the scrubbing-board, and the nest of sieves, and the thirty-seven-and-a-half-cent brown pitcher, with a small piece broken out of the nose, and a set of tin dishes—all of which he generously offered to let go to the first bidder on the lot. One generous, liberal soul among the crowd of men and women around the stand, cried out, "Two cents!" and the whole lot was knocked off to the bidder at his two-cent bid!

Mr. Elliott kept his word—he didn't lie that time. Neither did he, when he sold my bedsteads for a two cent bid, and another, for a twelve-cent bid—rope and all with them—and my flag-seated chairs for three cents apiece, and my jug of lamp-oil, with one dollar's worth of oil in it, for ten cents. And the buyers did not have to carry off dirt or rust on their articles neither; for I had worked day after day in cleaning everything with lye and sand to make all as bright and shining and clean as scrubbing could make them. And I spent part of a day in cleaning and polishing the

brasses on Calvin's buggy-wheels, and on our rockaway-wheels, too, and Calvin varnished them so nicely you could see your faces in them anywhere. And after all, Mr. Elliot sold our covered buggy for four dollars and fifty cents, which we paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for, soon after we were married. And our rockaway, which cost one hundred and eighty dollars, only a few years before, he could not get a bid on, that he would take; for Calvin told him not to take short of fifty dollars for it. He afterwards sold it for forty-five dollars to a brother minister.

But the climax of the auction consisted in the sale of our house and lot of six acres of good land, such as was said to be worth one hundred dollars an acre, and the house, a strong, heavy-timbered frame, better than can hardly be found out here of the same size, containing four square rooms on the front side, two stories high, a hall between them above and below, each room five yards square, and a large dining-room back of them, two bedrooms, a large kitchen, a large pantry and storeroom, a nice arch kettle set in the kitchen, nine closets in the house, and a large woodshed back of the kitchen, a horse-shed back of that, a carriage-house, a granary, and a pig-sty, and barn and barnshed, all of which were in good repair. The house was painted both outside and in, and nicely papered, and in good repair—a large, well-drained cellar. There was an excellent garden enclosed with a picket fence, a small front yard and a large back yard, all enclosed with a good picket fence. A nice fruitery, also, containing plum, peach, cherry, pear, quince, and apple-trees. There were currant bushes, barberry bushes, asparagus, pie-plant, and cranberries. The house was insured for six hundred dollars, at the Mutual Insurance Company's office. All this property Elliot knocked off for four hundred and twenty-five dollars, to Orlando Fisk, of Shelburne; and I think he felt that we were under obliga-

tion to him for doing us such a favor as to take it at that price!

Some of our buyers paid us for our things, and some gave us their notes for them—just as good as cash from a Shelburne man.

They did pay their minister's salary prompt and well, and he didn't need presents, because he was better off than most of his people, in keeping ready money on hand, or in a bank at Greenfield. The want of ready money was never known to the Shelburne minister! Money, fully equal to his wants and the wants of his family. His ready money seldom ranged less than sixty or one hundred dollars on hand. His salary was from three hundred and seventy-five to five hundred dollars, and he got all he earned and more too from his Shelburne people.

It has pained me exceedingly to see his reports to the Home Missionary Society, representing himself as in want and destitute out here. He don't know what want is—nor never did. He always seemed to succeed in deluding the society, and his plans always succeeded in getting what he sought—means from them to hoard up and speculate upon! I have been burdened with such ample stores of clothing from this society that I knew not where to store it safely, still he would not listen to my protestations against this unjust means of accumulating property. My suggestions too, to divide with the destitute, were equally unsuccessful. This business of looking out for other people didn't suit his nature or temper.

Keep what you've got, and get what you can, was his theory and practice too.

I did try to give his needy cousin, Sophia P. Smith, some things when she came to stay with me a few days, until her husband could send for her to come to him at his new parish, when he left Kankakee. Her infant of three weeks was

very destitute of needed clothing, and I felt conscience-bound to help her out of our superabundant wardrobe. But Calvin, fearing that I might be thus disposed to do, ordered me not to do it. He said it was enough for him to board her and her babe so long, without giving her presents into the bargain. He moreover insisted upon ordering my table while she was there, lest I should feed her—a young, nursing mother—with something besides hasty pudding, and Johnny cake and rotten apples! He would cut out the rotten before putting them on the table for us to eat. We could have whole apples for our table fruit, when she was not there, and I could use the damaged ones for cooking. He complained to me even of the soap she used in washing her baby's things, and the fluid she burned in feeding her baby in the night, to keep it from crying.

In short, I could not meet him alone, while she was there, but that he would try to whisper some discontent in my ear; and I was relieved when my task—as mediator between them—had expired. I got many a severe reproof for defending his cousin's claims against his niggardly wishes. But I bore it in silence, lest she should suspect the grudging hospitality of which she was the recipient. I would not have had her suspect the truth, for I knew her sensitive feelings would suffer pain to know it. Therefore I took the storm of indignation upon myself, and thus shielded her.

And what have I got from her in return for the reproaches I have borne so patiently, for her sake, and for my heroic defense of her rights?

I have got nothing but the basest slanders and abuse, from her. Indeed, she has backed up my husband's lies, and has even sent in her request, joined with her husband's, to induce Dr. McFarland to keep me here, on the ground of my being an insane person.

Yes, the "beast" has overcome her, and she—like a

cringing slave—does his bidding, without scruple or resistance. She always worshiped the talents of Calvin, and felt towards him as his sister Dole does—that his reasoning is more reliable than her own—as her guide for her opinions and practice! As I heard her sister once say to her brother after reading some of Swedenborg's works which I had lent her, "I dare not trust my own judgment in reading them, lest I be not able to detect the sophistry of them; but I could trust yours, for I think you are better qualified to judge correctly of them than I am!"

So would his cousin join with his sister in laying their own reason prostrate at his feet, and even kiss his toe, were it not that this was a Catholic custom of paying homage to the pope. No pope ever received more sincere spiritual homage than Calvin has received from these poor, deluded women.

But I, for my part, don't think it is near so sinful an act to kiss a pope's toe, as it is to lay one's own reason and conscience prostrate at the feet of one!

The Pope of Rome receives the physical homage of his subjects—the Pope of America receives the spiritual homage of his subjects.

Sister Dole despises the Roman Catholics, and believes them to be a very bigoted, intolerant, cruel, persecuting class of beings; but if there is a more deluded, persecuting Catholic than she is, I'm sure I don't desire their acquaintance. For, if I have not suffered from her as much as any heretic has suffered from them, then it is because I am insensible to spiritual abuse and spiritual suffering. If she and Sophia P. Smith are not found to be as sincere worshipers of the Pope as can be found among the educated Catholics, then it is because I do not know what man-worship is.

I should expect God himself would despise me if I gave Him the homage they do Calvin. For I should be despising His image within me, to prostrate my reason and conscience

before any intelligence in the universe. My God-like reason and conscience were not bestowed upon me to yield up in adoration to another, but to worship the Deity through them. God requires of me no homage except what my reason and conscience approves of, and instinctively bestow. He controls me only through my reason—not in the dethronement of this God-like faculty. And I say it is dethroning it, to yield it up to the arbitrary dictation of any other intelligence than its own.

No, I will never offer God, nor any other intelligence any homage which does not come through my reason and conscience, for the more intelligent they are, the more reason I should have to expect they would despise me for this sinful idolatry—this man-worship.

God-worship is the instinctive adoration of our reason and conscience. Man-worship is the prostration of our godhead to the rule of despotism.

I render every human being that God-worship he demands of me, when my reason and conscience approves of their character and conduct. But I am rendering them sinful man-worship when I approve of them or their actions, regardless of the dictates of my reason, and my conscience to the contrary.

One thing is certain, and that is, that Mrs. Packard never will lay her own reason prostrate at the feet of any king, president, superintendent, or husband—*never!*—let their demands be ever so imperious, and their power to enforce them ever so potent and despotic. Neither will she ever lay her reason and her conscience prostrate at the throne of the Deity; for no such demand ever issued from that throne, nor never will.

Could I respect a being who placed more reliance upon the decisions of my own reason respecting his own actions, than he did in his own?

No. I should instinctively despise such a menial. So does God despise such traitors to His government and authority.

Sister Dole tried to restrain me in fighting my spiritual battles against the rule of despotism, by telling me that I was no more of a slave than any other married woman. Said she, "We all have to be under rule and subjection to our husbands as slaves."

I replied, "Well, you may hug your fetters if you choose to do so, I shall not hug mine! I shall break them."

Yes, I will be free! I will use my rights of conscience, whether human governments approve of it or not. And, what is more, I shall not ask leave to do so, neither; for I shall use them without leave or license from any tribunal whatever. But I do ask my government to protect this right to me, by protecting me from abuse in the lawful, God-like exercise of it.

Supposing I should ask government if I might have hands to serve my body with—or, supposing I should ask them if I might use them in a lawful manner! Shouldn't I be as big a fool to do so as Sybil is to ask Calvin to be her reason and conscience?

Government didn't give me my hands, nor the work I have to do with them—but it ought to protect them to me, and not let my husband wantonly try to chop them off, because I didn't use them to suit him.

I have a right to use my own hands as I please, if I don't please to do injury to myself or any one else with them—and he has no right to interfere and control them, contrary to my wishes. His business is to attend to his own hands, and let mine alone; and more than that, he is bound—as my protector—to prevent any one else from interfering with them. I ought to be *more free* to use them as I please, for being married, for that is all I want a husband for—to protect my weak body in its entire freedom.

I married to get more liberty! not to get into greater bondage, as my marrying brought me. I was the "Lord's free woman" before marriage, but since, I have had to resist the forging of slave-chains to keep out of spiritual bondage.

But I got used to his scoldings, and after I found he was lost to reason, on any given point, I just gave up the argument and acted right without trying to convince him I was doing right to do as I did; for I found that "To convince a person against his will, he is of the same opinion still." And therefore as I found talking and argument—especially unanswering argument—only exasperated him instead of satisfying him, I felt bound to risk the consequences of right doing, without giving my reasons always to him. And in time my sensitive feelings became callous to a degree so that I could hear his complaints with less and less pain or disquietude of feeling; being more and more determined he should have no reason, in truth, for finding fault with me. Thus the feeling of innocence, while it outraged the feeling of injustice in me—yet it sustained me in quietness, in casting my care upon the Lord, knowing His character was pledged in defense of the innocent and persecuted.

I have no fears of a condemnation attending the revelations of my acts in married life, for they all have passed the severest scrutiny before the bar of my own enlightened reason and conscience, and were approved by their united verdict. And, if reasonable, conscientious conduct is not a ground for acquittal at the bar of a just God, then the Judge of all the earth has not done right in making us in His image, and placing Himself before us, as our pattern. I expect to be acquitted or condemned on the ground of my deserts, or He is not a just God. And if I have not fought the fight of faith successfully, it is because the inspirations of the Divinity within me are not to be trusted as our rule of right.

I couldn't love my husband but a precious little after I became aware what an enemy he was to my soul's life and prosperity. My love for him had been strangled out of me by his torture and abuse of my feelings. He seemed to be convinced that there was no limits to my forbearance, and he found a little coaxing would easily make all up with me. So it did. I never did, nor never could, hold a resentful feeling towards a human being. The indignation arising from unjust treatment could not be more keenly felt than I felt it; still my charity was commensurate to the indignation, knowing that this virtue required us to "bear all things, hope all things, endure all things."

If there is any limit to these unqualified assertions, I am sure I have long since reached that point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

But supposing husband should plead that my good requires him to cut off my hands, and my feet too, is he not allowed to seek so benevolent an end as the good of his wife?

Yes, he is bound to seek it. But, mind you, he is not allowed to seek her good in any manner, except through her reason and her conscience. To disregard these dictates and urge her husband's judgment is a better guide than her own in carrying out this object; is to do her the greatest possible wrong and injustice.

But, supposing she wilfully persists in a course ruinous to her own interests, is he not at liberty to interpose restraints to save her?

Yes, he is bound to do so; but he is to do it all through her reason and consent. He has no right to force her into any course her reason condemns; and if, as a result, she destroys herself, the husband is guiltless in not having prevented it. It is the most hateful form of despotism, or Calvinism, to domineer over a wife, or seek to rule her, except through her own reason. If her husband has good and sound

reasons for believing his wife's good would be promoted by amputating her hands and feet, he must first convince her of this fact by giving her his unanswering reasons, and obtain her consent by these means if possible. If her consent cannot be obtained, he must yield his case, since it is her interests, not his, that the amputation most affects.

But supposing he love her so well he cannot give up to her, but does it in spite of her opposition, and then his love becoming so desperate, he pleads she must be saved at all hazards, and tries again to get her to consent to let him just insert a golden poniard into her heart—he is sure her good demands it! and he loves her so well he will feel bound to do it without her consent if she don't give it. What shall she do to satisfy such devoted love?

Must she do as I have had to do under this course of treatment, viz., “resist unto death,” striving against the sin of a husband's love for your “best good”?

Yes, the poniard was inserted when, after robbing me of all my other inalienable rights, he at last concluded that my conscience—my heart—must be bled, in spite of my prayers and entreaties, to spare my life—my soul-life; and he says her good demands that she be considered as an unaccountable being, whose conscience is no guide for her. Then the poniard of insanity entered my soul, and this suspicion once aroused, who can stand before it?

None! it is the deadliest slander that can be raised against a human being, and it deserves the severest penalty of the law for the blackest of all crimes on the statute book of offenses. Indeed, the suffering, innocent victim of this foul slander finds no rest, anywhere, where this slander is believed; for she can see the suspicion of her being insane leaking out in every direction, and so far as a life of comfort and rationality and usefulness is concerned, she may as well be buried alive in the insane asylum, where some of her sensibilities

are closed up, since she expects to be treated only as insane, and is not so deeply pained by seeing the slander gaining belief among her friends and associates.

Yes, it is the fatal stab, as to earthly comfort or usefulness, to get such a slander currently believed as Calvin succeeded in doing. This is *deadly* love, fatally expressed.

Truly there is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and that point once passed, cannot be regained, except by practical repentance on the part of the wrong-doer. That point was passed when he placed me in this insane asylum, fully determined I should have a thorough dressing down, or breaking in, before he should take me out again. He expected that such was my deep love for my children that I should soon be pleading, "Do take me home, husband; if you will, I will never do, or say, or think, only as you allow me to. I will be a most dutiful and obedient wife in all things, not even conscience excepted!" This is his hope—but it must die!

I cannot die the second death to save even my children from sorrow. I cannot wilfully and knowingly disobey my Maker to please my husband. Although, while he was my slaveholder, no one could try harder, or desire more earnestly, to please than I did to please him, and no man ever had more or better reasons to be pleased with his wife than he had to be pleased with me. As I told Dr. Fordice Rice of Cazenovia, N. Y., on our return from a visit to Hon. Gerrit Smith of Peterborough, N. Y., after he had been joking me rather coarsely about Gerrit being smitten with me, and ended with the question, "How would you like Gerrit Smith for a husband?"

"I would not exchange my husband for Gerrit Smith or any other man living, if I could do so by turning over my hand, for I do think he is just the man the Lord intended I should have for my husband, and no man shall ever separate him from my heart's best love." He is the first man I ever

allowed to kiss me, and the last, except my relatives. No man's face out of this circle has ever received a kiss from my lips except my legal husband. I have been true to my husband.

Oh, had he been as true to me, we should have been as happy a couple as ever met! But 'twas hard for me to do all the courting alone! My mother said to father, ours was the strangest courting she ever heard of. We would sit on opposite sides of the fireplace and eye each other as closely as king and subject. I would kiss him after we were engaged, when I met him at the door, and that was all. He would not bend his head much to get it, but I would on tip toes, reach his cheek and bestow it!

His love was not demonstrative—but remonstrative—'twas spiritual murder!

Mrs. Hosmer used to insist upon it that I had not been a good wife; for if I had been, I should have made a good husband out of my man! "for a good wife will make a good husband."

So she would, out of a man, but what could she make out of a devil?

God made man in His image, man makes himself into the devil's image, and can woman's influence restore that image?

Perhaps it will! wait and see—the drama is not ended yet. If following God's directions don't restore apostates, I doubt whether they will be restored, until God's time comes to do it in. But when it does come, perhaps his wife will be employed as God's agent in the business, for I volunteered him this service at our last parting, when he left me here in this asylum. He may yet be glad to avail himself of my offer before he gets through his purgatory fires.

"All aboard?"

"No. One little boy of twelve years, Theophilus Pack-

ard by name, has left the car to get some sandwiches at the eating saloon of the depot, and has not since been seen."

"I can't help that. He must run his own risk if he chooses to seize the bait offered him—I can't bait and draw too; if he don't come himself, he must be left behind, for I can't incommode my whole train of passengers to accommodate one little boy who wanted to eat, simply because he was hungry. So look out for your own boys! I have enough to do to look after my engine, and my passenger train."

We, his parents and brothers, did look out for him, but couldn't see anything of him since we saw him paying the man for his sandwiches in the depot. He heard the warning whistle, and did run with all his might to get on to the moving train, but in his haste and confusion, he feared he had got on to the wrong one, and was on the wrong track. But no help for that now; he must go where it would carry him, whether away from his parents or in company with them. He rushed through car after car, to see if he could find us on that train, and at last, to our mutual joy, we saw the stripling enter our car door with his sandwiches in his hand, but with much anxiety upon his brow. But, like the cloud behind the bow of promise, it suddenly disappeared before the smiling faces of his friends.

But go! the furious snorting engine must. Steam will not be held by thoughts and wishes. Its business is progress, and if you are not ready to progress with it, you must be left in the rear.

No other fate awaits you, conservatives. Steam can't wait because man won't let it stand idly puffing for the drones to get aboard. Be up and on! or your chance is lost on this train of human progress. The next generation may take the laggards aboard, yet they lose their cotemporaries' sympathy, cheer, and encouragement. It matters not that you are only one minute too late, the cars are gone! and no chance is left

for you to redeem the lost moment. It is all the same to the prompt engineer, as if it were an hour. One moment too late is a fatal delay. The door is shut, and no one can open it to you when once the latch has fallen against you.

But take heart, tardy passenger! The engine which conducts the movements of this train is destined to buffet the stormy billows of God's wrath, and is only hastening on to meet its sad fate. The ill-fated Lexington contended manfully against wind and tide, and the dashing breakers of disappointed hopes, broken promises, and dying groans, only to toll its own dying requiem.

The flying car only hastened on to the bridgeless Norwich draw, that drew its medical freight of the American profession into the abyss of oblivion. Yes, allopathic oblivion! As brothers, we mourn thy sad fate. But as medical men, we mourn thee not. We miss you not, for others, and better ones, have arisen to fill your empty chairs. The homœopath—the eclectic—the hydropath, each of the glorious trio in their proper places move.

But the hydropath is the most honorable of the three worthies. Honorable, because he honors nature, and nature's God, the most. Air, food, sleep, exercise, cleanliness, rest, and quiet, are its saddle-bag dispensaries and comforts. Its phials are never mislabeled, for nature itself calls, and makes its own prescriptions. Her tonic for nervousness is sleep, for hunger, food, for thirst, drink, for heat, cold, for cold, heat, for lassitude, exercise, air, and cleanliness, for diseased animal passions, universal daily cold-water baths, and vegetable and fruit diet, and pure, soft, cold water for drink, for nervous diseases, and depression of spirits, sleep, and quiet, undisturbed dreams of future felicity. The rainbow of hope should be the sky-light of illumination to his lonely cot. Oh, give the invalid time to sleep his nap entirely out, even if his breakfast waits till noon. Better feed nature with restora-

tives of its own dictation, rather than profess to be wiser than our teachers are.

Sleep when you are sleepy, and not try to compromise with nature by giving extra food or stimulants in its stead.

Obeys the still small voice of nature, and let the draught receive its useless, spent, defunct matter, when she calls for the discharge of the body's useless encumbrance. Remember nature, like conscience, is easily resisted, but never is without detriment, or bestowing its just penalty of neglects and abuses. The hardened, seared conscience is not moved by the common silent warnings of nature. It takes the physic of toil and grief to soften the adamantine balls of oft-repeated neglected warnings, and the piles of accumulated sorrow and discontent only weaken and destroy the exhausted energies of nature.

Order is heaven's first law. Let it be our chief, daily line of march to the celestial paradise. Let all of nature's mandates be attended to decently and in order, in the *natural order* which God's providence marks out for us.

Train your infant child that there is a time to sit on its chair, and that time is the morning. Train your boys and girls that "there is a time to dance," and that time is in the morning of their days. Train your maidens and beaux that there is a time to ride and walk, and that time is, when they are courting. But not court when it is time to sleep.

Train your children that there is a time to eat, and a time to refrain from eating, and that time is when they have eaten enough, and not before. Don't tell a child he isn't hungry when he knows you lie in saying he isn't, or can't be, since you are not. We are not a model for the child in our appetite. He must be his own judge when he has satisfied his appetite; but we must be the judge of the quality of food best adapted to his system. The child's healthy, natural appetite is the surest and the safest guide as to the quantity.

He knows, too, when he is hungry, and we need not tell him, but we must train him to regularity and order as to the times of eating. Irregularity here sends irregularity throughout the system; but uniform order and system here, tends to health and comfort.

Let us teach him things he does not know, but don't let us call in question what he does know, too often. It is disheartening to his aspiring energies to be contradicted too often, and repulsed and defeated in his natural aspirations. Oh, aid, and not retard your child in his natural efforts to develop his aspiring nature. Help him up the hill of science by leading the way yourself, and coaxing him on by your own achievements in securing happiness in the line of practical duty.

But don't start him too early on the road of book knowledge, for other and far more alluring and profitable ones are open all about him in the great field of observation. Let things be first thoroughly understood, and then their signs or representations afterwards—first the natural, then, and not till then, the spiritual. If we attempt to pervert or invert the order God has established, we do not improve, but impair it. A perverted order makes a deformed and imperfect result. God has made nature right. We can't improve upon it, and the more we try, the more absurd and foolish we are.

Does not Rev. Aaron Foster of E. Charlemont, remember our family motto, as reported to him by my children, was, "Duty first and then pleasure."

They spoke the truth then, for they never lie. It is as natural for them to speak the truth as it is for them to love it; for they have never been taught any other way by their teacher, their mother. She, being a natural woman, loves the truth and hates falsehood, and she acts natural in manifesting this nature by her practice. So do her children.

I don't believe "in children's going astray, and speaking lies as soon as they are born," but if I believe the truth, I must believe they are taught to go astray by the evil habits and practices of their parents. God makes children right,—for He can't do anything any other way—but the parents, unlike God, do wrong, and thus make their children wrong like themselves. Whereas they ought to be like God themselves, and then their children would be so too. The iniquities of the parents are visited upon their children by their becoming the unnatural beings their parents made them to be by their example and influence over them.

I will not put the blame on God, for children speaking lies as soon as they can talk. I will put it on the parents, where it belongs.

If my children can prove me to have ever told one lie in my life, then I will own that I am the parent of their lying propensities. But since they have not lying propensities, but truthful propensities, and always had, I therefore conclude I have not marred God's work on them in this respect, but it is allowed to stand out in all its original beauty and proportions.

Oh, this wicked Calvinistic habit of throwing the blame of our children's wrong-doing on Nature is impious, and is a subterfuge of Satan's own devising to lull conscience to sleep and lead the parent to throw off that accountability which God has laid upon him to bear, both for his own and his children's highest well-being. And although Satan has thus deluded them and led them to try to shirk the responsibility of their children becoming liars, yet God will not hold them guiltless of the charge of doing Satan's work, and then casting the credit of it on God himself.

Parents as truly make their children liars, as 'tis true that Calvin is my spiritual murderer; and the parent will as soon escape the charge of being a liar himself, as Calvin can

escape the charge of being a murderer, in God's sight, of the foulest, blackest kind. And his delusion that he was all the time seeking "my good," while in its perpetration, will not serve to screen him from the just sentence of God's broken law. Neither will the delusion that the parent was seeking the child's good, while his own deceitful conduct taught him to become Satan's slave by following his example in preference to his precepts, for as God has placed His own image on His children—the whole human family—so the parent marks his real image on his child; and in that image he can see his true character as really reflected as God can and does in His children.

'Tis a satisfaction to me to see the sterling virtues in my children's character, feeling conscious that they are the true reflections of my own God-implanted character, made like to His own, in nature and substance. I boast of having a nature like God's, and when I do right I am acting in harmony with it, but when I do wrong I am acting in discord with it. I know it is so, and what I know I know—all the Calvinists and devils to the contrary. God and I are on good terms, and always were. I never had but little falling out with Him—and when I did have any, I always found out, at last, that I was the one in the fault in the case, not God, for God's nature within me was violated by breaking some of His holy laws, on instinct or impulse, or there would have been no discord or disquietude within me.

In fact, my sins have all consisted, in the main, in restraining nature, not in acting out nature.

My nature is not a Satanic nature—'tis a human nature—and human nature does not lead to wrong doing, but right doing; just as its natural development led Christ to do. And I am only like Christ—my pattern—when I am true to my nature, that is, doing as my nature naturally prompts me to do. And I am doing wrong only when I am perverting

my nature, by trying to regenerate it into Satan's deformed nature. Samuel does not always control his temper, and his wicked feelings often get the ascendancy over his better ones; for I perverted his nature by not controlling mine and resisting temptation to fretfulness, *once*, when I was carrying him. Thus my sin is visited upon him, and God only knows where the effect of this one act of disobedience will end. I don't know how much the luster of my crown will be diminished by it, neither do I know how long and gloomy Samuel's road will be to the gates of the new Jerusalem, as the result of my yielding to Satanic influences this once.

But if virtue is strong in proportion to the resistance it had to overcome in maintaining its ground, then the graces of the spirit in me and through me in my children, must have become uncommonly vigorous and active; for I have had a spiritual influence to resist and to contend with in my husband, of a kind the most potent and arbitrary.

And I do say, if I could rear children under this power, and not deface the Godhead in their natures by yielding to this temptation, then I say, why cannot others, under circumstances more propitious, raise up children with unperverted natures?

I believe they can, and I believe they do, and that the true Israel of God will be found to be among the natural men and the natural women—thus reared—of Christian, or, in other words, of natural parents. This is the true seed of the church, "who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments and made them white in the blood of the lamb." Mind, they have washed their own garments, have done the work *themselves*, of cleansing out the defilements of their ancestral origin, and have succeeded in becoming natural beings, by the "blood of the lamb," that is, by shedding their own blood as the lamb did, by dying for others' sins, or suffering in consequence of others

putting them in a situation where it could not be avoided. It became a painful necessity for them to suffer, "for without the shedding of blood there can be no remission."

Does Mr. Foster remember, too, that my Samuel Packard, as the speaker for the rest of my children, told him what their duties were, which were their stepping-stones to their pleasures?

I do, if he does not remember the conversation which took place between them one Monday morning before he left after his exchange. For a mother's pride was awakened to see what a straightforward, correct account my Samuel could give of our family system, to one so much delighted at hearing it as Mr. Foster seemed to be.

Indeed, Samuel was at that age—five or six years old—my pride and joy; and I am confident, could my influence over him have been absolute, that is, not have been counteracted by an opposite one, such as his father exerted over him, by his attempting to undermine or supplant mine, I should have trained him so as to nearly overcome the evil tendency of my mark or scar upon his moral nature. At that age he was the most interesting, fascinating child I had, and the many compliments I received through his demeanor made me almost proud of being the mother of such a cherub boy. I do still believe he is destined to shine as a star of the first magnitude, after he has passed the sad eclipse which I fear lies in his orbit.

Mr. Foster commenced the dialogue by taking my little darling boy upon his knee and saying: "Well, my boy, what is the order of the day for you?"

He replied, "I am first to help fill mother's wood-box there in the closet, by drawing in the wood on my sled—mine is the Empire—and mother bought it in Greenfield, and she bought Toffy and Isaac one too—but theirs are bigger than mine—but mine will outrun theirs and get down that long

hill first, for 'tis iron-shod like theirs and I don't let the rust get on my runners. Theophilus's sled is painted green, and Isaac's yellow, and mine is red, with a horse on it too. My wheelbarrow has got a horse on it too."

"Did your mother get you a wheelbarrow too?"

"Yes. She got us all one. Toffy's is the largest, and Isaac's the next, and mine is the smallest, but I can wheel chips on it, but wood tumbles off. I wheel sand in it, in the summer, down in the hollow, and we build our city there. We can't make cities now, we make forts of snow and crawl into them."

"Very well, but what do you do after you fill mother's wood-box?"

"Then I play until ma gets her chores done, and amuse the baby for her if she wants me to, then when the bell rings I come right in and read and spell to mother, and then knit around six times on my mitten. I used to sew on my bed-quilt."

"What, you sew! such a little boy?"

"Yes, sir, I can sew a little, but not so well as Toffy and Isaac; they have made them each a whole bedquilt, and mother says they can have them for their college quilts. I then go out and take my sled, and I cut it down that hill like lightning! I play until she rings the bell for dinner, and then I come in quick, for if I don't I get a tardy mark."

"How is it, do you like to eat as well as play?"

"Yes, sir, I do, but the trouble is, pa gives me so little on my plate, and he don't help me until the last. But I keep asking for more, until I get all I want. Pa says I don't want any more, but ma don't! So I get it, for ma says I may eat all I want at the table, but I mustn't eat anything between meals."

"Well, what comes after dinner?"

"After dinner I amuse the baby, and play until the bell

rings again, and then I come in and read and spell, and knit round my six times, then I play outdoors until supper time. I like to play a great deal better after my stint is done, than before, and ma says the way to enjoy play, is to do our stint first; 'duty first, and then pleasure,' she says is the way God does, and ma says we must be like God. But Cordenio Sevrance says we are the greatest boys to do stints he ever saw! He gets most tired waiting for Toffy to get his chair scated, and sometimes comes in and helps him finish it, and then we take our sleds way off to the long hill together, and try racing them."

"What chairs does Theophilus seat?"

"Mr. Conant's. He pays him six cents for drawing the cane into one frame, and he does one a day. Pa gets eighteen dollars a year of Mr. Conant for Toffy's work, and he gives Toffy a note for it."

"Who taught him his trade?"

"Ma did. Maria Conant learned ma, so she could learn Toffy. Miss Conant couldn't teach Toffy, he was so young she thought he couldn't learn. But mother said she could teach him, and she did. He got a premium at the fair at Greenfield, of two dollars, for seating the best, considering his age. And Isaac got a premium on his mittens of one dollar, and he sold what we all knit for six dollars before he was eight years old. He knits stockings now, and he got a premium on them too. They can knit stockings and mittens all alone, without ma's helping them any about them, and I can do most all of mine, all but taking up the stitches on the thumb."

"Well, what do you do after supper?"

"We have prayers, and then pa goes to the post-office, ma undresses us, and gives us our cold bath, if we need it, and we go to bed tired and happy. We always kiss ma first, though, and if there's company here, we must make a handsome bow at the door, and say, 'I wish you all good-night.'"

" Sometimes when mother lets us sit up awhile after supper, and hear the company talk till she comes in from doing the kitchen work, and says, ' Children, I think 'tis your bedtime,' I feel like saying, ' Oh, mother, don't say so, so quick.' But I know when mother has once said it, there is no unsaying it, so I get right straight up and go and kiss her, and sometimes just whisper in her ear as I do so, ' I wish I could sit up a little longer.' She just looks at me and says, ' Objecting!' I think of my record, where my mark will have to be recorded next morning at prayers, and then at the hatchet that wins the prize, and I say very quick, ' No, mother, I won't object,' and say my good-night to the company, and retire. The next morning when mother calls for our record of behavior for the last twenty-four hours, and Sammy's turn comes to give in his, I am glad I don't have to say, ' One for objecting to go to bed last night,' but only one for not taking off my hat until I got over the threshold of the door, and one for speaking cross to sister, and one for leaving my cap off from its nail last night, and one for forgetting to say ' Thank you,' when pa filled my plate the second time, two for delaying to obey promptly, and one for neglecting to clean my teeth after eating.

" But the reason I didn't thank pa for my food, was because there was so little on my plate, I didn't think 'twas worth thanking for. But mother says we must always say ' Thank you,' if we don't feel thankful, for she says if we do right, we shall feel right. She says it is only her business to make us do right, she lets us feel just as we please, after it!

" One thing she tells us to do that I don't like to do very well, and that is, to keep our eyes shut and our hands folded all the time any one is praying where we are. And pa has such long praying times that I can't help pecking out of one eye, sometimes, before he gets through, and then I get an impropriety mark, and so my marks count up almost every

time pa prays at home, or in the church. I like to have pa exchange with Mr. Harris of Conway, for he prays so short, I like him. When he asked the blessing at our table once, I spoke right out when he got through, and said, 'Mother, what a little short prayer,' and she shook her head at me to be quiet, and Mr. Harris and mother both smiled. I don't know what they thought, but I thought I was glad, for I could go to eating so much quicker than I could when pa asked the blessing.

"Ma lets us have picture-books to look at in church, and gives us plums and raisins and apples sometimes when pa has his long preaching times, and so I get over them very well, but the long, dark, praying times are the worst. I often get to sleep however, and when I wake up 'tis all over! I don't dare to look up to see at first, but when I peep up and see mother's eyes open, then I think the trouble is all over, and then I open my eyes wide open.

"She says we must keep our hands folded as much as we can during sermon time, but she don't make us do it unless we choose to, but we do choose to a good deal, for she gives us a credit mark when we do, for extra good behavior; and the good marks cancel our bad marks, so we can get the prize in this way, if we do get a good many bad marks. Whenever ma thinks we try very hard to do right she gives us a good mark. If I get my stint done before the time, by working real smart, she kisses me, and says, 'Samuel has been so diligent, and done his stint so quick, and so well, I shall give him two credit marks—one for doing it so quick, and another for not dropping any stitches, and drawing his thread tight between his needles.' Then I enjoy play more than ever. Sometimes, too, I do an extra stint when company are here, so as to keep still, and then I get another credit mark. So the more bad marks I get, the harder I have to try to be good, and forfeit them.

"But 'disobedience' is the hardest line to cancel, for one 'disobedience' counts six common 'misdemeanors,' and it takes a very good mark to cross out one of them. She marks us as 'disobedient' when we do wrong on purpose, or get angry, and speak cross to each other. Other misdemeanors are only when we forget, and don't mean to do wrong.

"Ma gives Toffy and Isaac credit marks when they write their dictation exercise extra well, and make all the points in the right places, and when Toffy does extra sums in his arithmetic. She keeps a record of each lesson, besides, and has a column for 'perfect,' 'good,' 'indifferent,' 'bad' lessons, and if they get more perfect and good ones than they do indifferent and bad ones, she gives them, every three months, a present on those lessons. So we can all get presents every quarter, but only the best one can get the prize. Ma don't let us know what our presents are to be, but she tells us what the prize will be.

"And this is the way we get our sleds and our wheelbarrows, our gimlets, our hammers, our paper of tacks, our knives, our portemonnaies, our pencils, our slates, our marbles, our India-rubber balls, our silk pocket-handkerchiefs and our gloves, our blank-books to write our dictations in, our India-rubber, our compasses, our hatchets, our axes, our hoes, our rakes, our tops, our paint-boxes, with little brushes in them, our hoops, our whips, our puzzles, our tooth-brushes, our skates, hair-brushes, our pocket-combs, our story-books, such as 'Rollo's Works,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Dred,' 'Ernest Linwood,' 'Christine,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and such like, and she lets us have the 'Youth's Companion' come in our name, the name of the one who has won the prize, etc.

"We like to have mother choose our presents for us, for she always gets something that we can amuse ourselves with. But pa most always gets something good to eat, and we soon ate it up, and then it's all gone. Ma don't approve of our

having confectioneries ; she says they are not healthful, and she don't like to have us get 'an appetite for such things. She gives us lemons and oranges, raisins and figs, and such like, for she says fruit is good for our health ; and she lets us have a good candy-scape occasionally ; and we pop our pop-corn in Theophilus's ' corn-popper,' which he got for one of his prizes, and make corn-balls, and nut-candy, etc. Mother makes the candy for us, and then she divides it for us, and lets us pull it for ourselves, and use our own portion just as we choose to. She takes hers and pa's portion out first, and then divides the rest for us.

“Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's nights we almost always have a candy-scape. But if mother has to go out visiting we don't want it until she can be with us, for we don't have good times at all when she is not with us. Nobody can divide the candy so near right as mother can, and besides, it is not pleasant without her, for we want to have her see our strange figures we make our candy into, and how white we have worked it, and she don't mind if we do dirty our hands and faces with it, and our bibs and aprons—she says, 'Never mind ; it can all be washed off. It isn't like grease.' But she says we mustn't put our hands on the paper, for she can't wash it off from there.

“We each have a buttered plate to put our candy on, and keep it until it is all eaten up. It lasts us several days, sometimes. But one time Toffy lost his, by Deacon Peck's dog coming into our storeroom and eating it all off from his plate, behind the storeroom door. Mother gave him some of hers, and asked us to give him some of ours to make up his loss by this dog-robber. The next time he was careful to put his plate on to a higher shelf out of the dog's reach. Once he put it on the top shelf, and pa robbed him that time, thinking it was his own.”

So poor Toffy had to learn to bear the yoke of disappointment in his youth!

Poor fellow! the severest disappointment of his life had yet to come, viz., his disappointment in not being able to make his friends believe that his good mother was not an insane person, while his pa said she was. He could not even make her own father believe she was not, even after he had visited her in Jacksonville, and had seen her for himself, and found her to be just as she had always been, all her life long, so that if she was an insane person now, she had always been one—for she was no different from what she always had been. But his grandfather Ware seems determined to believe no representations of me, except what coincides and corroborates Mr. Packard's lies respecting my conduct at home. Thus this truth-loving and truth-telling boy is destined to be overthrown and defeated in his filial attempts to defend his mother against this base slander against his faithful but persecuted mother. But since "truth is mighty and will prevail," therefore we know that the filial prayers and efforts of my devoted children will ultimately triumph over the lies of my persecuting husband. Persecuting husband! Calvinistic Christian! Devilish saint! Absurdities—contradiction of terms!

But this Theophilus switch has answered its purpose on this trip, and I must return to the main track, and drag on my own train of thoughts over this main track of family government, where I've employed Samuel as my conductor.

"Well, Samuel, my boy, do you like to go to meeting, and mind your mother's rules?"

"Yes, sir, I like to go, but I like to come home better. The only comfort I find in church, is the hope that I can get out again some time, for it is a great deal harder for me to sit still than it is to stir about. But mother seems to look out for that, for she lets me often change my place, sometimes

sit on the stool, sometimes in her lap, sometimes on the high seat, and sometimes she lets me walk about in the slip, and she lets me play with her shawl-fringe. So I stand it pretty well, unless I want to do something she is not willing I should do, and then she looks at me, and I know her looks mean words, in church and before company, and if I don't mind her looks, I have to be marked 'disobedient,' just as much as if she spoke to me and I didn't mind her. If she has to look twice, before I mind her, it is as much delay to obey promptly as when she speaks twice before I notice her. And then if I don't mind, at last, it is 'disobeying' her, and I'm sure to get my punishment—six bad marks on my 'record of conduct.' But when I was a little boy she used to whip me when she got home from church, or the company had gone away. So I'm just as afraid of mother's looks as I am of her voice, for one is as bad as the other, if they are not regarded.

"Sometimes at the table, when it comes my turn to sit down with the company, and I want some more of the good things than I think she wants me to have, I try and not see her look of refusal, and ask right out for some, so I can say I didn't see her look at me! Then I generally get some; but when the company has gone, she says: 'Samuel, you shouldn't have acted so as to get more than your share at the table, for you know your brothers had to be remembered in the distribution, and your asking for more than your share robbed them when they came to eat at the second table. You mustn't do so again, for unless you behave with propriety you can't sit down with the company at all.'

"So I see there is no getting around mother, but I can pay pretty easy. He don't see so much as mother sees. I used to take more liberty when company were around because I knew ma would not notice it before them, if I did do wrong—that is, break some of her rules, but I found I didn't gain

anything in the end, for she always remembered it after they were gone, and so the settlement was sure to come.

"My line of 'delay to obey promptly' is the longest, because I don't like to leave my play the minute ma first speaks, and I think I'll risk the second speaking before I go, but then I have to do it or I am disobedient. So I think it's best to obey promptly, for she says the good angels always mind quick, and so we must. I suppose it is the right way to do. But when I am building my block house and want to finish it very much, and I ask her if I may just finish it, she most always says I may, and then I do before I pick up the blocks. I have to be sure and pick up every block, for if I don't and she finds one left, I get a mark for 'leaving things out of place.'"

"It seems to me she has a great many different kinds of marks."

"Yes, she has. But that isn't near all she has. I can't remember them all, only if I don't do things as she tells me to do, I get some kind of bad mark; and if I try to be a very good boy, I get a good credit mark. Another thing, if I make a mistake and don't give it in, some of the other children give it in for me, or mother tells me of it, so my record is kept very straight, and unless I do right I run a poor chance of getting the prize. And I'm always sorry when the day of reckoning comes if there is not some reward for me for good conduct. But ma always says we may do just as we please—be good or be naughty. But I choose to be good, for I am always happier afterward, when I am good, than when I am naughty."

As Mr. Foster put down the little chatter-box from his knee, he remarked:

"Well, my little man, you can tell what your plans for the day are. I didn't expect to get such a reply when I asked the question," he added, looking archly at me.

No. I don't think you did, Mr. Foster; you must look out what questions you put to my children; for they are great talkers, like their mother, and can, like her, talk as long as they can get listeners. But you must not let them talk you to death. You must be on the defensive, and not set them on the track you don't like to be engineered clear through on to the Pacific Ocean!

But I've helped Samuel a little in this talk. But I've only condensed his different talks into one long conversation—much longer than the one actually referred to. He didn't tell Mr. Foster all this at one sitting. He had a good many times at it; for Mr. Foster used to like to exchange with my husband, and I liked to have him as well. I liked Mr. Foster, and I guess Mr. Foster liked me, at least I hope he did, and what is more, I hope he always will love me. I think there is no impassable gulf fixed between us, as there is between I and Calvin. For as Beecher says, in his "Independent" of March 5, 1863, in his sermon on this impassable gulf, that some people grow apart although living close together, while others grow together, although far separated; and those who are unlike, can no more be united by coming together than can a drop of oil and a drop of water unite by being brought together. But others, like two drops of water, one brought from the Atlantic, and another from the Pacific ocean, will, by being alike, unite by contact directly into one body.

I suspect I could unite with any Christian man, like Mr. Foster, into one indissoluble union. But I suspect I could never unite with any Calvinistic man, like my husband, let us live together a thousand years, and raise up as many children into the bargain.

I agree with Brother Beecher in that bringing people together don't make them one, but that being alike makes them one—and being unlike, makes them two, and I want

the statute of our new constitution so framed as to enable two to live peaceably together where it is impossible to make them unite, and not let the man monopolize the whole advantage of the marriage covenant and the wife lose all by it, as I have done. Although I am oil, I have as good a right to rise above him as he has to sink below me. If he wanted a watery wife, why didn't he choose such a one? then he could have kept her down on to his low level. But since he chose an oily one, who can't be kept down on to his level, but rises superior to him or above him as instinctively as her nature is true to itself; he ought to let her do so, even if he is the power or influence which forces her up into the higher regions!

But every Christian man is as oily as I am, and we should keep together, anyhow; for we couldn't be parted when once united; and what is better still, we shouldn't want to be parted, as I and Calvin have long wanted to be. No, I haven't wanted to be parted from him only to *gratify him*—not myself. I chose to live with him in preference to any one else, for so God, I thought, had appointed. But when I found he didn't like me, and I couldn't suit him nohow, I then should have been glad to have left him so as to please him in this way. But he has put me off himself without my consent, so I now have no responsibility about the disunion. It is wholly his own separation, and not mine in the least—just as the South disunited themselves without the consent of the North, and so are themselves solely responsible for the issue of this rupture in the Union.

She needs a truss to support her, now she is out of the body politic, until she can be put back to her proper place, or this breach in the daughter of my people may become incurable. The military despotism of the government is a truss, so strong, that it may preserve the South from destroying themselves by a complete severance from the body politic.

Well, Brother Foster, we Christians are in the Union, if the Calvinists have tried to cast us out; and we are in the North part of it too, the strongest and the best, and the nearest heaven. And now let us unite in keeping the old dragon—"this woman-crushing influence"—down in its proper place, where it has tried to sink woman to—but couldn't do it. Woman is too volatile and spiritual a being to be kept down by mere brute force. You can cage a bird and thus keep her down on a level with her serpent-mate, but just give her the use of her powers, its freedom, and she will rise as much above her mate as she is superior to him by nature. And when the bars are broken which confine woman's natural development, the serpent may try his charming powers to his heart's content. We have learned enough from what we have suffered to avoid him, to shun him, and seek our proper mates from the ethereal regions—our spirit's home.

I'm sick enough of these Calvinists, and do not intend to bother them any more with my companionship, even if they do hiss at me for defending "woman's rights."

I'm sure all men on earth ain't Calvinists, for if they were, I shouldn't have been allowed to speak in self-defense; for this is admitting the identity of woman. I've found one man at least who is a practical Christian, and intends to stand—if he stands at all—on his own actions. Such men don't have to be lifted up—they rise themselves on their own merits or actions, and such men can stand when they have risen, without being propped up. A man who needs to be *praised* to put him up, is not the one we want in these perilous times.

The times will develop the men suited to them—and such men must stand without props or praises. 'Tis only weakness that needs props. Strength is self-sustaining.

Therefore, I shan't attempt to praise Dr. McFarland as the

man for the times—because he let me write my book,—but I shall let his practical defense of woman's rights raise him to where he ought to be raised to—the chief place in the nation.

My business is to test his strength by seeing what he can stand up under; not to prop him to keep him up. The balances in which he is being weighed are very scrutinizing, but exact and true or truthful; and if he can stand before the exact truth, he is not found wanting in manliness—the true backbone of every true man.

Mr. Foster, I intend, you know, to test you, too, in these scales, as well as all my other old friends, and new ones too. And if hereafter you find Mrs. Packard making love to a "woman-hater," it is only because she don't know his real character. And although I shall thus be compelled to shun many I have once loved yet I must do it on the ground of self-defense; for a burnt child dreads the fire, and ever after instinctively avoids it. So must I avoid the hot love of the Calvinists.

But somehow, I don't seem to fear *you*, although you are a minister of the same faith as Calvin; since I know it is possible for a man to practice better than he preaches. I feel that you, like me, may have a kind of dead theory of faith, and yet have a living practice of a very different article of true Christian faith.

I was not sensible, until the Lord opened my eyes to see it, that my theory and practice were so diametrically distinct the one from the other. This fact has therefore taught me to look with a very charitable feeling upon those who are the professed believers of a very erroneous creed, hoping their faith in it is only nominal, as mine has been, while their practice is godliness. A godly life is a better test of character than an ungodly creed—thank God!

And most of the godliness of the present age is married to an ungodly creed, as its yoke-fellow. And until these

mongrel unions are broken up, by the abolition of all creeds—except the truth—we must expect imperfect children as the result, until the holy life becomes so much more potent in its influence than its partner is, that it will bear it all down before it into the grave of oblivion; leaving holiness itself as the undisputed possessor of the battle-field. Holiness will win, although it is longer about it than its adversary is, in securing his own defeat.

But there is no such thing as defeating Mrs. Packard in her right to practice it, whether this article is current in market or not. For she goes where it leads, whether into hell or heaven.

But I don't like the hell of persecution it takes me into near as well as I do the heaven which succeeds it. However, if I'm a soldier I must learn how to bear hardship, as well as how to win conquest, for the two seem to be inseparably connected in the existing state of things. A soldier has to be drilled to the trials of a campaign life before he can know how to figure successfully on the battle-field. He can't step from his cushioned lounge and his cozy home into the glories of the valiant conqueror without passing through the intermediate steps of endurance, toil, and persevering effort. 'Tis valor and fortitude that wins, and nothing can be bought as their substitutes. "So run that ye may obtain."

And the prize I am seeking to obtain is love—the sum and substance of all excellence. And the highest love of a true woman centers in her love of true manliness, just as the highest love of a true man centers in his love of a true woman.

Again, I know of no way to win the prize than by daring to fight the usages and customs of society which hedge up the road to this, the new Jerusalem of our heavenly home; and I'm very sure this greatest of all conquests cannot be gained except through the hottest part of the battle-field,

since our adversaries, the Calvinists, are so numerous, as well as determined to defeat this claim to the God-given nature's right to be established. I shall conquer these terrible Calvinists, for I shall love every true man I can find to love, and I expect in this way alone to be capacitated to love the "Model Man," Christ, with the right kind of love.

Mr. Foster, you have no objection to being thus loved by a woman, have you, with this holy end in view?

I'm sure you have not. You have too much good sense to repulse a love of your God-like qualities for fear of evil consequences growing out of this holy act. If it is wrong to love God's image, it must be a greater wrong to love the Being the image represents.

But I know, Mr. Foster, since the age is so very prudish, we must be very circumspect and watchful, lest the Calvinists get some sort of occasion against us to deride us as foolish and weak-minded as themselves. That is, we had better use our right in an unexceptionable manner, lest our "good be evil spoken of" to the terror of some less established in this new feature of Gospel faith than ourselves. So I don't think 'twould be best to let Calvin know I had sent you a love letter since I have been here, and got an answer to it too. For he might make it an occasion against us, in the eyes of his clan.

By the way, Mr. Foster, let me just give you a bit of advice. I don't think 'twill hurt your feelings to be led by a woman's counsel. It is this. Don't let Mrs. Foster know I have been sending you a love letter, for I recollect she was a Levette, and the Levettes have Calvinistic blood in their veins, I fear, although I hope it was about run out before your wife troubled Israel. Yet, lest she should be a little tainted therewith, just look out for my letters!

Don't put them where she'll be likely to lay hands upon them. Just put them between the folds of your shirts, in

your private drawer, and not in the family drawer, between the folds of the fine table linen, as I did Mr. Baker's letters. For my partner found mine, and so may yours find yours, unless you are extra wise and discreet, and I should feel very sad if I should be the occasion to you of such a long string of disasters as Mr. Baker's writing me has brought on me and my children. If she should be a match for you, and find them, just look out for yourself the best you can. But be on the watch, and when you hear her whispering to the parlor visitors that their minister's mind is getting out of order, you just think she has a colonization scheme in tow, and if you don't clear the track soon she will track you into an insane asylum—Lincoln's colony, in Central America, before you know it, and all for your especial good—not hers at all! Such disinterested tokens of benevolent regard ought not to be suffered to pass unnoticed, for the good of posterity demands they should be especially noted. I intend to note mine, and thus do all that number one can do to expose the true character of such manifestations of regard.

For I've been a beneficiary long enough to tell you I don't like it at all, and I shan't try to pay or refund back the funds I've received through this benevolent channel, when I do get able to by the sale of my book. For these funds were forced upon me without my wish, or even consent either, and no such charities rest with any weight on my conscience to refund them.

These insane asylums may get their pay where they can find them, for all me. I don't even thank this State for boarding me these three years in their State's prison, "free gratis for nothing."

No, I don't! And I hope the tax-payers won't thank you neither, for putting this burden upon them to support, these war times, when all who can ought to support themselves by their own exertions. Hundreds here, like me, would rejoice

to be allowed even this privilege. And hundreds of them could do it just as well as not, and ought to be made to do it, if they object and choose to lie here a useless burden upon the charities of others.

The necessary and indispensable taxes of the people, in consequence of our war, are fully enough, without supporting these money-wasting institutions by making them simply the home of idleness, as they are, to a great multitude.

I tell you again, tax-payers, I wouldn't put up with it, if I were in your places. I would resist the laws and fight before I would pay a cent of my money to support such homes for idlers on American soil. For it is treason against the principles of our free government to have such institutions, in the first place, and it is treason and blasphemy combined against God's government to treat humanity on the Satanic principles on which these institutions are based!

Only think of it! to imprison one for opinions merely, as many of the nominally insane are! A free American can't think his own thoughts without being called insane for this, his individuality of thought, and thus rendered liable to suffer a hopeless imprisonment for it, so long as you will sustain such houses! 'Tis a shame, a dishonor, a foul blot on our national escutcheon, to let such houses as these are any longer defile our free soil.

The simple fact established that they had been used in one such case ought to be enough to arouse the American to indignation, and open his eyes to the dangers thus threatened to his dearest of all liberties, his rights of opinion and conscience. Let an American be threatened with imprisonment, or rendered liable to it, for uttering any new or original view of truth, and what are our liberties worth to us?

May we not as well be under the despotism of Rome? Is not progress in truth thus jeopardized?

Yes, countrymen, the die is cast, the goal is reached, if

these institutions are upheld. An end—an end has come to human progress in America! This arch foe to human progress has deluded you, and you are helping him bind his conservative chains about you, to your great moral detriment, by your sustaining his inquisitions, for the destruction of free thought, free speech, free press.

Oh, use my case as a precedent, to warn the people of their danger, in thus practicing the blackest kind of treason against our government, by treating an American citizen as I have been treated by my cotemporaries. Oh, let not my sufferings in defense of these inalienable rights be all in vain. Let other pure souls be freed from the life-long bondage I have suffered, through fear of these insane asylums.

Won't you be ashamed to let posterity know how you have let me suffer, unless with this record is coupled your just indignation of the crime, by suitable admonitory acts in relation to it? Does not this crime against civilization demand a just warning from you as a rebuke to others who may dare, in any way, to try to trammel thought, as a medium of human progress and civilization?

Will you dare to let the Botany Bay colony hear of the legal horrors of the American government, as perpetrated on an American woman, as the legal penalty for free thought, lest they fear they may be sent to that government to receive the punishment of a Botany Bay offense.

Oh, these Botany Bay stenches, and putrefactions of this American government! how do their domes and turrets rise in unearthly grandeur to kiss the storm clouds of God's descending wrath on a guilty nation! Can a nation be spared the righteous retributions of an angry and avenging God, who dares to support these hellish institutions? O raze it! raze it to its very foundation, as a pest-house of mortal, mephitic exhalations.

This stone of stumbling, this rock of offense! Let the

artillery of our thundering batteries demolish it, even to its foundation stones ; let not so much as an owl or a bat find a home within the shelter of thy turrets. May no life, but the life of annihilation, find sustenance in thine hated sepulcher ; for the skunk of Calvinism has long made it his burrow—his resting-place. Yes, all its tenants are so scented with its noxious perfume that our garments must even lie long buried to extract the odor which has permeated their very texture. The very earth itself has had to lie above us, in order to cleanse us into a presentable condition to enter again into society, and receive a welcome there. As a minister once said after having encountered a skunk on our front stair-case, as he attempted to descend it to breakfast, at my father's house, in Ware, Mass. : "I could not go anywhere after that without hearing somebody exclaim, as I approached, 'A skunk, a skunk must be in this vicinity !'" He found his skunk notoriety was no help to his candidating employment ; and so he had to bury every article of clothing he had on when he made his introduction to his skunkship dignitary, on the staircase, and buy an entire new suit before he could be received into society again, without the skunkship odor.

So, to our government shall we charge the expense of this our new suit, for you ought not to keep a skunk burrow to bury your best citizens in. If you won't be generous to us we shall enter a prosecution against you, on the charge of false imprisonment, and we shall compel you to pay the cost of the suit, besides damages to us, and our fair reputations and character, as God's devoted witnesses on earth, amid the falsities of this corrupt and degenerate age of culminating Calvinism.

Shall He find faith on the earth at His last coming ? No ; not if these insane asylums are permitted to exist to crush it all out of its possessors.

For how can a true woman have the least particle of faith

in the manliness of mankind, when they will let women be treated as our American government allows me to be treated by my husband, father, and brothers. To imprison her for thinking, and treat her as if she were one of the greatest criminals that walk on God's footstool, for thinking more charitably of God and mankind than her husband does! Oh, do you, can you realize what a revolting spectacle this act of yours will present, in the day of revelation?

Are you willing to see your national character reflected in this mirror? But it must be, for this truth is sealed up in my own bitter experience, and naught but justice—stern justice—can wipe it out.

Are thoughts—*good* thoughts—such traitors, such murderers, such robbers, such desperadoes as to merit such abusive treatment? To be nailed down in a coffin, while living and breathing in a natural manner, and then be entombed there three years, to gnaw their own flesh in pains of mortal, agonizing starvation! And this deliberately and intelligently done by one who sustains the relation of husband to the victim; and then finds the government of his country sustains him in this course of treatment towards one of their best citizens!

Oh, my countrymen, I do know what a living burial does mean in one of your living tombs, for I am buried here alive, striving to live on my own putrefactions. Oh, will you not take me out, and protect me against another interment? I beg you to do so in mercy to me and to mine.

But the only way in which this can be done, is to repeal all your insane laws, and substitute sane ones in their stead, for until you do, your best citizens are any of them liable to this living burial—this of all others the most terrible fate, to be treated like a dead person, when you are in perfect health and spirits. Oh, give me any other fate in the whole catalogue of misfortunes, but spare! oh, spare me this one of all others again!

And oh, is it not almost, if not more terrible, to feel that my only daughter is liable to suffer the same fate if she lives under the persecuting power of this American government?

She is, as Fowler says, another specimen of her mother's organization—kind, loving, gentle, and true, and is, therefore, all the more exposed to the awful fate her mother has suffered for being true to this lovely nature. Oh, a thousand times had I rather bury her body under the sod, than to have her spirit entombed once as mine has been. For she, like me, is so susceptible to spiritual suffering and abuse, that the pains of the body cannot begin to compare with spirit pains in intensity of anguish.

Let the sensualist say there are no pains but those connected with the body, but let not Christ, and those like Him, say so. For a spiritually-minded person lives as Christ did in His spirit, more—a thousand fold more—than he does in his body, and the pains and the pleasures which he feels all come through his spirit rather than his body.

For me to be buried alive literally would have but little dread to encounter from my organization; for physical suffering to me is naught compared with mental suffering. The chief ingredient in this cup would be, to me, the thought that my friends cared so little for me as to treat me so. This would sting me to the quick; but the thought, aside from this feeling of smothering to death under ground, would be but as a drop in the bucket to me. I know that that agony could not last long. I should die before long, and then 'tis all over, but the feeling of spiritual abuse would not so soon die out. I fear it never could cease to torment my soul until restitution were made me that was satisfactory to my feelings. My keen sense of justice, which is thus outraged, calls for and demands satisfaction, or the wound cannot be healed.

My mind cannot recur to it to all eternity, without a feeling of pain attending it. Therefore, I see it is a moral

necessity of my nature to demand restitution of wrongs before they can be obliterated, as a source of sorrow to me.

It is a moral impossibility, therefore, for me ever to contemplate the practical operation of this American government over me with complacency, until it has made a satisfactory restitution to me for the wrongs and abuses I have suffered under it. And can God view them with complacency either, until they have done it? Has not God as sensitive a feeling of justice in His organization as I have? And does not it demand the same means of satisfaction that mine does?

So with my friends who have lent their aid in my persecutions, and those also who have witholden sympathy and aid from me, after they had reason to know mine was a case of oppression, are alike alienated from me, and can return to my heart only by the road of restitution.

The only one of all this circle who has yet offered me satisfactory restitution, is Dr. McFarland, and he has, by protecting to me my right of self defense, in allowing me entire freedom of opinion in writing my book under his superintendence, without the least dictation, even while he knows the delineations of truth which I utter expose him and his house to great censure. He knows too, and fully realizes, that I am no "respector of persons" in the records of truth I feel called upon to make in self-defense, and yet he says, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," and also, "The truth is mighty, and will prevail."

Such sterling manliness is of a type our nation needs, to lift it from its low estate, upon the broad platform of universal liberty, universal justice.

And as he has dared to risk himself in the balances of truth and justice, so may our nation thus trust themselves to be weighed in these unerring scales. And oh, God grant! that neither he, nor our republic, be found "wanting" in the issue!

But oh, my countrymen, your redemptive work remains yet to be done, and if it is ever done, it must be done by yourselves daring to do right. Nothing now but righteousness can make atonement for your past sins.

But this can, and if done, will.

As I can and do forgive Dr. McFarland for all the wrongs I have suffered at his hands, as the result of his calling me an insane person, when I was not, on the ground of his practical repentance, in now treating me as a sane person; so God has His forgiveness in store, longing to bestow it upon our repentant government so soon as practical manifestation of a repentant condition is exhibited by right doing towards the oppressed.

The danger our country is in, has sometimes appeared to me to be so imminent that I, from love for its welfare, have been led to feel that if a sacrifice could be offered in atonement for its sins, and save it from destruction, I would willingly be that atoning sacrifice, and be sacrificed in its stead. And I have even ventured to tell the Lord so, and that I have often done since I have been in this asylum, suffering persecution at its hands; for I know that "without the shedding of blood there can be no remission," and if my sufferings can atone for its sins, then I cheerfully suffer for its sake, and in its stead—the innocent for the guilty.

Christ has made Himself our pattern in this respect, and we must walk in His footsteps to reach His blessedness. Will not He be supremely blessed when all the human family, for whom He made an atonement, is redeemed, and saved from any more sinning?

Shall not we partake of this same cup of happiness when we find that those for whom we have suffered so much are, in consequence of it, restored to divine favor and compassion? If the record of my sufferings can open the eyes of my countrymen to see the need of protecting the identity of married

women by their laws, then I shall find what my soul needs to find before it can forgive them—a just and suitable restitution of its wrongs to me, in allowing me to suffer so much for want of governmental protection.

The restitution my nature calls for is practical repentance on the part of the wrong-doer. I don't ask or seek the punishment of the wrong-doer unless punishment becomes an absolute necessity to bring them to this state of practical repentance. "Cease to do evil, and learn to do good," is all that is required to secure forgiveness of God, or those possessed of His spirit.

I cannot forgive my country unless they make and execute a stringent code of "Woman's Rights" laws, as a consequence of letting me suffer so much for want of such laws. And I don't think God will forgive them without this proof of repentance on their part. And furthermore, I fully believe God will continue to punish them until they will do it.

And they must abolish this custom of burying their citizens alive, also, or they will become the filth and offscouring of all the nations of the earth. For it is not possible in all heathendom to find a more cruel practice sanctioned, either by custom or government, than our government is practicing in treating these most healthy citizens as if they were dead people, fit only for the tombs!

If your insane asylums received only dead people—those lost to reason, and on this account dead to themselves and to society—it would not seem so horrible to put this lump of insensibility to spiritual abuse, into the tombs you have provided for them. But as it is, the majority are not dead, but, on the contrary, the most sensitive beings in the world to sufferings from this barbarous custom of spiritual interment.

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!" "Ye living men give ear!" come view the place where you are all liable to come to unless you destroy this liability by the enforcement of sane laws, and the abolition of the insane code.

A being who has reason enough left to realize he is a human being, ought to be treated as one—with love and kindness—not as a brute, or even worse than a brute, as fit only for an interment in the tombs of America.

Oh, the doleful sounds of execration that are ascending from these living tombs of our American government! for the curses of heaven to descend upon this humanity-torturing government are enough to curdle the blood of a human soul to listen to. What, then, must be the effect of the emptying out of these vials of wrath on our God-defying government?

Oh, the throng of living witnesses before God's throne, already, sent there to be your witness against you, from these tombs where you have interred them—while living a natural life—there to pine away and languish into a celestial life, without a tear of human sympathy even to moisten their coffin lids!

Verily, my countrymen, "your fathers have killed the prophets, and ye have garnished their sepulchers" with the flowers of blasted hopes—the hyssop of wormwood and gall, and the sepulchral groans of love's never-dying mementos.

Hark! again. Lo! from your tombs is issuing forth, in doleful strains, its hissings of derisive scorn upon your hell-protecting, but heaven-defying government! Down! down! with this American government! Down to the lowest hell, which it has dug for God's republic!

The Christian republic shall rise out of its tomb to give your Calvinistic government its proper place.

You gave us, God's faithful representatives on earth, endless, hopeless torment as our only inheritance. We, in turn, bestow on you the same legacy—the legacy of hopeless sorrow; sorrows of your own deserving. Our own God-like natures could not have conceived horrors so excruciating as those you have—without cause—inflicted upon us. But *with cause* you have thus guaranteed to yourselves and your descend-

ants, as your just portion, the very grave you have dug for us.

“O tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in the streets of Askelon,” lest the enemy of our republic chant over us the tolling requiem of our dying institutions and burial.

Citizens of America! “If the Lord be God, serve Him; but if Baal, then serve him.” “Choose ye this day whom ye will serve,” or God, in His retributive Providence, will choose for you a portion you might well covet to shun.

“The way of the transgressor is hard.” And the only way of escape to the transgressor is through the wicket-gate of practical repentance. Oh, rise, while you have life enough to rise, and shake yourselves from the dust of sloth and indifference, and arm yourselves for the fight. For the enemy must be met, and his power must be tested on the battle-field of truth and justice.

On this immovable platform—justice—plant the foundation-stones of our new-born republic—born from the tomb of Calvinistic despotism! Let this hydra-headed monster of iniquities—this abomination which maketh desolate—be never again set up on our new Columbia’s virgin soil.

Old America, fare thee ill! As thou hast served others, so be thou thyself served! As thou couldst show no mercy to thine afflicted ones, so let no mercy be shown to thee in thine affliction. As thou hast poured out to us the very dregs of the cup of trembling, and forced us to drink them to their very draining, so drink thou of the cup my Father in heaven hath given you to drink.

Where are my four brothers and two sisters who tabernacled so short a time in the flesh as to pass, some of them, nameless to their future spheres? Are they my ministering angels in this asylum? Is it their spirit power, whose wings have fanned my fevered brow, when languishing on my sorrowing, lonely, cot?

Thanks, ten thousand thanks, gentle messengers! for thy tender ministrations. "As birds flying, so will I defend Jerusalem, and in defending, will deliver her." Can birds defend me? Can birds deliver me out of the power of my enemies?

I wait to see if our eagle-bird will protect the inalienable rights of womanhood within me, and deliver me from the abuses of my husband. Canst thou not bear me up on thy strong wing out of the reach of their influence over my earthly destiny? They would have me burrow with the vermin of the earth—but thou, O eagle! plume thy wings and bear me up to thy rocky ledge, beyond their reach. I like the freedom of thy element, where I can soar unimpeded by any mundane obstacle on my aspiring journey to the heavenly regions—beyond even thy exalted home.

Shall I ask you to reward my enemies as they have abused me?

No. I ask it not, for they are bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I sorrow in their sorrow, and I rejoice in their rejoicing. And my only wish is, that they be as I am, except these prison-bonds. Oh eagle! set them some humane work to do, and God will send some humane feelings into existence. Make them do right by me, and God will make them feel right towards me. Satan has made them do wrong, and now they feel wrong towards me.

Oh work! in heaven's way of righteousness, and you will work successfully in taming the lions to lambs, the crow to the pigeon. Look to the pigeon-roosts of your great house, and let not the tired dove be frightened from its roost by the dogs and cats of domestic discord. Give the cats the mice of theft to destroy, and the dogs the herd to protect, and should they become rabid, don't shoot them into an insane asylum. 'Tis too severe a fate for a mad dog to be buried alive, but circumscribe his limits at or near home, within

the limits of home influences, to shield the mad dog from unnecessary annoyance to excite him to greater rabidness. Feed and litter him well and thoroughly, and leave his maddening disease to God's own medication.

Respect the mad dog enough to attend kindly to his animal wants, and let no marks of returning reason and affection be crushed in the bud! Let the cup of human love and sympathy ever stand prepared, ready to administer the soothing draught at the eventful, timely moment, remembering that when that moment is once passed, it is passed for ever.

And so will it be with new Columbia's humane citizens—instead of taxing themselves to torment the afflicted sufferer, they will tax themselves to punish with a just doom the friend who cherishes the thought of casting off an afflicted relative on the tender mercies of strangers to care for them, instead of doing that for them for which friends are of any value. It is not when we are thriving and prosperous that we need friendly aid; it is when we are afflicted that friends are friends, to show themselves friendly, by administering to their necessities.

I do wish that every one who has cast off a friend into an insane asylum may be incarcerated in one himself, until he can learn the first lesson of his God-given nature—pity for others.

And he will be! for a just God reigns on earth as well as in heaven, and therefore, with "What measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." For God has so appointed. So as you have placed your relative a helpless victim in the hands of his tormentors, so will your God place you under the arbitrary power of your tormentor, some time, in the long vista of your future destiny. You, of all others, will yet feel like cursing that government who thus placed a bait in your path to allure you into the commission of the foulest of all crimes against humanity, and one which has brought upon you such a horrible retribution.

The inhabitants of earth are yet to find that "There is nothing hid which shall not be revealed, or covered, that shall not be made known." Yea, to the retributive sorrow of every unrepentant wrong-doer. And as the smoke of your torment ascends up day and night in unceasing, unmitigated anguish, you will then think how you compelled us to suffer, being innocent, while you now suffer, being guilty.

THE STEAMBOAT.

"All passengers aboard desirous of taking the boat for Sandusky City will be on the wharf of the Cleveland landing, when the one o'clock boat passes by on its way to its destination through Sandusky City, all ready to embark at a moment's notice!"

"Shall we, husband, take the boat for Sandusky City, or shall we keep on the terra-firma track?"

"I prefer the cars for myself, believing it to be a safer mode of traveling than the boat. Still, if you, wife, are very anxious to try a boat for a change, I won't object to your doing so, since it's fair weather, and in about four hours we shall be on land again, unless delayed by storm or accident."

"I should altogether prefer to go on the boat, husband, since I and the children are getting tired of the cars, having been on them so long both night and day since leaving Massachusetts, except a visit of two or three days at Lyons, N. Y. It will be a very agreeable change and rest to us all, and will afford us additional opportunities for making observation, and gaining knowledge through this source."

"Well, be all ready the moment the cars stop; for they don't stop long at Cleveland, and I will go and order our baggage off there."

"We will do so with great pleasure, for we like the prospect of a change, even if it is no improvement upon our

present condition. Now, children, prepare for the line of march!

“ You, Toffy, put on your overcoat, and comfort and cap, and take your carpet-bag in your hand. See that your gloves, and pocket-handkerchief, and portemonnaie are all safe.

“ You, Isaac, do the same. And you, Samuel, ditto.

“ Daughter, let me smooth your hair, and put on your flat, and your black velvet tunic, lined with dove-colored silk, and trimmed with mazarine blue fringe, and gimp to match, with flowing sleeves, trimmed with fringe and gimp also, and looped up with a blue, fancy button at the elbow, and rich silk undersleeves, of color to match the fringe and gimp, and banded with a velvet wristband, trimmed with gimp, and buttoned with two gold-colored, fancy buttons. Tie your scarf about your neck, and put on your gloves, and then help mother dress little baby, George Hastings.

“ He has just had a good dinner at his mother’s breast, and I have changed his diapers, and tossed the dirty inner one—a piece of old pillow-case, unhemmed—out of the window, and put on in their places clean, sweet, dry ones, with a piece of cloth—fit only for paper-rags—inside again. Wrap the wet diaper towel up tight, and roll a newspaper around it and put it into my diaper satchel, and then hold on to it tight, when we move, and if the crowd presses on to you ever so hard, don’t let go of it.

“ Theophilus, hand me little brother’s black-silk velvet cap, with ear tabs of light-blue satin, tasty rosettes, and lace border about the front, and blue strings, from off that pin above my head, while I put on his little blue and white knit wrapper, with long, warm sleeves, and his claret merino cape, lined with light silk, and embroidered with scallops and knots, and tied with broad claret-colored ribbon strings.

“ Daughter, you put on one of his little mittens Samuel knit for him, and mother spotted with blue zephyr worsted,

and fringed with the same, while I put on the other, and pass the string of blue cord connecting them over his neck. Now you may hold him from falling off the seat, while I fix myself.

"Isaac, please hand me my traveling bonnet and Highland shawl and scarf from above me. And I will keep on my mits instead of my gloves, for gloves are not convenient in taking care of a baby, especially if he cries, so I have to give him the breast quick.

"Now, Theophilus, you take my footstool—our provision box—in your other hand, and all stand patiently ready until the cars stop at the depot."

"Ma, haven't we got most there?" inquires Samuel.

"Yes, dear, I think so; try to be patient and not complain, for you know we want to enjoy ourselves as well as we can. We can't often have a chance to take so long a journey in the cars."

"I'll be good, mother."

"Yes, I expect you will be, for you have been very good so far, most of the time. I think we shall enjoy it on the boat, don't you, Samuel?"

"Yes, I hope so, but I'm hungry."

"Well, pa says we can have a good dinner on the boat; so we don't want to eat until then, so we can eat a good deal, you know, and enjoy it too."

"Yes, but I hope we've got most there."

"I can see the city. It is but a little way ahead."

"Yes! There's the whistle!"

"Now all look out for number one, and all keep your carpet-bags safe on your arms, or around your necks."

"They shan't get mine from me," says Isaac Ware. "I'm most afraid of losing you, mother, you don't keep up with pa, he goes so fast."

"No, never mind, Isaac, I can take care of myself when Pa has George in his own arms instead of mine."

"Here, pa, take George, and I'll take hold of Libby's hand, and you go ahead and we'll follow after."

We kept our word, and were soon on the platform by the side of our nine trunks, and so was cousin Sophia Porter by us too, with her two trunks.

The train passes by without us or any of our baggage, and then we follow the dray which is carrying our baggage to the wharf. In good time! The boat is hourly expected—but none in sight. We pile up our baggage and return to a hotel near by to wait its arrival.

The hungry stomachs will not be put off with promises of a good dinner by-and-by. We can't wait any longer. So Toffy is ordered to bring our provision-box to our saloon, and we help ourselves to a slice.

Three o'clock arrives, and so does the tardy boat. On it we march in high glee, and we are met by the colored chambermaid with marked attention to our wants, whether real or imaginary. She inquires if our children had had a dinner. I tell her the story, she thus compels me to do. But I am attacked with a desire to see how a moving boat seems. It starts. But so gently we hardly know we have left the wharf, only as we see it receding. No other indications of progress are perceptible to us. We keep right on with our duties just as if nothing had happened to us.

Soon the children begin to think of their promised dinner on the steamboat, and inquire when the dinner-bell will ring.

The kind chambermaid informs them that they had eaten dinner before they reached the wharf. But in her overflowing benevolence to our party, she says they shall have something to eat if they have.

So saying, she hastens to the cook's department and returns with a tray of fresh bread and butter, all that the cook would let her have for her hungry children, although she plead like a lawyer in their behalf. He insists upon it

that must last them till supper time. They eagerly take it with their grateful "Thank you" in return, and the kind chambermaid feels compensated for her voluntary attention to such grateful, polite children.

She tells their mother that she has never seen such well-behaved children on board their boat. - So I heard her telling other passengers.

The tide has evidently set in our favor, as it always is apt to do when we get on the right side of the cook or servants of any establishment. She even came before she was asked to wait upon my children, while others would repeatedly call in vain for her services. She evidently chose to serve the grateful few, in preference to the ungrateful many.

My children are their own servants, and their calls for a servant's care are few and far between.

She gave us the best berth in the boat to rest in, and take our naps upon her clean beds.

I, for a change and variety, got out my daughter's best suit, and dressed her up in her prettiest fix—a white lawn skirt with tucks about an inch in width, and the same distance apart, nearly up to the belt, a little black silk infant waist, with short sleeves, looped up into a bow, with long ends on the shoulder, thus exposing her embroidered undersleeves, and her embroidered chemise yoke, her waist sleeves trimmed with black fringe about one inch in width, and a fringe about three inches in width on the bottom of the belt, which thus covered the connection between the white skirt and the black waist. Her low, bare neck was white as nature's own work could make it, her hair in plaits looped up into bows on each side behind her ears, her neatly fitting gaiters, and her embroidered pantees and under-skirt covering her hoops, completed her toilet. She hastened out to jump about on the elegantly carpeted saloon, amusing her baby brother, and the passengers, by her girlish, unaffected simplicity, being then about five years of age.

I gave my baby an extra touch of attention, to set off his angel smiles and infantile glee. His large black eyes, and his dark hair, tastefully barbered, were charms enough to eclipse the adornings of his becoming infant drapery. He and his lovely sister seemed to be the center of attraction on our boat, not over-crowded with passengers. The boat felt the exhilarating influence of their sunny faces and happy hearts, and all eyes were turned towards us.

I heard the remarks of the gayly dressed ladies, as they examined my children's clothes, with feelings of pride, since their mother had been the sole maker, not only of the clothes, but also of the style, or fashion, in which they were made. I heard many an indirect compliment upon my taste through this medium.

But those which caused me the most heart-felt satisfaction, were the encomiums bestowed upon the good conduct, and refined manners, and complete docile obedience to their mother's every wish and request; no commands being required to insure attention to my suggestions.

Says one, "I never saw so pretty a little girl in all my life."

I knew she could not mean by her being "pretty," that she was handsome, for I never had a handsome child, except Samuel, and he soon outgrew his beauty, and as for my only daughter, as Dr. Chandler of Greenfield, remarked, on seeing her:

"Well, I believe, Mrs. Packard, she is the coarsest looking of the whole group. She is a perfect image of old Dr. Packard himself!"

I never felt it to be any compliment to her looks, to be told that a girl baby looked like an old man of fourscore years!

Indeed, I have often wished she had been cast in a more handsome mould, but I never felt a wish that it were a better one, for she is as lovely as she is homely, as sweet as she is

coarse, as good and gentle in temper as she is bad in looks, and a good deal better ; for her sweet spirit is yearly shining out through her coarse features, and has already made her quite decent looking. Indeed, I hear the remark honestly made late years by many, that they think she was really good looking, if not handsome.

Another says, "Come, sis, let us see how your dress is made."

"It is the prettiest little infant basque I ever saw. How neatly the neck yoke is fitted."

Another says, "The traveling dress, the velvet tunic or basque is the prettiest child's garment I ever saw on a little girl."

"That caps the whole. It is the most tasty dress I ever saw a child travel in."

"How trim her little tight waist looks, buttoned up with those blue silk buttons in front, and the circle frill hangs so full, with not a single gather on the body seam. Her Turkey red skirt, too, is becoming with the black basque coming down only to her knees," etc., etc.

I was not an inattentive listener to these remarks, for I do like to please other people's taste as well as my own faculty, especially when they seemed to agree so fully as they did in the present instance, and I can second the opinion also, that I never saw a prettier behaved little girl in all my travels, than was my only darling daughter Elizabeth, the very one Mr. Eddy, a professed Christian minister (?), called an "animal," in introducing her to his purse-proud daughters!

I care not where you may look, I don't believe you can bring forward her equal in sterling excellence in the land. She is, in her mother's honest opinion, a "model daughter," standing self-reliant and alone, at the age of twelve years, as sole mistress of a household for three long years, bearing in her own bosom her smothered sorrows, in burdens so heavy,

that the heart of a matured woman might be crushed under. All the time cheerful, blithe, and happy in seeking to administer to the comfort of others, and in this way drowning her own sorrows to relieve others of theirs !

Lovely personification of a " spirit woman " in her early development. Mayest thou ever bask in the beams of thy Spirit God, who seems to have made thy body its fit temple wherein to take up its abode—the temple of the Holy Ghost. God grant that thy tenant be not blasphemed by men, as thy mother's Holy Ghost has been !

Pa held the baby, while I and my other children, accompanied by our ever-watchful friend the chambermaid, rambled all about the steamboat, to see all that could be seen. I felt like a child with the rest, desirous of seeing and understanding the why and wherefore of all movements and plans and fixtures. Our patient attendant and teacher did not seem to weary herself into the least impatience or haste in gratifying our curiosity to the utmost.

Said she, in reply to my suggestion that we might be over-taxing her, I feared, " I don't get tired in waiting upon such company as yours ; it is those exacting, demanding, domineering ones who tire me. I can never satisfy them, do what I will ; they seem to feel that to find fault with something is the way to show off their importance, and make you feel like a slave under them. There was one lady and her children here, last night, of this stamp, and I got so out of patience with her abuse, and the impudence of her children, that I at last told her that she and her children might wait upon themselves—as for my part, ' I won't wait on you any longer. '

" She became angry, and threatened to report me to the captain for my impudence.

" I told her she might do so if she chose. I didn't care for her, nor what she said. She did nothing but scold and pet and tease her children, and did not seem to care whether they

were happy or not, and her children seemed to be just as indifferent to her wants, and wishes, and happiness. Indeed, we all felt it to be good riddance to get rid of them at our last landing."

Thus I saw how easy it was to see the virtues of my Christian children, contrasted, as they then were, with the faults of these Calvinistic ones whom we had supplanted on this boat.

Yea, the features of these two diametrically opposite systems of family training never appear in more striking and glaring contrast than on board a public traveling conveyance.

And when I see the pain, and trouble, and annoyance, the Calvinistic mother has in keeping her children under proper discipline in traveling, compared with the ease, pleasure, pride, and satisfaction I have in the company of mine, I cannot but think that Christian family training and discipline is as much superior to the Calvinistic as happiness is superior to misery.

My children are not allowed to know any other way of doing but right doing, so that they are at home anywhere and everywhere, in being kind and attentive to the comfort of others about them. They know of no other way to be happy except in doing right, and they can get it only by the path of self-denying obedience.

But the Calvinist seeks his comfort, regardless of that of others, and he of course misses his mark, and secures only the bitter feelings which selfish acts engender. He acts meanly—he feels meanly; he acts unkindly—he feels unkindly; he shows no gratitude—he feels none; he tries to rise by making others his footstool; he in this way becomes theirs.

These Calvinistic principles which lead to such practices only serve to pave the road to hell for the rising generation, and hedge up the road to heaven against him.

This class in society—the Calvinistic—seem to feel, as did our predecessor on the boat, that because our waiters are paid for their services, therefore it is not our duty to thank them for favors conferred. But did they bear in mind that the Godhead was enthroned in his groom, or servant, would he not feel called to treat him with deference and respect? And do we not pay a kind of obeisance to the humanity enthroned before us, to thank the almoner of our gifts or attentions? Can it inspire anything but right feelings toward our brother or our sister to thank them even for favors they are paid for doing?

My children are taught that humanity, in whatever skin or situation, is entitled to respect as a brother or a sister, and they are taught to treat them as they would like to be treated in exchange of places.

Soon the welcome supper was announced, and me and my children were the first to be seated at the table, and the first to be served. All this seemed to come to us as a matter of course, since our chambermaid insisted upon being our table-waiter, too; and she did seem to enjoy the hearty "thank you" by which all her bountiful gifts upon our plates were invariably followed; for the record of misdemeanors was an ever-present specter before their memory's eye, to remind them of their duties to others.

If the record was not called for on the journey, and strictly kept, the habits it had served to form were, so that they could stand alone awhile without it.

The children ate and ate as if that were the business they had to do at the table, asking no questions, and making no remarks about their likes or dislikes, simply taking what was given them as their own fit portion, no matter what others had about them. They seemed to feel that mother would see that they were suitably helped; for as the maid would inquire if they would like this or that, they were ready to give the instinctive reply, "Just as mother thinks best."

When they said they had eaten enough, then we stopped helping them—not before. And a hearty meal and tired frames soon found sleep, a companion most grateful to innocent childhood. They slept on the sofas and lounges until about nine o'clock, when husband informed us we must prepare to leave the boat, for we were within only half an hour of Sandusky City.

We bestirred ourselves, and following our guide's directions, we were soon in readiness to make another move in the darkness of a moonless night.

All equipped, the line of march was then instituted, but to be sure all was right before crossing the plank, Mr. Packard stopped to count us to see that none were missing. The event proved this to be a very wise movement, for had he not done so, Samuel might have been sleeping on the sofa on the boat in its onward course, while we were threading the streets of Sandusky city without him!

Finding our number incomplete, a search was instituted by the passengers, and the lost child was found, holding on to his carpet bag and nap too.

Having fairly cleared ourselves and all our baggage from the boat, we began to consider what next we had to do with our goods and chattels. The live part of this property found a shelter in a kind of shed, or storage place, until our boss had seen our baggage all loaded on to a dray, when he ordered us to follow its movements in our accustomed line of march, which he assured us would soon terminate at the "Massasoit House."

So, at the appointed signal, the starting of the dray and the attendant torch-bearer—a man with a hand lantern in hand—we commenced our march in the following order, viz. :

1st, Our captain with his baby in one arm, and his other hand hold of Samuel's hand, and Samuel's other hand hold of his carpet-bag.

2d, Theophilus, with his carpet-bag over his neck, and his one hand hold of his father's coat-tail, and the other holding on to our provision box.

3d, Isaac, with his carpet-bag in one hand, and his other often used as a connecting link in joining the corner of my highland shawl to Toffy's coat-tail.

4th, The mother, holding on to her little daughter's hand with one hand, the other carrying her daughter's satchel for her.

5th, Miss Sophia Porter, with her carpet-bag and bundle, brought up our rear.

The jostling crowd seldom succeeded in breaking our connections with each other, except when our anxious Isaac, in his deep solicitude for his mother's safety, should venture to let go his hold of his brother's coat-tail to urge on my movements.

However, I believe I didn't stumble down but once, so as to render his services anything but an impediment to my onward movements. But after I had fallen once, his fears for my safety were ten-fold increased. Awkward as my pedestrian movements were, I think I showed a good deal of shrewdness in keeping my upright position as well as I did, for I could not see a step in advance of me, for our lantern guide only lighted Mr. P.'s foot-steps, neither could I hardly feel it, so impenetrable are the laws of matter that where one body is another cannot be. And my nervous Isaac was so often where I ought to be, that I couldn't help myself much!

It seemed to me he was trying to carry out the desire he once expressed to me, viz.: "Mother, if ever you go on to the water, I want to go with you, for if you are drowned I want to be drowned with you."

"Why, my son?"

"Because I don't want to live after you die."

So in this dark walk, he seemed determined to share my fate, by identifying his interests with mine, and we neither of us knew no better to where our next step would land us than a man in the moon. Thus our faith in our guide became our only ground of hope in our perambulatory movements terminating favorably. And when we at last found a long flight of stone steps in our path, to ascend into the Massasoit upon, we began to feel "that all is well that ends well."

We all felt very confident we had landed in the right place when we all lay in our nice clean beds in one capacious dormitory, after having, all of us on our knees, thanked God for the blessings of the day, and implored His protection for the night.

Happy Christian mother! rest in peace and quietness, for all thy loved ones are around thee, embalming in their susceptible natures the impress of thy love and tender care over their happiness.

Happy Christian children! rest in peace, for thy mother's spirit hovers about thee, to protect thee from Satan's snares, and to guide thy footsteps to the temple of honor and felicity in thy new Jerusalem home.

Home! Sweet home! When! Oh, when shall I meet my loved ones there? "Oh, when shall we all meet again? Oft does glowing hope retire. Oft does wearied love expire. When, Oh when shall we all meet again?" Jesus, Saviour dear, Oh grant it may be soon!

Oh, will the welcome tidings ever reach my asylum ears!

"Mrs. Packard, they have come for you! Your home is open to you, and your loved ones are waiting to give you a welcome home!"

Would not this be to me the creation of a "new heavens and a new earth"? Is the desolation of the sepulcher ever to be exchanged for the natural, joyful life of a Christian mother's home, in the hearts and embraces of her children?

Shall I not rise from my asylum tomb to find my maternal joys immortalized? Will the serpent ever be again permitted to enter our Eden home and despoil it of its charms? Oh, should my body be ever permitted to be united again to my spirit on earth, in the embrace of my loved ones, could I be anything but blessed—yes, blessed beyond degree?

If this union does not constitute heaven, what is heaven? 'Tis the union of your own flesh, from which Satan has severed you; and can there be a closer union?

Oh, there can be no disunion more agonizing than these maternal ones. This God has let me know, in my own heartrending experiences in this asylum; and He may yet let me know its counterpart, the bliss of a re-union.

Till then, fond heart! be still, and let the blissful hope of this re-union sustain thy fainting spirit.

Oh, if the joys of such a union are commensurate to the pains of a separation, they will be ecstatic, for the pain is unutterable, unspeakable. It does seem I could not bear more agony of soul and live under the burden. If I do not know what it is, spiritually, to "sweat great drops of blood," in my spirit agonies, then I cannot conceive what soul torture is.

It takes great love to feel great pain. And if any woman has a greater maternal love than I have, then, and then only, are they capacitated for greater soul-agonies than I am. Oh, 'tis fearful to contemplate the capacities of the soul for suffering, when we realize that they are in the same ratio as are its capacities for pleasure or happiness.

In that I have loved Theophilus, my first born, with the freshest impulses from this fountain of maternal love within me, so it seems that through this channel comes my freshest sorrows. And as the soldier's cruel spear pierced my Saviour's heart, so did the cruel spear of false accusation pierce my maternal heart when Dr. McFarland accused me of having a fugitive and vagabond child in my oldest son!

Oh, how did my heart writhe in anguish at the unjust accusation, and as I sought my Bible—as he closed the door of my cell upon me—to seek some consolation from it which humanity so scrupulously denied me, my eye fell upon the passage, "Thou speakest falsely concerning Ishmael," and my heart added, "Yes, God, Thou knowest that Dr. McFarland has lied against my son Theophilus, as he has towards me, in calling me an insane person. Oh, my God! Through Thy rich mercy Theophilus is not a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth, although his father has done all he could do to make him one in reality, by treating him as if he were one, and by circulating lies respecting him, as he does his mother; and, what is passing strange, he gets them believed as truths.

Oh, why is such power given to this arch-deceiver, so that he can deceive the very elect ones into the delusion that lies are truths?

To find an intellect like Dr. McFarland's duped, and led entirely away a blind captive at his will, it seems that his spirit-power over others was little less than omnipotent.

And when I told Dr. McFarland that it was false—that he was a Christian—as pure minded, and as honest, upright, and truthful a boy as ever walked God's earth—as dutiful and filial a son to both his parents as God could desire him to be—that he was a boy of immovable principle for the right, true and honest—that he always had been, and still was, a "model son"—that I had trained him to walk wholly in the ways of righteousness.

I say, notwithstanding all this, my vindication of the slandered boy—the power of that great "Tempter," in my husband's form, was so much stronger over his reason than was the simple truth from the lips of his Christian mother, that it was allowed to pass by unheeded as a mere idle tale—the conjuries of a disordered brain!

Oh, how did my heart turn instinctively to this truth for

comfort, viz., God, not his father, is to be my innocent but persecuted boy's final judge—and He will allow him to stand on his own actions, the simple truth—in His judgment of him, while his father will not—but declares he shall stand on his own false representation of him instead.

But why is a father so very desirous to have his first-born son draped in Satan's livery?

Simply because he befriends his mother on the ground of the truth against his father's base lies. He wants his testimony as a truthful witness destroyed, and so he tries to destroy his son to do it!

Thus he is compelled, in order to screen his wife's murder to destroy his son's character to do it!

Truly Satan is a hard and exacting master. I should hate to be one of his slaves. I altogether prefer to be one of the "Lord's free women"—free to speak the truth—and free to have all the truth I utter investigated and weighed in the exact scales of truth, in facts as they actually exist.

My book is myself—and if it lies, then I lie. If it lies, it can, and will, fall—for it lies world-wide open to the strictest and most impartial scrutiny. And when the truth of facts lie, then may my book be proved to be a fabrication—but not before. As I said to Dr. McFarland, "I cannot deviate from the exact truth in my statements to save or to destroy either you or your wife. If you cannot stand before the simple, exact, unexaggerated truth, you must fall; instead of having me to uphold you in any other manner."

I uphold those only who uphold themselves—or, in other words, whose own actions uphold them—as God does." "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, Christ Jesus." That is, we must be like our pattern, in order to be on this foundation.

But being like Calvin is not being like Christ—for Calvin was a lying murderer—and Christ is a truthful Saviour.

Calvin has tried to murder me and my children, spiritually, by lies. I am trying to redeem myself and them, by the simple truth.

And the simple truth is, Theophilus is now our Ishmael, sent away from his own father's house, by his wicked father's cruel mandate, because he sought to visit me in my prison home, in defiance of his father's edict, to seek and find among strangers the sympathy and affection denied him among his own kindred and friends whom his father has tried to alienate by his unjust and malicious slanders.

Yes, he has found a father and mother in Mr. and Mrs. Throop of Mount Pleasant, Iowa. They have taken in my poor outcast from his father's home, and have, by their generous sympathy and kindly counsels, kept him from despair and hopeless sorrow—thus stimulating into action the latent powers the soul has to fall back upon, when human refuges fail us. Oh what would have become of my injured, persecuted boy, had not Mr. and Mrs. Throop taken him up into their heart's warm sympathy. He is not, like his mother, strong enough to live without it—for he has not been such an adept in the school of suffering as she has been, and therefore his faith has not acquired that vitality and sustaining power that his mother's has. And oh, if a mother's prayers were the rule of God's providence, his never would attain this strength by the same means. Never could I pray that a child's road to heaven should be laid through the thorny pass I have been called to walk through, even if it was to sit on the right and left hand of God in His kingdom.

God grant! that no mortal may ever know, by experience, what I have endured of spirit anguish, being innocent.

It seems to me, being innocent aggravates the sufferings of the holy, persecuted soul, just in a ratio to the being guilty aggravates the sufferings of the sinner's retributive doom.

Had I treated my husband in an unkind manner at all, I

should not feel so hurt and aggravated with the feelings of injured innocence, for the feeling of justice in me, which is so deeply wounded, outraged, and insulted as it is by his ingratitude in thus treating me so abusively in return for so much superabundant kindness, with absolutely nothing as a palliation on the ground of deserts.

I know an impartial and holy observer could not but approve of my uniform, consistent kindness to my husband and children, as being all that could be demanded of any human being under similar circumstances. And then, to be treated in the most abusive manner it could be possible to treat a human being, in return for all this disinterested love and unselfish kindness, is, I say, more aggravating to a pure soul than it would have been had he had any temptation, by wrong doing on my part, to prompt his evil treatment into exercise.

So it is with Theophilus. Had his father ever had the least occasion to speak evil of my model son, in his own misconduct, or even disrespectful deportment towards him, I should not feel so deeply hurt by his slanders respecting him. But when I knew, there never was a father who had a more dutiful, respectful, obedient son than he had in Theophilus, nor a more promising one in relation to his principles and practices, both, my feeling of justice is outraged to the quick by this his most unjust treatment of so good a son.

Should Samuel really become the fugitive and vagabond his father falsely represents Theophilus to be, I could not feel so deeply hurt by this truth as I am now by this falsehood under existing circumstances. For then this same feeling of justice which is now so aggravated by the falsehood would then be used to sustain the truth, and thereby my moral nature would be sustained by its verdict.

Give me anything but ingratitude and injustice to bear, and I say I have not the heaviest burden it is possible for a sensitive moral nature to bear.

But when both these feelings are put upon one of the most sensitive of human beings, and that in a measure the fullest and the most aggravated, I can testify from my own unquestioning experience that it is a heavy pack to carry. Indeed, I'm sure Packard himself couldn't have made up a heavier pack, or bound it on more tightly, even if he had the old dragon's best services to help him on in his business!

But Mr. and Mrs. Throop! A mother's thanks and mother's blessing attend you! and may your sons never ask in vain for that sympathy you bestowed so freely upon mine. You have made an investment in the bank of faith, where it will surely yield you an immense interest. Mind you, both the principal and interest too will be returned to you, in a hundred-fold measure, for it was not a common boy you befriended, when you befriended my Theophilus. It was a very uncommonly good boy, for he had an uncommonly good mother to train him. .

Mind what I say, you can test us both by our own actions, and see if I lie when I speak of my own or my children's virtues as well as faults. But since our virtues eclipse our faults, I do not hold them up for exhibition as much, for God did not intend I should, or He would have exhibited them to my moral perceptions, since I, as His truthful medium, am bound to report God's work *as it is*, even if Calvinists call me a fool for so doing. I don't care. I respect the truth more than I do the whole class of the Calvinists. And moreover, if the truth presents my own character, and that of my children, in a very favorable light, I've no desire to conceal it, on that account, for our real characters have been sadly eclipsed by slander, and now, when the true light has a chance to shine, I shan't try to obscure it, even if it dazzles beholders. They can smoke their glasses and look through them, and thus protect their eyes from the light if it is too strong for them!

At any rate, I shan't eclipse the truth at all to accommodate the near-sighted. I'm very accommodating about some things, but others I am as stubborn as an ass about. I won't lie if asses won't move against their will. My will does move against lying in any way, shape, or form. And if God has made His image to shine conspicuously in a person the world calls Mrs. Packard, I'll be the last one to defame it or to desire to see it defamed by others.

It is God's work I am defending, not Mrs. Packard's work ; but since Mrs. Packard has a better knowledge of this work than any other mortal has, she feels the best qualified to report it as it is.

Those who don't choose to believe the truth may regret it, if they dare to run their risk. So far as I am concerned, it is none of my business what others believe or disbelieve. But it is my own business to believe the truth and speak the truth if I speak at all. And I shall do it. I shall speak the truth of myself and of every one else I say anything about.

OUR RESTING PLACE

Was Lyons, N. Y., where we stopped to rest one day, because it was on our way out West, and we wanted to see our friends there, and we wanted to rest one day on our own account also.

We all felt that one day of rest from travel during one week's travel on the cars from South Deerfield, Mass., to Lyme, Ohio, would be grateful to us all, especially among friends we loved so well as we did our Lyons friends.

The lions we visited were the Field-lions, formerly of Conway, Mass. The lioness of Mr. David Field was Miss Angeline Sylvester, the adopted child of my father, Rev. Samuel Ware of Sunderland, Mass. She was the niece of my father, whom he adopted at the age of five years, as the dependent child of his deceased sister, who died a short time before,

leaving three girls and one son dependent upon the charities and sympathy of friends.

This son, now Dr. E. W. Sylvester, a surgeon-dentist of distinguished notoriety in that city, was also entitled to a share of our attentions, as his guests, too, a part of the time, not only on the cousin claim, but also on the score of an early and intimate acquaintance with his wife, Miss Fanny Arms of Conway, Mass., which place was my home from the age of ten to sixteen years.

Mr. and Mrs. Field have four children—Martha, Francis, Almeron, and Lucy—my own mother's name, Lucy Strong Parsons Ware, now a resident of the celestial regions, whose entrance was announced there nineteen years since. I have never seen her since, but I have had intercourse with her spirit sometimes, through the agency of spirit mediums, and mostly by a spirit-guardianship influence, better felt than described.

I as much believe Spiritualism is a doctrine of the Bible as I do that repentance is; and I believe the two doctrines are intimately connected in their practical influence over us. I believe the Holy Spirit employs these spirit friends of ours as His agent, or mediumship of impressions, and impulses, and thoughts, which we should note with deference and respect, as we would a note or message from some dear friend. But all these communications should be subjected to the great ordeal of human reason, and should be entirely under subjection to its dictates, for no communication of a heavenly origin will be found wanting as to its being in harmony with its dictates. These are the scales in which we must test or try the spirits, to see from what sphere they emanated, whether from the regions of light or darkness; whether from the fount of holy inspiration, or from the impure source of falsities and lies, in conflict with the teachings of the Bible.

I will listen to no communications from any spirit source,

whether from the Spirit's teachings within me, directly, or more indirectly through the mediumship of some other medium, which conflict with what I apprehend to be gospel truth, or scientific truth, or the truth of facts as they exist. Truth—not lies—must be the basis of all reliable spirit communications. And I feel conscience-bound to test all communications from embodied spirits, whether they be authors, or preachers, by the test of truth, as reason indicates, as much as I do disembodied spiritual communications.

But nothing should be received on mere human testimony, whether in the body or out of it, which is not supported by sound arguments, based on a reliable, rational proof, such as our reason can approve of. And nothing should be rejected which bears the tests of truth.

I believe Spiritualism is a science, and that the laws of spirit communication are as fixed and as inexorable as are any of nature's laws; and as these laws become more and more developed, our practical and intelligent use of them will help on the achievements of knowledge in spiritual things beyond what is even now conceived of. And I, for one, would be the last to retard the car of spiritual knowledge in its beneficent progress through our world, so much in need of this heavenly messenger to prepare the way for the spiritual reign of Christ on earth. Nay, verily, I will help it on by every available means in my power, which my own reason and common-sense sanction.

This asylum depot seems to be a kind of radiating point where spirit powers concentrate, and act in a manner more free and unrestrained than almost any other mundane locality.

The daily express seems to be running from this depot to the celestial regions for our express benefit, and I am pretty certain some communications are carried on the line established in the opposite direction, or there would not be so

much evil successfully practiced here as there is. It is self-evident that these lines are potent for evil as well as good influences.

But my investments are wholly on the line of good influences, since I cannot operate on the other line, simply for want of wrong-doing on my part. Evil practice is an indispensable qualification for an operator to carry evil communications through on this line. So it is of no interest to me whatsoever as a practical affair, since I will not be tempted to do wrong on no considerations whatsoever.

And it seems to me that in proportion as I thus keep clear of this line, is my communication with the heavenly spheres the more unimpeded and direct. The communion with God—the great Spirit—is close and intimate, just in proportion that my spirit is pure and free from guilt, induced by guilty practices; and the foundation to build a temptation upon seems to be wanting in the same ratio.

If these spirit communications are really what some of my associates here insist upon, they are a direct communication from heart to heart—as reliable as any written communication can be—then it must be an inestimable gift to be thus capacitated, if they are so unfortunate as the inmates of this institution are, as to be where postal communications are so restricted as they are to those called insane.

Yes, Uncle Sam has cut us off from free, unrestricted communion with our friends, just at a time, of all others, when 'tis most needed as an alleviation of sorrow so heavy, that with all the aids and supports human sympathy can furnish, they then are almost insupportable and soul-crushing. But as it is, many whom our government deprive of post-office privileges of communicating thoughts and feelings to beings on this mundane sphere, God has united to the celestial spheres with the ties of affinities, clear and more intimate than pen, ink, and paper ones are or could be, if we

could write to our friends and get returns as our desires and necessities demand.

But as for myself my spirit has yet to reach these exalted capacities which I am now only permitted to "covet." These spiritual gifts I consider to be those "best gifts" which we are commanded to "covet," rather than the gifts of presents from friends to supply our wardrobe, as husband interpreted them to be to me, when he brought me some clothing—a gift from my friends! I would not speak to him at all directly, but in my talk to Dr. McFarland, before him, I gave him to understand that if speaking to *him* was to be the only condition on which they were to be conferred upon me, then they never could be bestowed upon the one they were intended for.

Then he undertook to enforce his plea by quoting the passage, "Covet earnestly the best gifts!"

I told the doctor that I did not consider the "best gifts" to mean good clothes—the gifts of friends—but I considered them as good things in their proper place, and that I considered the proper place for *my* gifts was in my own—not in my husband's—possession. But if he insisted upon robbing me of my wardrobe, and then made the condition of restoring it again to me to depend upon my asking him for it, the robber would never restore his spoils to their rightful owner.

Said I, "That is not the way thieves and robbers are to be treated when Mrs. Packard is their victim. How would you feel," I added, "to be met by an assassin and robbed of your purse and watch, by mere brute force, and then the robber should insist that the only condition on which he would restore his spoils was, that you should turn round and ask him for them civilly, and then thank him for them as gifts from him? Wouldn't your true, manly nature compel you to reject the proposal with scorn, and in the name of justice *demand* them of him, as a right?"

Would you be willing even to thank the robber for the restitution, and be thus tacitly acknowledging his title to them to be a good one ?

No, you could not do so and be true to your manly nature. Neither can I do the same thing without being false to my natural sense of rectitude and honor.

Therefore I will not do it even to get not only my own wardrobe restored to me but also my own children and home, which the basest of all kinds of robbers has so ruthlessly robbed me of, and now seems waiting for me to ask and beg and entreat him to give them back again to me, and then thank him for giving me a home and children and clothes !

Yes, better may a robber enter my widowed home at night, and rob me of all my earthly possessions and my children, and then, to cap the whole, make me his prisoner, and then try to stipulate his terms of justice to be for me to accept of my personal liberty and the possession of my home and children on the only terms that I acknowledge his claims to all these possessions to be good—that he has a good title to my children and possessions thus obtained, and in addition consent to be his life-long slave. On these conditions, and no others, will he give me back my personal liberty, and on these alone can I use any of my inalienable rights.

I say sooner would I be thus treated by a robber, in any form, rather than my legal husband, because I should then have some shadow of a claim to legal justice, as a means of a just settlement, of this assault upon a defenseless woman. But as it is, the same infringement upon my rights is all done—to the fullest extent of such a slavery—under the subterfuge that the husband has the right to thus rob a woman whom the law allows him to call his wife ; while she has not the least shadow of protection from any such assaults upon her property, children, or person !

A man who has a legal title to the name of husband, but

who is not the husband or protector of his wife, has the safest of all shields thus to rob this more than widowed woman of all her earthly good; not one shadow has she of law to defend to her a single right or privilege of her being, if her husband chooses to call her insane, without the least real cause, and thus on his simple lies can she be robbed of everything, and be imprisoned in the worst of society, so far as life is safe from exposure to abuse or accident or death.

No; Mrs. Packard will never be found to acknowledge any such claims to property and life to be just, even if they are legal, according to the American statute-book! For I am certain God will acknowledge no such claims in His account of human affairs. He will put such a robber on the list of the foulest and blackest kind of robbers.

If it had been an open enemy who had done it, I could have borne it with comparative ease, but it is him, mine acquaintance, my equal, and one whom the world considered my best friend, thus giving him a cloak of benevolence with which to cover up this foulest crime.

“Yes—the good of my wife requires me to treat her as if she were an insane person, although so painful is the duty I am thus called upon to perform, so great is my love for her, that I present myself before you as an object for you to bestow your deepest sympathies upon—even the deep ones of your purse!! Oh, miserable man that I am to be so deeply afflicted as to have an insane wife, with no mother to train my now worse than motherless children! Oh, can't you pity me? Can't you pray for me? Can't you get some charity boxes sent me? Can't you make up a collection for me? Can't you provide some good home for my dependent children? Oh, was there ever a man so deeply afflicted as I am? Was there ever a man who had so good a wife to lose as I have had—one among a thousand—of whom 'kings might well be proud, and princes might well covet' me my treasure,

as she was before she became insane!! Oh, do write me letters of condolence to comfort me, lest the trial sink me into the earth!!"

Such, such is the web this "Arch-Deceiver" has woven, and with it is catching the souls of men, and is dragging them in it down to the gates of endless sorrow—yes, sorrow that they had not seen through this covert of lies before it was too late to make restitution to the injured Mrs. Packard and her children, whose wrongs and abuses it is now beyond reach to redress or for which to make restitution. So their sorrow is hopeless, endless.

But as the insane, deluded party are drawn with their leader down to the gates of death, so the sane, enlightened party are drawn with their leader and champion—Truth—up to the celestial gates of the new Jerusalem of light unending and full of glory.

"Let us judge not the Lord by feeble sense, for behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face." The future developments to this sane party—the followers of the truth—as is dictated to them by their own reason and conscience, are to be surpassingly glorious. Only let us hold on and hold out to the end, with a purpose as inflexible as the insane party has, and we are happy beyond degree, while they are wretched in the same proportion.

Oh, 'twill be a satisfaction to my holy nature "to see the smoke of their torment ascending up for ever and ever," when I realize that it is only the holy claims of justice which they are receiving as a just portion for such heinous transgressors. Then can the saints shout in one unbroken chorus:—"Holy! holy! holy! is the Lord Almighty!" for a just God is now taking His recompense on the earth, and the kingdom of righteousness is established on earth never to be destroyed or overthrown.

Oh, the recompense of justice! how does my justice-loving

nature exult in this prospect! Will not the natural gratification and use of this God-like feeling within me be then commensurate in happiness to the agony I have felt by the insults and outrageous abuses it has received from my persecutors?

Right is might, and will prevail.

But I must switch back on to the main track, or my passenger train will be behind time on this trip. I believe I switched at the complaints I was making of our asylum correspondences being subject to such indignities.

Only think! the only letter I have ever got from any man since I have been in this asylum, and that a "love letter" too, was handed to me open, with not even an envelope or a superscription upon it! Who knows but that Dr. McFarland himself had read my love letter first?

I can say it looked pretty suspicious to have him hand it to me in that style, and without the shadow of an apology for so doing, merely saying, "Here is an answer to your letter to Mr. Foster."

How did he know it was an answer to one I sent?

I didn't send mine through his office, for I knew 'twould stick there, and never get through. I'd tried that game enough. So I sent it by my "underground express" which I have established here, wholly on my own responsibility for the benefit of the patients, and God knows—but Dr. McFarland don't!—how many patients have availed themselves of it besides myself. Christ's followers here have found some true friends even in this hell, and you'll know who they are when they get their dazzling crowns on that they are entitled to, for this act of compassion to abused humanity. But I can't tell you their names now, for if I should Dr. McFarland would know who my operators are, and our line would be in danger of being broken up, and our agents might be exposed to—I can't tell what—for I don't know.

And we shouldn't like to be again dependent upon Uncle Sam's Postmaster here, Dr. McFarland, for we are a little suspicious of his honesty! we fear he steals all the money out of our letters, for we are not allowed to get or keep money on hand. But what he does with our money we are not allowed to know; we must trust. Oh, what a favor that we have so good a man to trust our *all* to!

How should we feel if we didn't feel that he was as good as God is, since he is all the God we have, in human form, to control our destinies in almost every particular! *In his absolute power!*

We patients—very patient we are—considering how we have to be so placed at the mercy and opinion of one fallible man, often pray that his besom of destruction by which he sweeps entirely away so much of our written sympathy, may be destroyed utterly, for it does seem so heartless to not allow us to have even this balm for our souls, which are famishing and thirsting for some human love and sympathy.

Oh, this complete isolation from all natural sources of social enjoyments is barbarous, is horrible beyond conception, to sensitive, affectionate natures. No greater torture can be conceived as a penalty to be inflicted on the most afflicted class in the world, and all for "their good"!!

This good is about equal in its benevolent application to the good of the robber towards his helpless victim!

But it is our intention not only to abolish our superintendent and his office, but the institution and all at one stroke of the pen, for we are sure they have all done their share of mischief to humanity; and the fiat of the Almighty has recorded their sentence in the "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharzin" of their destiny. And the decrees of Omnipotence cannot be resisted or retarded by the combined power of heaven, earth, and hell. And it is one of His unchangeable decrees, that death and hell shall be destroyed, and when this decree has

reached its fulfillment, no hellish insane asylum will be found in God's universe.

Let Sing Sing prisons, and sin-sin insane asylums be for ever sunk in the bottomless pit of Calvinism, and let the Sing Sing heaven of domestic happiness for ever supplant them.

You'll never hear of any of Mr. David Field's posterity Sing-singing in a prison, or sin-sinning in an insane charity asylum. No, they choose to live as their father and mother do—doing all their quarreling at home among themselves, and not away from home among strangers. They can give pit for pat in pell mell style, and not imprison each other, nor insane each other for it neither.

I shouldn't dare to scold my husband as cousin Angeline does her husband. He wouldn't have let me live with him long enough to have borne him half as many children as I have done, if I had done so at all. For one scold of mine scared him half to death, and two might have killed him! I haven't risked it anyhow, for I don't know what he got up and hid his razors for that night, unless he meant to keep them in his own hands to use, if necessary, to stop my tongue if I scolded him any more!

I should as soon think of Emeline scolding Legree, as to think of Mrs. Packard scolding her husband.

Well, their Martha gave me credit for treating my husband with a great deal more respect and kindness than her mother shows towards her good, kind, and sympathetic husband, for she told her mother after she went home from a visit of several weeks in our family: "Mother, I do wish you would treat father as kindly as Elizabeth does Mr. Packard. I never heard her speak a cross word to him while I was there, and she don't answer back either—they never quarrel—while you and pa are quarreling half the time." She continued: "I could not help pitying cousin Elizabeth once, when Mr.

Packard had burned up all their year's stock of hams, by putting in a bushel or more of cobs into the oven to smoke them with, instead of a few at a time, as Elizabeth wanted him to do, for fear they might get on fire and burn up their hams, as they had done once before. But he wouldn't listen to her advice at all, but pitched the whole right in at once, and after throwing on a shovel full of live coals, shut the oven door and went back to his study.

"But not long after, we heard a great roaring, and running to the oven, we found the door nearly burned through, and the whole contents of the oven in a light fierce flame. She called to Mr. Packard. He came and took a pitch-fork and fished out one blazing ham after another, until he had got the substance of what was left of each ham and shoulder piece, and poured water upon them to quench the flames, and let the cobs burn out where they were. But there was such a large quantity that they might have baked in the oven afterwards, it had become so heated up by them.

"Now, thought I, cousin Elizabeth will give him a 'blowing up,' for thus burning up her nice hams, so contrary to her advice. But no, she didn't. She simply remarked, 'I'm very sorry, but I shan't have to cook my hams now, for he has cooked them for me.'

"You know, mother, you would have scolded pa, and told him he might have listened to you and saved all this—that it was good enough for him, she should have been glad to have had the whole house burnt up, and see if it wouldn't teach him one good lesson to listen to his wife, and not dictate to her about her own business,'" etc., etc.

Well, I don't like this dictation business any better than cousin Angeline does, yet I can't seem to help it, without only making matters worse by trying to mend them.

To be angry, and scold him for his faults, is only to punish myself for his faults, and do no good to him, for it would

be like the allopathic dose of poison to kill poison, which only increases the difficulty instead of removing it. The drug disease thus engendered, is harder to cure than the original disease, which the drug was intended to cure. It don't stand to reason, nature, or common sense, to kill poison with poison, to throw on fuel to extinguish flames, to put on water to make the carpet dry! I know we stop the progress of fire by a counter fire sometimes, still 'tis a destructive remedy, and costs a great sacrifice of valuables to do so.

I say a man should not submit to be dictated to by his wife, nor any other mortal. Neither should a wife submit to be dictated to by her husband, nor any other mortal. But they should both submit to be dictated to by reason and conscience. If they will not, they are to the extent that they are unreasonable—insane.

And I say the way to cure insanity, is not with insanity, but with reason. I never used anything but reason and unsurpassing kindness to cure my husband of his "monomania" on the subject of "woman's rights." And these means have been most patiently, thoroughly, and perseveringly used to cure him of his hallucination, and set him right on this subject, so that reason and common sense may be his practical guide on the practical duties growing out of his false, perverse, insane theory. These means have been used to that extent that I now regard him as a case of "hopeless monomania," beyond the reach or hope of cure.

I know he is a monomaniac. I believe his is a hopeless case.

And if his own actions in this treatment of his wife don't demonstrate this truth, then no truth can be vindicated by proofs, the proof of facts as they have and do exist. If unreasonable, insane acts are any proof of insanity, then Mr. Packard is the most insane man on "woman's rights," that can be found; for no man could have less reason or excuse,

even, for treating a woman in the abusive manner he has me, than he has had.

I challenge any man to bring forward a more reasonable, consistent, and forbearing wife and mother than I have always been in my practical relation to my husband and children.

It has often been the spontaneous tribute of profound respect to me, as a sane woman, by those who dwelt in our family long enough to see how I managed—"You are the most *reasonable* person, Mrs. Packard, I ever saw. I never saw a mother so habitually in the practice of giving her reasons for her requirements to her children, as you are."

Reason is, and always has been, my polar-star. No act, or command, or suggestion, was of any force with me, in practice, unless the verdict of my own reason was in its favor. And it is because my opinions and practice have been so fortified with unanswerable reasons that my insane husband has been so stung to the quick by them, and this very thing has exasperated him to desperation, because he could not triumph over me, in any way, except by strategy and brute force.

Yes, God has drilled me, all my married life, to expose subterfuges, to unravel sophisms, to upset artifice, to ferret out deceit—all by the armory of reason and common sense—so that this armor has had no chance to gather rust by inaction; and I imagine Satan foresaw the danger his cause would be exposed to encounter from this glittering armor, accompanied with the two-edged sword of truth, with which it is identified; and, therefore, with his archangel skill he laid his own plan to defeat this powerful foe by strategic agency, knowing that he could cope with it in no other manner successfully; that an open attack would give him no chance but that of defeat. Therefore, combining intellect, sagacity, position, and legal power, all in one dense panoply or shield, he could, with the stimulus of desperation, hope to overcome

and defeat the moral power of this "spiritual woman" by throwing around her reason the drapery of insanity, trusting that if he could not in this way really dethrone her reason, he could make the delusion so very strong as to delude the world into the belief that she was insane, and thus destroy the influence and force of her teachings and practice.

James may have had reference to this very "drama" of insanity, where he says, "In the last days I will bring upon them a strong delusion that they should believe a lie, that that might be damned."

As it has proved, the insane party are destined to be damned by the natural use of the very armor they tried so hard to destroy, but whose attempts only served to whet it into its highest possible glitter and potency!

Thus the archangel's powers, mighty though they be, fail in potency, because perverted from a benevolent to a sinful object. Benevolence, in its practice, polishes this heavenly armor into its most dazzling splendor and efficiency; while selfishness, in its practice, corrodes, rusts, and destroys both its beauty and utility.

But can this arch-apostate be redeemed?

He can, because he is an evil spirit, whose evil is all to be overcome by good. Nothing is immortal but goodness. Badness alone is mortal and perishable.

The mighty abilities of this arch-apostate are good in themselves; it is only the perversion of them that is wrong, and when this practice is repented of, and they are directed into their natural original channels, the polishing process will commence, by which the rust and defilement will be removed, and their efficiency become again restored to them.

But how can they be brought to repentance? Christ's atonement was only made to redeem men, not devils.

I say they are to be redeemed by the spiritual power of Christ's bride—this very spiritual woman-power they have

been so bent upon destroying. When the time arrives that Christ is to take His bride into the companionship of His own heart and home, as His wife, then His power is doubly increased in potency for good. While the spiritual or inalienable "rights of women" are not protected to her, one-half of the moral power of the universe is wasted—only as fragments are they used for good. But when these fragmentary powers are condensed into one solid column, and in rank and file with the other half of God's spiritual host, which Christ—the unmarried man—represents, and thus led on, under our common Captain's commands, we shall then become a host too invincible for our Satanic foes to overcome or defeat. This grand army of consolidated influence will then find no hold of Satan's too strongly fortified to daunt their courage in making an attack upon it.

Against this consolidation of the male and female influence the powers of darkness have been waging their most subtle forces of influence, lest the "rights of woman" be secured to her, and thus put spiritual wickedness in imminent peril.

The "woman's rights" is the "spiritual woman" now, in the wilderness, sent there by the old dragon to prevent, and if possible defeat her "conquest of herself," as a pledge of her future conquests over the powers of darkness. And when the "earth has helped the woman" so that all the vile trash in a deluge of scandal, slander, and lies, which the dragon has sent after the woman, is swallowed up, then may she hope to be restored to her proper place assigned her by God himself, as man's companion, not only in private, but also in public affairs.

What God did join together—man and woman—we've no right to put asunder. But we have done it; so that the enemy has come in, like a flood, and there has been no standard strong enough to prevent his conquests over us, because

our spiritual forces have been so divided. Union is strength; disunion is weakness. Every organization, whether civil, social, educational, ecclesiastical, or religious, which separates the sexes, is in conflict with God's own established order.

And any enterprise in which it is improper for a woman to enlist, it is an improper one for the good of humanity to have carried on. War, for example, is too hostile to the tenderness of woman's nature to permit her to prosecute, and therefore; woman ought not to engage in it at all, being simply a man business.

We have masculine women and feminine men, and each could find their appropriate element in all human organizations, without being untrue to their organization in any particular. The field or scope then given to both sexes to range in to find their proper orbit, would then be as limitless as God intended it to be.

Freedom, expansion, room, is what our heaven-aspiring natures are seeking for, and what God is intending they shall have, even if His enemy has a contrary end in view.

Slavery, confinement, restraint, are the watchwords of our arch enemy. "Spiritual wickedness in high places" is bad men in office, and these should not be set up, but set down into their "own place," as subjects of the good, not as rulers of the good.

There are but two natures in the universe—the human and the divine—and Christ was the representative of both these natures in a human or bodily form. Christ is the male human nature in a single state.

The female or angelic human nature is yet to appear, in the form of a woman, who will unite the human and the divine in her character, as Christ did in His.

This "the elect lady" is to be the "bride of Christ," when they twain shall become one flesh—a personified God,

in perfect or whole form—one soul in two bodies. They will be "the model pair" for the inhabitants of the "new earth" to look up to as their pattern, as we now look up to Christ, our model man as our pattern for both sexes. But after the spiritual coming of Christ and his choice of this "elect lady," publicly as his wife, will be the commencement of the millenium, when we shall have a "model woman" as well as man to look up to, the women and the men each having a pattern before them worthy of all imitation and admiration.

Evil spirits are then fallen humans, since the divine could not fall, and God could not make a bad being. The devils made themselves out of God's image, in human nature form, by perverting their natures.

There is no devil in the universe that I fear more than I do a perverted man; and there is no fallen angel that I fear more than I do a perverted woman; so if I did not believe all devils and fallen angels would be redeemed, I could not believe all men could be saved. But since I know all humanity is redeemed by the gift of God in Christ, I know all will be redeemed, but not until Christ takes to Himself "His great power,"—the power of His better half, the female power—can he achieve this his great undertaking.

There is a great host of redeemed ones coming with Him when he comes to establish His kingdom, who have been already redeemed—by living a true life—like Christ on earth, not ever having perverted their holy nature into a Satanic one, by their own sins, as the devils have. Then these devils will be on the earth, trying to delay his coming by their delusions, falsities, and artifices, so that then they will be at the acme of their power; at which point they will be overcome and overpowered by the "wrath of the Lamb," and be put under subjection to the good influences from which they have revolted, and Christ will be their King, and these bad

men or devils will be His subjects—unwillingly at first by mere brute force—but willingly afterwards from free choice.

But this “woman’s rights comet” seems to have a long tail to it this time it crossed our track. But some comets do have a tail reaching from the zenith almost to the horizon in length. So my comet’s tail isn’t an unnatural affair after all, if ’tis long. I suppose the faster a comet moves the longer is its tail. I hope that’s the case with mine; for I want to get this “woman’s rights question” in the right place as soon as possible, and I think the greater the light is that can be made to shine upon it, the sooner will this end be achieved.

I don’t expect this woman’s rights question is always to move in its present excentric orbit; but like other important luminaries, be revolving in its own quiet orbit in harmony with all other lights, but to the exposure and jeopardy of none. But while ’tis a comet we must look at it when and as we get a chance, for there is no knowing when it will come in sight again to our hemisphere.

I think we were called off from our train to look at this comet at the point where Calvinistic women were trying to cure the insanity of their lords by insane acts of their own. I can’t go in for this thing at all. The Calvinism about it spoils it all for my matter-of-fact brains. But it will do for brainless folks to return evil for evil, but not for me, for I am not brainless, I can tell you by-and-by, if you don’t believe it already.

Now I don’t think ’tis so bad a thing after all, to speak right out just what we feel. It is only being natural. Perhaps I restrained nature too much. My training was Calvinistic—a system of restraints. I like natural folks. I like H. W. Beecher a great deal better to see him get mad and speak right out just what he feels, than I should to have him mince the matter as some of our dignified, superhuman, angelic clergy try to do.

A minister that won't get mad now-a-days aint worth having. He can't have got the right sort of stuff in him. They are too Laodicean-like to suit me. I want cold and hot both in my church, and no lukewarm ones neither.

I don't like icebergs alone, nor fire-brands alone. But side by side they do very well. Even the sizzling process is better than no progress. This sizzling process will melt the iceberg if you keep the fire near enough and long enough burning. And the fire of true love is unquenchable. The Christian love I feel towards my husband is of that kind. All his strangling out of my conjugal love has not lessened my true love for his soul—as a human soul—although I can see no traces of it left upon him now except the empty form, or semblance to human feelings in his stereotyped soulless acts of hypocritical humanity. But I'm sure God can see some real humanity in him unless he is "the son of perdition," who is to be lost, because there is nothing in him to save—entirely perverted or depraved. But if he isn't that being there is some good in him somewhere, upon which to base a redemption.

But it takes somebody who knows him either less or more than his wife does of him to find it!!

But there is some love besides benevolence which is unchangeable and unquenchable, and that is true conjugal love, such as Mr. David Field and wife feel towards each other. They love on, and love on, and no chills of adversity, and no wintry blasts of disappointed hopes can quench the never-dying flame of true conjugal love by which their true hearts are cemented in Hymen's imperishable bonds.

They two are one—not they one are two. Each has his own rights, and each stand to his own, and they keep their own, as they ought to do. One is just as good as the other, and no better either, and they know it. They are equals—not superiors. Still they are as unlike as the opposite poles,

which both repel and attract. They are as different in temper and spirit as man and woman, and yet they are one flesh—that is, their fleshly or temporal interests are one. When one suffers the other suffers, when one rejoices the other rejoices. Their interests are identified. 'Tis our house, our children, our home, our farm, our money, our bank, our furniture, our music, our party, our heavenly home.

Mrs. Field is not afraid of her husband. Mr. Field is not afraid of his wife. Mr. Field does fear his wife. Mrs. Field does fear her husband. Mrs. Field gratifies her husband's wishes. Mr. Field gratifies his wife's wishes. Mrs. Field refuses her husband's requests. Mr. Field refuses his wife's requests. Mrs. Field's intellect is superior to her husband's. Mr. Field's animal propensities are stronger than his wife's. Mrs. Field's intellect controls her husband's impulses. Mr. Field's passions control his wife's intellect. Oh, what paradoxes does a celestial marriage combine!

They live for and in each other. They live, each of them, an independent existence. They each are a single team. They two are a whole team, with the dogs and cats in the wagon, not under it. The cats have to catch the lies and the thieves of the house; the dogs have to set them on to their prey. Their quarrels after all their white lies are eaten up, by their mutual contradiction of each other's assertions, only seem to make the calm which succeeds it all the more grateful and welcome.

So each in his proper circle move. United they stand. But they fall not from their steadfastness, for they are not divided in their interests.

The King David of the dark ages fell by yielding, as Adam, our first father did, to a woman's seductions, regardless of his own interests. King David of the nineteenth century stands by resisting his wife's wishes, when these wishes interfere with the dictates of his own conscience.

He, like our step-father, Christ, makes the law of his God superior to the claims of his wife. But the reasonable claims of his wife are one with the law of his God. Old father Adam lost the confidence of his wife, by yielding to her wishes, in defiance of the command of God. The second Adam retains the confidence of his wife, by refusing her wishes when those wishes conflict with the law of his God. Old Adam loved his wife better than he did his God. Young Adam loves God better than he does his wife. God cursed the first Adam, and blessed the second. The seed of the first is Calvinistic; the second is Christian.

God honors those who honor their consciences. God dishonors those who dishonor their consciences. God first, and God in everything. God last, and all good is lost; and only evil secured, only to be lost with an everlasting destruction.

God is, and always has been, the “Alpha and Omega” of Mrs. Packard’s life; and happiness has been her constant guest, in spite of the heaviest burden that can be put upon a woman to bear—a husband’s unrequited, unprovoked abuse of the feelings and character of a true and loving wife. Often has Mrs. Packard been singled out as an anomaly among the daughters of earth, in her being exempt from trouble, as one who was “always rejoicing.” So I was, in reality, but, Oh, how little did such observers know what a heavy pack I had lain down at Jesus feet, because I could not carry it about with me, and at the same time do my duties to my children and society in a cheerful, self-possessed manner without. Jesus knows how often I have run to Him and told Him all, and asked Him to keep me patient and trustful, loving and confiding, in spite of my unrequited love being so ungratefully returned by abuse.

How I have plead for purity! that no guile might be ever found in either speech, behavior, or thoughts towards the

wrong, ungrateful doer of so much wanton mischief. Oh, keep me for ever innocent of all the false charges my husband brings against me, for thou knowest that we are liable to become what we are taken to be. But since thou hast assured me that "My grace is sufficient for thee," let me experience its blessed realization!

How I have struggled and panted to be free from sin; let my sufferings be ever so heavy—yea, put upon me any amount of sorrow, only keep me from sinning under it, and my docile, confiding heart shall say, amen, "even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh, my God, thou knowest how hard I have striven to be perfect in Christ Jesus' estimation—let the world esteem me as it would.

I found I could not make my husband see me *as I was*. I know he saw in me only evil, where Christ saw only good. I knew Christ loved me, and I knew my husband hated me,—for Christ's sake,—and that alone, because I would be like Him in spirit and conduct.

I knew that no man was ever hated with such a cruel hate as was my Master. And I knew, too, that no man ever gave another less reason for this hatred, than Christ did. Therefore I thought if He was hated with such a deadly hate, simply for being good, I must be willing to drink of the same cup he did, and try to bear it as patiently as he did. And if I have not done so, it is only because a woman's nature incapacitates her for the endurance of pain with fortitude equal to that of a man's nature.

I am sure I have borne all that my nature could bear, without sinking into a state of desperation, or into a murmuring state. But with these giant sorrows my giant fortitude has grappled successfully, and I have come off more than conqueror, through Christ's love sustaining my fainting spirit—but not a despairing or fretting spirit. Yes, it is the love-principle which has sustained my soul, and that alone.

I loved Christ so well, even before I have even seen Him—in his human form—that I could bear all these accumulated sorrows for His sake, knowing that He loved me with an unchanging love.

Can I, shall I, love Him with any greater intensity when I meet Him in His glorified body?

Yes. I think I shall. For when He has advocated my case before the court of heaven, I know I shall be drawn towards Him still more strongly, when I find He has really done what my faith alone now assures me He will do. And when He personally extends to me, in some human form, the protection He has promised me, I shall be drawn towards this personified Christ, more naturally than I am now to this invisible Christ. For then my bodily senses can be adding their additional testimony to those of mere faith, and of course the union and love will be more perfect, satisfactory, and complete.

I suppose it is possible to "fall in love" with a lover we have never seen, in the confident assurance that He loves us, truly and ardently, and has seen us only to admire us more and more, and in addition feel assured of His intrinsic claims upon our best love, in His own untarnished, dazzling virtues—yet, I think this love may be intensified towards this lover, by seeing Him for ourselves, only to realize the fullest blissful reality of our fondest hopes. Thus it is to be with me, I fondly hope "Whom having not seen, I love," with all the devotion of woman's tenderness.

I have realized that for me, God had made it a moral impossibility to serve God and mammon both. Therefore I deliberately choose to serve God at the price of mammon. Mammon has rejected me, and has cast out my name as evil, but God has accepted me and will not forsake me.

My husband will not let me serve his interests any longer. He has cast me for ever out from him. But God will let me

serve His cause, and will never cast me off simply for my fidelity to it—as my husband has! I know His manly nature forbids his doing an unmanly act; and on His manly nature I hang all my hopes of my future reward, for this, my present fidelity.

Delay is not denial with Him. I get a little impatient of His delays sometimes, and I venture to urge and coax Him up to greater despatch in working out my deliverance. Still it almost always terminates in the conclusion that He understands His own affairs better than I do, and don't need a prompter in Mrs. Packard, to put Him up to His duties. I then conclude that while He gives me duties here to do, I think I had better despatch my own duties first, knowing He is determined I shall not get out of this place until my work is all done up first.

He seems to say to my inner consciousness, "I will take the care of that matter wholly upon myself. I put you in without your agency, and I can take you out in the same manner. You trust that matter to Me entirely, and address yourself to your present duties, and you and I shall both be satisfied with the issue."

"Yes, Lord, I will," is the cheerful response of my quiet, happy heart. My whole soul rests in His love. He will care for me, for He careth for the sparrows.

I cheerfully served my cruel task-master until the last hour I was permitted to be sheltered under his, or rather our roof. Shall I not serve my God here with equal fidelity and untiring patience?

Since no earthly shelter is allowed to me—"God's truthful witness" on earth—except the shelter of a prison, I shall seek my shelter henceforth only under the wing of God's sheltering providence; and His service shall be my only care, my only delight. And should this boon be denied me, I shall try passively to suffer His will, so long as suffering is appointed to be my test of loyalty.

My husband has severed me from all my kindred according to the flesh, but God has united me to all mankind as my adopted brothers and sisters. I have lost but few—but have gained the whole world!

I love all mankind and all womankind with a love stronger than death. Humanity is my personified God, and they are all identified in my God-like love for their best interests, as a part of the Godhead himself. To love them is to love God, as God loves us. God could not love us—unless we were a part of himself—for there would not be anything in us to love, without. He cannot love evil, for his nature hates evil, and unless some traces of the Godhead remained upon us, God could not love us. So I argue, if God loves the whole human family, then I consider them all as proper objects for my loving nature to rest upon. Since he makes no exceptions, so I am not allowed to make any.

But God's love for mankind tends wholly to make them better, and when its legitimate tendency is fully developed, it will make all men better. So should my love toward them be manifested as God's is, in bringing them to see their sins, and repent. Loving bad men into repentance, is the right kind of love for the true woman to exercise and cultivate towards the opposite sex.

But loving them in an unrepentant state, with a love of complacency, is devilish, because it only tells them to sleep in their sins, and thus allures them to destruction.

But the deepest, purest love is the most searching—it probes the wounded heart the deepest, lest some subterfuge of guilt may remain undemolished and unexposed to the free action of its occupant respecting it—for no sin can be destroyed except by the voluntary agency of the guilty doer. Only on the gospel terms of practical repentance can any son or daughter of Adam enter the portals of heavenly bliss. But on these terms, can every son and daughter of Adam

find a place for him in the heavenly paradise of God, because our Saviour, Jesus Christ, has died for all the human race; and I am determined to stand by Him until this His great purpose is achieved, and do all in my power to coöperate with Him in its complete accomplishment. And if I find any advocating a "limited atonement," I shall tell them it is only a delusion of Satan to think of such a thing—that there is no such thing as a limited atonement, any more than there is a limited God—or in other words, a limited love.

Love is limitless, so is the atonement.

Supposing our government should conclude to redeem all the war prisoners of our northern army, and should do so by paying Jeff Davis his price, and then proclaim their freedom to return home at any moment they chose to. And supposing some ardent assimilating souls should feel inclined to reject this redemption, on the plea that the government only meant to redeem the officers of their army by it, the "elect ones," whom they had before elected to office, that the common soldiers were of no account in the government's transaction, for they had no title to the "election," and therefore satisfy themselves that their present state was good enough, they had found a kind of home there that would answer for them.

Would not this libeled or limited atonement be a fine excuse to cloak their desertion from home and friends under, and thus seek to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, such as they found rather too tempting to their ardent natures to relinquish for the purer joys of their northern home.

Others might really desire to go home, still the delusion the southerners had thrown around them to keep them there, that it was only meant for "the elect" that the redemption was made, how should such be brought to see and believe the truth?

By going to the Calvinistic churches, and hearing the mer-

its of this limited atonement discussed, and trying to make you hope you was an officer when you knew you was not? or by going to the Christian churches, and hearing the limitless atonement advocated, or the limitless power and love of the government to make such an atonement?

I for one, if I had a friend there, should choose he should attend the church where he could hear the doctrine of Universalism advocated as the truth demands it should be, hoping he might be led to test the validity of the offer by coming home, and if he found after he got home, that it was only meant for the "elect" to bring them to repentance, I can't see what harm could come of his getting home in this way. I should welcome him if it was my Theophilus, and thank the Universalist for starting him on the home track of repentance, although 'twas an unpopular doctrine among the southerners!

I don't believe even an officer would ever get home, without coming home, even if the atonement was made only for him. He's got to get home by the same road of repentance,—atonement, or no atonement—just as the poor soldier has to do.

The atonement will do none of them any good, unless they come home of themselves, drawn there by the cords of love, which draw harder than the southern loves did around the inner soul.

I shall tell all humans to stop doing wrong, and do right, and in this way send them on the track for home, being certain there is no other way to get there; for the atonement will be of no avail to him, until he will do so. And if any one finds he don't reach home by going directly in the highway which leads to it—gospel repentance—I shall say the highway is not right—that heaven lies on some other route!

But I never heard of one's not going to heaven yet who repented of all his sins, and I never heard of any one's get-

ting there without. So I've no warrant to issue of pardon, except on the condition of repentance.

If you are not absent from home you need not come home, of course. But if you have perverted your nature, you must repent, in so far as you have, but no further. Those who are doing right have no call for, or need of, repentance; it is only the wrong-doer that has to repent. The right-doer must not repent; for if he does, he does wrong.

There is reason in all things, even in the Christian religion.

But my Lyons friends need not fear that because I love the world more, that I love them less. No; although the more I love you, the less I may be loved by you, because I love you too well not to be true to your best interests. I cannot conceal your faults, because I do want you to correct them. So does God also.

It is the truth—the truth—that reproves—not Elizabeth.

Elizabeth only wields the two-edged sword of truth, which God has commanded her to do—not to torment you with it, but to save you from torment; for nothing unholy, or that maketh a lie, shall enter our New Jerusalem. If Elizabeth utters one lie, consign both her and her book to the flames, where all liars should go, for God says it is their place, and of course we cannot avoid the place our characters assign us, for our God is a just God.

Yes, Calvin, I yield my body to be burned to the stake, as you burned your brother, Servetus, for his difference of opinion from you, if you can prove I have told one lie respecting you. And your chance to do so is limitless, as all my enemies would only triumph in this event, could you do so, and you have all their combined influences to aid you in your attempt.

I challenge the attempt!

Yes; my single hand to your thousands! Alone—alone—I meet you all on the arena of Truth. And if my single

arm, alone, cannot defend all the statements of my book, then I say God is not on my side, even if Baal is on yours.

Calvin—you put me into this asylum because I would not tell a lie! I shall never tell a lie to get out of it. I could not say I believed as the rest of the Bible-class did, and you told me if I did not you should put me into this asylum.

I asked you why you did not refute my errors, and in that open, manly way, put them down? you have the pulpit where you can and ought to expose error, or you can meet me in our Bible-class in an open discussion, instead of trying to put me down on the level with the beasts by slander.

You replied that it was because "you didn't want my opinions to be believed;" that you wanted me to be regarded as a woman unworthy of confidence!

Oh, can a creed which is compelled to resort to such means of self-defense be worthy of confidence? If it cannot stand on its own intrinsic merits—as truth always can stand—is it worth such a sacrifice of character and feeling to defend it? Must a sane, intelligent Christian woman be denied her right to be regarded as an accountable moral agent, to prevent the sophism of an insane creed from being exposed and abandoned?

Oh, Error! Lies! you cannot defend yourselves, except by adding sin to sin, iniquity to transgression, thus vainly hoping to stave off your doom by sinful artifice and crime!

Yes, you heretics have had your own way about it, unimpeded, unobstructed. God is now to have His own way unimpeded, unobstructed.

My advocate will take care of his loyal defender. I have nothing to fear! for I have done nothing to fear. I have been true to Him—He will be true to me.

So has Angelina and David been true to me; but they could not do for me as their benevolence prompted them to do, because they are so poor. Still, poor as they were, after

they had removed from Lyons to Granville, of this State, in Putnam County; Angeline saved from her board money enough to come to me with, and brought enough more to take me home with her last February, 1863, and offered, in addition, to let me share her home, such as it was, with her for life. And all this money she earned by taking boarders, to get her living by this means! She intended to get me divorced from my husband, and thus protect me from another similar assault to get me hid in another asylum.

But I refused to be divorced from him, thus cutting me off from children and home—all my rightful claims—and knowing my exposure to fall into his power again, unless I was divorced, I could not run this risk again. And therefore refused to go out, until my character was vindicated; for after all I had suffered, I would not go into the world to be looked upon as an insane person. The world has no charms for me in that drapery. I told her I preferred to die here, to meeting such a fate with my exceedingly sensitive feelings to contend with.

So she left me with tears, saying: "I will do all I can to get your book published for you, so you can hope to come out some time."

And I have no doubt but that she will do as she promised. Still, I see no great light in this direction, since their means are so limited so far as my deliverance is concerned.

Yes, she will have her full, rich reward, for she has visited Christ in prison, and "She has done what she could." She will stand in judgment on her own actions, as one of the faithful few who have not received the mark of the beast, either in "their right hands or in their foreheads," that is, she has never represented me to be insane, either by speaking or writing the lie. But, on the contrary, she has ably defended me at home and abroad, and everywhere she had a chance to speak in my defense—for Mr. Packard could not

pull the wool over her eyes, although he has tried his best to do so—and finding he could not, he has tried to defame her fair character by slander, to the utmost limits of his power.

He has for years felt a peculiar spite against her, because he suspected the truth, viz., that I had made her a confidant of my family troubles.

Indeed, she was not surprised to hear him represent me as insane, since he had done so to her before, by sending a secret, confidential letter to her to precede my arrival at Lyons, when I went there to pass the winter with my two youngest children about three years before he put me into this asylum; telling her I was insane; but not to let me know that he had told her I was—to be sure and burn the letter without even her husband knowing of the fact!

She did so—but rejoiced to find, by my arrival, that my conduct contradicted his assertion, proving it to be the basest slander. These facts I never knew until she told me of them on her visit to my prison-cell.

She said the only thing she regretted about that visit was, that she ever let me go back to him again. But I do not regret it, for what God permits to take place is the very best thing that could have taken place under the circumstances. God is going to bring great good out of this great evil, and this great drama is a necessary part of God's great benevolent plan for the redemption of a lost world.

Ought Christ to regret that vile men should be permitted to treat Him as an insane man? Is not evil the indispensable travail pains of anguish through which good has to pass to be born? Has not God so decreed it? And can we expect to improve upon the order of God's providence?

Nay, verily—welcome the throes of anguish by which any child of truth is born upon this mundane sphere! Even the woman's rights truths. Great truths, when fully come to their birth, must be born by Zion travailing in agony to bring

them forth. And can there be a greater honor or crown of rejoicing than to be the mother of important truths? the originator of new thoughts, new births such as are destined to live, breathe, move, and have their being in existence, long after the mother sleeps in the dust of the earth!

Oh God, I thank Thee for giving me the moral courage to dare to be true to my own thoughts, in defiance of the mightiest opposition a single female ever had to encounter, to accomplish this achievement! And oh, if the good is commensurate to the agony endured in giving it birth, then the value will be inestimable.

Seeing the impossibility of affording me the protection against my husband's abusive power which I so much needed, she offered to take my book instead, and get it published, and in this way open the door to my after deliverance. To this plan, reason replied:

"This you can never do, because the law gives my husband as complete control over my thoughts as it does over myself. I have no legal right to anything, except to my animal life. Should he aim to kill me, as we do a hog or a cow, the law would call this act a legal offense. But he may deprive me of all my spiritual or inalienable rights, and protect me only as an animal, and he is guiltless, so far as legal guilt is concerned. Now my book is one of my inalienable rights; it is my written thoughts—but my written thoughts may be as great an offense to him as my spoken ones were in our Bible-class; and should he get track of the book, he would be just as likely to make an attempt to track it into the fire, and to succeed in the attempt, as he did in tracking its author into an insane asylum hell-fire, and keep her there in spite of truth, mercy, or the dictates of reason, conscience, and humanity combined against it."

To this reasoning she replied, "We could hide your book, when we might not be able to hide you. I would not give it up, if he did demand it."

I replied, "But you would be compelled to; for he has the law on his side in enforcing the demand, if you should refuse to yield to it. He could come with his government officers, and claim the book—as his property—since it was the production of his legal wife, and she has no right to her own thoughts, unless her husband allows them to her, as a favor from him. And you could not persuade him to grant this favor to his wife, because it would afford her the right of self-defense against his slander of insanity. And do you think he could be led to concede the right of self-defense to his wife? No, indeed! not he—this would be the last right he would allow to his wife, for she might lead some weak-minded person to believe she was an accountable being, even after he and Dr. McFarland had both condemned her to the level of the brutes, on the ground of her being 'lost to reason.' No, no; in the name of the commonwealth, I demand the possession of my wife's written thoughts, to be disposed of at my own will and pleasure. Yes, my single will against hers and yours, and the world combined, for so the laws of my government dictate!

"Now with this 'search-warrant' I look throughout your premises, and if I find it not, I claim you as the government's prisoners, as resisting the government, until you will tell me where my wife's book is, or deliver it up into my possession.

"Now what could your love for me do, to shield me, under these circumstances? Nothing. You see I am defenseless, and being innocent of the slanders he has brought against me, renders me all the more helpless, so far as getting justice done me. And, besides, do you think any publisher could be found, whose disinterested love of justice would be so strong as to dare to defy the government in my husband's claims, by extending the right of self-defense to a person who is not recognized as a citizen of the government?"

“And if the bribe of honor could not prevent his issuing it, even after a contract had been made with him to that effect, could not the bribe of money be employed as a knock-down argument in favor of knocking down the types, and returning the manuscript to its legal possessor?”

“Yes, Cousin Angeline, don’t you see reason says, there is absolutely no protection to me, or to my book, outside of the walls of this asylum, so long as his life is spared upon the earth.”

“I see ’tis even so, Elizabeth. But can I consent to have a woman of your attainments, accomplishments, and graces shut up all your days in an insane asylum, just because of the villainy of that one man, and let your little children grow up motherless, and society lose your influence in it for good, all to gratify the despotic will of one human tyrant?”

“I know, Cousin Elizabeth, absolutely know, that your husband put you in here for no other purpose but to subject you to his will, and he has no right to treat such a good woman as you are, and always have been, in this way; and there is nobody in the world whom I should delight to see hung, but that man!—and I don’t approve of hanging, either. But Mr. Packard I should delight to see strung up by the neck until he was stone dead.”

“I agree with you here entirely in saying, as I understand you to mean, ‘That if ever a person deserved to be hung, and ought to be hung, he is that man.’ But I say, we have no right to hang him; but we have a right to ask God to kill him as quick as possible, and the quicker the better, so far as the cause of justice, truth, and humanity is concerned—as it seems to us. And this has long been my prayer, since there seemed no other way under our laws, how my holy life could be protected, except at the sacrifice of his sinful life; for so long as his sinful life was extended to him, so long must my holy, natural life be withheld from me.

"And if the prayer is sinful, then the government is sinful to make such a prayer a necessity—a spontaneous effusion of a human soul, to get rid of unutterable, untold soul-agonies, all most maliciously and wantonly inflicted, just to gratify the domineering will of the most inhuman, cold-blooded, calculating tyrant the world ever witnessed."

She replied, "I have often told Mr. Field, I wished he would die, and he would say, 'There is but little hope of that, such folks always live; their turn to die seems never to come!'" I heard her tell Dr. McFarland when he was here, "It will not do for you to listen to that man's lies respecting Elizabeth; for Mr. Packard is completely under the possession of a devil, and there is not a word of truth in his representations that Mrs. Packard is 'insane at home,' for he has told just as bad stories about me—that are nothing but made-up lies, for the accomplishment of the meanest, basest purposes."

Thus she is giving her testimony to the very point I have so often insisted upon to Dr. McFarland, viz., that you are destined to find out that you have been calling a person insane, and treating her as such, who had never shown the least evidence of insanity before she was brought here—and, moreover, who had never shown one evidence of insanity even under the most energetic and skillful working of the best-devised machinery to produce it that Satanic ingenuity could devise. And, besides, the person you have thus been calling insane, is one whom, of all others, you would be the least likely to call an insane person, if you had met me anywhere, without having heard this slander attached to my name.

I said to him one day as he was leaving my room, "Dr. McFarland, if I had come into your family as a guest, and you had never heard that my husband considered me to be an insane person, you would be the last man to call me any

other than a very sensible, intelligent woman—you have been completely gulled by Mr. Packard in calling me an insane person, regardless of the dictates of your reason and common-sense."

Mrs. Emeline Bridgman asked Mrs. Field when she was here to tell her what Mr. Packard put such a woman as Mrs. Packard in an asylum for? She replied, "Because he is a villain! that is all the reason."

Another thing she told me which pleased me very much, was, that Mrs. Sylvester, of Lyons, remarked, when she heard that I would not speak to Mr. Packard when he came to see me, "I now believe Mrs. Packard is a sane woman, for that act shows only a just and proper resentment, which a true woman could not help feeling, under her circumstances. I'm sure I wouldn't speak to my husband after he had treated me as Mr. Packard has her. And I'm sure Mrs. Packard wouldn't, unless she is an insane person."

No, Fanny. I could not speak to him without believing the instinctive feelings of my womanly nature, as it is naturally developed. I should have to scorn myself for ever afterwards, to attempt even a settlement with him on any compromise terms whatever—for a compromise implies a mutual concession. And I have nothing to concede. I have done no wrong, and he has done nothing but wrong. And if I should concede on any other basis, I should have to concede the truth to falsehood—and that my conscience condemns—and what conscience condemns is what God condemns, to me.

But you, my dearest friends, Mr. and Mrs. David Field, are the only true friends, except sister Mary Ware, the wife of brother Samuel, that I have had any evidence of having in the wide world, outside of my children; for even Rev. Mr. Foster is not recognized as one by me, for I saw by one expression in his letter showing that he credited the slander,

even with the counter-proof which my letter afforded him of the truth, still he believed it not, but believed the lie instead, for he says, "I hope you may be restored and return to your friends." Oh, fatal expression of a fatal, final separation—as friends for ever—except on the gospel terms of practical repentance and restitution of the agony of soul which that single expression has caused me.

But it is past, for ever; farewell! Rev. Mr. Foster, as Mrs. Packard's friend. We never meet again socially, except by a full restitution of the wrong you have done me in blaspheming the "Temple of the Holy Ghost," by depriving me of the right to be regarded as an accountable agent of God's government.

But since "Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost" is a sin which God says cannot be forgiven, neither in this life nor in the life to come, I fear repentance cannot atone for it, but you must suffer the penalty God has attached to it instead. Some offenses are so heinous, that repentance is not allowed as a ground of pardon—nothing but the infliction of the penalty can satisfy Divine justice—as in the case of "Blaspheming the Holy Ghost." And there cannot be a greater offense against humanity than that of treating a person as lost to reason when they are not. I know, for I feel it. Christ said, blasphemy against Him might be forgiven, on the ground of repentance, but against the Holy Ghost, it could not be. And Christ is man's representative, and the Holy Ghost is woman's representative.

To call a man insane, without cause, is not therefore so heinous an offense as to call a woman insane without cause—inasmuch as man's rights are better protected to him than woman's are.

Oh, insanity! insanity! It is the sin of sins—the slander of slanders, to call a reasonable being an insane person. While there is the least particle of reason left, it is blas-

phemy to deny it. I fully believe the blackest sins against humanity will be found in this catalogue; although so little suspected as an offense of such momentous magnitude—such a heaven-defying act to call the Godhead in me—the reason in its natural development, insanity, or, “being mad,” as they expressed it in Christ’s day.

I have not been “mad,” as my every act demonstrates. If reason does not stamp every single act of my life, then it don’t any human being’s practice.

God knows what reason is, but our age don’t. And I rejoice that God—not my corrupt, perverted age—is to be my final judge. And if this very age is not regarded as the darkest age ever swept over the earth’s inhabitants by posterity, I shall be very much mistaken in my opinion. If ever an age has lost the rudder of both reason and common-sense, this is that age of all others. Where do we find anything but sophisms, artifice, and subterfuge to build any enterprise upon?

Where is simple verity and truth the basis of actions in individuals, associations, institutions, and governments?

No wonder the simple truths of nature as exemplified in my practice and opinions are christened by such an age, “insanity;” since the standard of the age is sophism and deceit. Verily this is the age when the “strong delusion” is sent upon earth’s inhabitants to make them believe lies instead of truths.

And what age ever had so corrupt a pulpit as the present?

Where can those pulpits be found who dare speak the utterances of great practical truth, like as the H. W. Beecher utters them? Oh, the cant, the subtle webs of artifice our clergy have woven! and for what? To enlighten their hearers on the great practical duties of their daily callings? Or, to defend an insane creed?

“Judge ye,” whom the customs of society have drawn to the orthodox churches of our day.

I hope my minister has not been a fair sample of the orthodox clergy of our land; for if he is, the reiteration of false doctrines and denunciation is the main business of the American pulpit—and the enforcement of the duty of practical godliness is the exception. And these doctrines of devils, which they enforce with so much insane logic and pulpit oratory, have done more to delude and blind the reason and lead it astray from its original office, than any and all other causes combined.

Tell of the delusions of the Romish church, and then say, is there anything there taught, so wide from the simple truths of nature and the Bible, as the Calvinism of the American orthodox pulpit!

If there is a more insane theology taught in heathendom, and any which leads to insane and more devilish practices than the utterances of our Calvinism, then I know not where it is—and until I do know of such a place, I shall believe there is none. I know there can be no practices more barbarously cruel to humanity, than the culminating of these Calvinistic principles in the insanity of the American continent, as it is now practically developed in the treatment of married women here and in the insane lunatic, in the Indian and in the slave.

But the climax of all is in the treatment of those who dare to embrace and practice the Christianity of the Bible, in the blasphemous treatment they are suffered to receive under the sanction of the government under the great and popular banner of "their good," requires that they be treated as if they were "mad," as pests to society—as nuisances—as the filth and offscouring of all things under the benevolent (!) spreading dome of our insane asylums, lest their spiritual lights which God has sent to illumine this dark age, be permitted to shine out and dissipate the mists which Calvinism has spread with such a dark pall of midnight darkness over our hemisphere.

Nay, verily, Christianity was never so cruelly and barbarously persecuted, so that the victim can be made to feel the keenest kinds of spirit-agony than is now being experienced, in the slander of insanity, which is so popularly allowed to attend upon them—our new lights—the lost world's "spiritual luminaries." Never was there a persecutor of Christians which could stand by these persecutions of the true church, under the sanction of a nominally Christian—but in reality a really Calvinistic government.

As David was hunted like a wild beast by his rival Saul, so is Christianity now hunted like a wild beast, and treated as one by its rival—Calvinism; and as Saul had no mercy in his heart towards his victim, so has Calvinism no mercy to extend the Christians, except the mercy of endless, hopeless torment, in a prison of hopeless confinement, where their torments are so aggravating and unutterable, that their constant prayer is for death, which they seek, but are not often permitted to find,—so vigilant are their keepers—lest they find some means of which they would gladly avail themselves, rather than have life perpetuated under such terrible auspices!! And all this for "their good!"

But as David could not be kept from the throne God had in view for His faithful friend, so cannot our American kings and queens now in their prisons be kept from their thrones and crowns in their new Jerusalem home.

And when God calls for His kings and priests to receive their honors, will the throng come from the American pulpits, or from the insane asylums of America?

Ah! the drapery of insanity which Calvinism has thrown around God's "elect ones," has so disguised them, that they have been called to experience many an indignity which their loyalty and royalty has brought upon them, to the eternal shame and confusion of the misguided and deluded fanatic, who imagined he was doing God service to treat these

members of His royal family as if they were only brute beasts!

But Mr. and Mrs. Field, your own works demonstrate that the Calvinism of the age has not unchristianized you, for you dare to live out the directions of the great Founder of Christianity—Christ himself—in your daily life and practice. Yes, I shall give my testimony in your favor when I am on the stand before the "Court of Heaven," in that you treated me as you would have treated Christ, had He been in my place, as He says He really is, in all His true followers. And you know my life and conversation demonstrate that point, that I am one of His faithful followers, and witnesses on earth, inasmuch as I have been called to test my love for Him and His cause, by laying down *all things*, for His sake. And I have not been "found wanting" in this, the very highest test of true loyalty, since I have been weighed in these exact balances, and I have deliberately, intelligently, and freely done it.

Yea, I believe I have made this sacrifice of all of good in this earth-life as cheerfully and freely, and without grudging, as you have sustained your test of loyalty, in "using hospitality without grudging," and "Be not unmindful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." You have practically done both of these things, as I am only one among the hundreds who can testify the same truth in their own happy experience of the generous hospitalities of your hospitable abode.

I know the struggles with poverty you have had to contend with, too, in so doing—and what is harder still for your sensitive hearts to bear, you have had to bear reproaches for doing this very thing, by your purse-proud relatives, who scandalously made use of this very Christianity of yours, as an excuse for not lending you that pecuniary aid you so much needed to keep your heads above the water of crushing debts, until you could liquidate them by your own honest industry.

But in face of this persecution of your Christianity which you have thus experienced, you have stood firm for right—firm for truth—firm for the duty of obeying God according to the dictates of your own consciences, and you will be firmly defended by your Advocate in the day of judgment, on the ground of your own deserts. And you deserve acquittal, for you have obeyed Christ in opposition to mammon, and you will not have to resort to the miserable substitute and subterfuge of the not doer of righteousness, “Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?” No; for you have *done right*—not merely talked right and supported benevolent institutions!

Yes, you have done right in not turning the needy away destitute from your door, saying, “Be ye warmed, and be ye clothed,” elsewhere,—not here,—where we can hardly warm and clothe and feed ourselves. But you have given every guest a most cordial welcome to your fireside, your board, and your heart of love and true sympathy.

You welcomed me and my two, then, youngest children, Elizabeth and George, to your hospitable abode, and gave us a warm home with you during eleven of the coldest weeks of the winter of 1858. Your hospitable table, and your generous wood-fire, told me how liberal were the hearts which supplied them; although I knew your daily bread came only as the fruit of your daily toil in obtaining it.

But Providence made my husband's meanness the instrumentality by which I could reward you, by leaving in Angeline's hands fifty dollars at parting, as the pay for a just debt. Had my niggardly husband only have given me money enough to *return* to him, instead of giving me only enough to leave him, as he did, I should not have been obliged to borrow of Dr. Sylvester one hundred dollars to return with, and by this means obtain the promised yearly allowance my husband had engaged to give me, on condition I would let

him have the six hundred dollars my father had recently sent me, as a present for my especial benefit. Dr. Sylvester's manliness enabled him to trust the note of hand of an outlawed citizen—a married woman—at ten per cent. interest as his security, until I could get home and get the note transferred into the name of an identical human being—my husband—whom the laws of America recognize as a citizen, in full power to claim the protection of that very identity it denies to his wife!

I am simply his appendage. But I don't like my legal position,* because it is wholly a Calvinistic position—not a Christian one—the Gospel entitles me to have.

But I am not responsible for this relation at all, for I detest it, and I protest against it! although I took it upon myself when I gave up my virginity, as my God-given nature prompted me to do, in the marriage covenant.

I wanted to be married, and I wanted to be free too—and I wanted to be married to get my spiritual freedom protected to me, as Christ told us it should be, by the husband. But our government says it shall not be so, and so Christ's antagonist—the American government—carries the day, so that Christian marriage is entirely eclipsed by Calvinistic marriage—the union of hell.

Thus our government sanctions the hellish marriage, and ignores the heavenly marriage.

They have so long been married to iniquity themselves, and let it rule over them, that they seem to think it is a right union!! Blinded! But it isn't right—if all the governments in the world say it is—and I enter my protest against it.

And if God should, in His providence, leave the American government to be under the power and dominion of the evil which they have deliberately chosen to be their God, then I say 'tis only a just doom, such as was an indispensable

necessity to their seeing their sins, and being thus led to repentance. For it is an inflexible purpose of divine providence to bring good out of evil only by a voluntary abandoning of the evil on the part of the wrong-doer.

So it is with individual reformers, and so it must be with the multitude—the government. Salvation from sin is Bible salvation.

The government must practically repent of their wickedness by forsaking it and turning to the practice of righteousness. They must repent of their abuse of the wives and mothers of their country, by protecting their identity to them by woman's rights laws, not only as strongly as they have their own rights, but their gallantry should prompt them to do it still more strongly, since their physical weakness demands it more, as being by nature more dependent a being than man is.

How mean, and ungenerous, and unmanly it has been for our man government to fortify their own rights so strongly by the laws of their own making, and then leaving just the class most needing the protection of law without even the shadow of one claim to governmental protection!

I think, in this respect, instead of our government being a man government, it is a devil government. Or, in other words, instead of being a Christ-like man government to protect the weak, it has become a Calvin-like devil government to oppress the weak.

Now put woman into your ballot-boxes, your legislatures, your senates, your Congress, your president's chair, and then see if your government can't keep the devil out, since his old place is now supplanted by the very being he has been so determined to crush and keep under complete subjection to him—or evil—both being one and the same thing in substance.

It's no wonder the devil came into the vacuum you left for

him—as your companion!—for nature repels a vacuum. If it is not filled with the celestial fluid God intended to put there, it is filled with something God did not intend should be there, and He will not let it be there always, neither.

No, indeed. If our government will not put us into the place God intended us for—the companion of man, in all places and under all circumstances—and put the devil out of the place He did not intend him to be in, I say it not a God-fearing, but a God-defying government.

And I am no prophet, unless God puts *such* a government into oblivion, and that speedily, for this sacrilegious act.

Another thing—they have got to put the poor Indian in his proper place—as citizen—and protect his rights, as they do their own; for he is a noble man, and has got wives who need protection as much as the wives of the white men—but I guess they have better.

Another thing—the slave and his wife and children are as much, yea, more, entitled to the protection of our government than the white man is and his family; because the government has oppressed them so long, they are now required to make restitution to him for all his debasing ignorance and wrongs growing out of his oppressed condition. His claims not only entitle him to the rank of citizen, of equal standing with us, but he is entitled to be a citizen of the first rank, as an atonement for our keeping him out of any rank at all—as a human being—as we, the white married women of America, are, and ever shall be, so long as Calvinism reigns supreme.

Yes, the devils have held the reins of government long enough—as God and I think—and now I think, and I guess God agrees with me in this opinion, too, it is time to have a “man and a woman government” in America, as a “model government” for the world, like unto his own perfect government, where the Holy Ghost is permitted to be one with

himself, and rule and reign with him in perfect harmony and great glory and happiness.

Men cannot be happy without the women, any more than the women can be without the men—and of course they cannot be good apart; for we cannot be good unless we are happy, neither can we be happy unless we are good. So, I say, why not let us be good and happy both, as God intended we should be, and has been trying to make us so these six thousand years and more?

I for one have got utterly and entirely sick of this compromising so much to Satan's terms, and so little to God's terms of happiness. I'm positive, from what I know, that Satan's happiness is an empty cheat, when you've got it, and is not worth half the sacrifice it has cost us to obtain it, after all—while God's happiness is a solid reality, and is worth infinitely more than all the trouble it has cost us to obtain it.

Therefore I go where I can find the largest dividends on the smallest capital. And I'm sure that lies in the "bank of faith." I just take God's word of promise and directions as to my investments, and stick to it, without giving in to Satan's suggestions in the case, at all—for God is true, and Satan is not.

One question I should like to ask the men in passing on this track, lest I lose sight of it on our other routes, and that is:

How would you like to marry away your identity?

Supposing God should, just for a change, give you a chance to try it, by upsetting your tables and setting up our tables in your places? Supposing, then, we should choose the devils for our companions, instead of choosing you, and more than this, should make laws that whenever you felt that you must marry, you were compelled to do so at the

price of your identity, and the forfeiture of all your claims to protection from the government as a citizen!

Shouldn't you think you ought to have a precious good wife to pay for all this mighty cost of mighty good things to get her—especially if ever after you could be allowed to be nothing else than a mere appendage to this being in whom you had lost all your identity?

Do you think you would bear being put into this humbling position any better than we have? And do you think you would like to have us usurp all the powers of our woman government, and lord it over you, any better than we like it to be thus ousted out of our place, and be ruled over by you?

I can tell you I lose my guess, if you wouldn't squirm as much, or even more, than we do, to get out of this tight vise. And I, for my part, would like to let you squirm awhile, to let you see how good it was to be so kindly and gallantly cared for by your better halves!

I shouldn't be at all surprised if some of you should choose even to remain single, and get your children where you could find them, rather than try to raise a family in this way! And I shouldn't blame you much, either, if you did; for, I can tell you, it is no easy affair to try to raise a family of children, and feel that you are held responsible for their character and conduct, while no parental right to control the child is protected to you by law; and if you attempt to enforce it, on the gospel claim to your identity, you have to do it at the risk of an imprisonment for life in an insane asylum, on the slander of insanity!

"O, but never mind, you married slave! it is all for 'your own good' that your better half has imprisoned you! She thinks the good of her husband demands this great sacrifice of her tender regard for his best interests, and you must feel under obligations to her for showing such strong proofs of her

regard for you as to treat you in this manner! And besides, she thinks that the good of the children requires that the father be for ever separated from his offspring, lest they get some mark of his identity upon them. You must remember 'tis all wife, now—the husband is lost in the wife, and if you think independently from her, you must remain in the asylum until you won't."

But you say, "I am not insane, and she has no right to put any one in there but the insane."

"Ah! but she *says* you are—and that's all the same as if you were, in law, for she is you, in law—and her saying you are insane, is the same thing as your saying it, either by word or deed!"

"But—mind you—I can prove I am not insane, and thus convict her of crime."

"No, no—not quite so fast, sir. You are now the State's prisoner, under the State's officer, Dr. McFarland, and he says you are an insane person, and that testimony alone is sufficient to outlaw any such mere appendage to humanity as you are. So what is your testimony—the testimony of an insane person—worth in courts of justice?"

"Well, 'tis a hard case, I declare. It does cost dear to get married, in Illinois—and this I will do, I will stay my time out, because I can't get out, and then I'll tell of it, and get justice done me."

"But, stop! you are too fast, again. They have no terms of imprisonment for the insane—it is only the criminal who is allowed this relief—this mitigation of his sorrows. If the superintendent just gives the testimony of his opinion, merely, to the trustees, that a person here is hopelessly insane, then they can just pass him over to 'capital punishment' of the 'first degree,' into an endless, life-long imprisonment, without even judge, jury, or any sort of trial or test, to see whether the individual gives any proof, from his own acts, of

being lost to reason or not; or whether the superintendent's opinion is based on selfish interests in thus calling his patient insane, or not."

"Well, I declare, I would rather die than to linger out a miserable existence like this; for there can't be any change in me except to really become insane, for, being sane, I can't be cured—and to become insane, and then get well, as I am now, it will be all the same to me. So I'll kill myself! It can't be a sin under such desperate circumstances, and life is to me nothing but a series of mental torments, and not one ray of hope is left to me to keep my soul from the depths of the deepest despair. All, all this mortal agony is allowed to be heaped upon a person guilty of no crime at all, nor of no offense at all, but on the contrary, wholly for trying to do what God required me to do—to make my children ornaments and blessings to society, and the church, and the world.

"O, is there a God? If there is, why don't He appear for the rescue of the innocent? Because His time has not fully come to make His great power known, by the manifestation of His wrath upon the guilty doer. But it will come—He will not tarry, only till His own appointed time does come."

"So, cheer up, forlorn man! even if your wife don't die, and thus you get your identity restored to you; perhaps the government may be made to see their sins, and repent, before you die; for remember our women government is a Christian one, and the women are so humane in their noble natures, they may be induced to make some 'man's rights laws,' whereby you men can be protected as well as the women are now, under our woman and devil government!

"It is a fact, you men are something and somebody, as well as we women, and 'tis too bad to make you nothing but slaves by our laws, just because you chose to marry one of us, the lordesses of creation. I do think 'tis too bad to make you a simple nonentity, since God has made you with such a noble, aspiring nature.

“Indeed, men, I would not submit to this humiliation—this degradation. I would strike! strike! for your freedom! your emancipation! Yes, strike now! while the wave of emancipation is rolling over the South, where black men are allowed their liberty, and perhaps the white man may get his, too, in this nick of time!

“O, men of America! don’t you marry another woman, until this mean ‘woman government’ has protected to *you* your inalienable rights, under the American flag—until they will consent to let you be their companions—in government, as well as everywhere else!”

Yes—men! husbands! you would find, to try it, that the slavery of the colored race is bliss to this form of married servitude—legalized, as it now is, by your mean man and devil government—or rather, devil alone government; for I can’t see the least trace of manliness in this feature of it—’tis all devil, and nothing else but devil.

Oh, it is the refined, truly-developed, educated woman who suffers most keenly from this galling yoke of bondage to man’s lusts!

And can a man feel a respect for a woman whom he is allowed to look upon, legally, only in the light of a mere slave? How can he feel any higher emotions towards her, than the slaveholder feels towards his mistress; while he realizes that the woman is as much, and even more, in his absolute power, than such a mistress is in the power of her master? Indeed, this bondage is as degrading to the man as it is to the woman—and is wrong—all wrong—and must be broken up, or our race will be sold unto Satan again, for we know not how many more years of hopeless bondage!

It’s no wonder that the manhood is extinct in the present race of men; for they have been pursuing just the course to extinguish it! As well may the taper burn in an exhausted receiver with no oxygen to feed it, as the flame of manliness live without “respect for woman” feeding it.

Despise woman! he despises *himself*. And a being whom a man cannot respect and fear, too, he cannot love.

And what reason has he to fear his wife? Is she not in his absolute power, and can a man respect a dependent being?

No, he cannot. He pities dependence, but he respects independence.

Let a woman stand before a man as his *equal*—on her own self-reliant basis—and then, and only then, he looks upon the being at his side with respect; and on this foundation alone can true love be built.

But must a woman fear a man before she can love him?

I say a woman cannot love a man whom she does not fear to offend.

But man's unlimited power over his wife leads him to become the despot, and the fear of the despot is as fatal to true love as the withdrawal of oxygen is to the flame. Few men with the lordly natures God has endowed them with, can be trusted with absolute, irresponsible power, without misusing it, and thereby becoming despotic. And the few American men who do escape this Charybdis, are generally those who incline to Scylla—if not to silliness. And a silly man who is too weak to stand his ground with his wife, is no more an object of respect to the true woman than is the despot; nor is he hardly entitled to as much.

A man is not a man, who will submit to be ruled by a woman; neither is a man true to his manliness who will not be influenced by a woman, more than by a man. He bows instinctively before her spiritual power, as before a superior intelligence, and is influenced by it in harmony with—not in opposition to—his own reason and conscience. Just as the spirit-power of a babe influences and controls the whole household, in harmony with their reason to attend to and gratify its wants and wishes. Still, it is not the fear of the

babe which does this, for it is absolutely dependent upon us, but it is our instinctive love and respect for its nature that controls our judgment, and through it, our actions in relation to it.

And so of woman, she who does not allow her judgment to be influenced by the instinctive homage her nature pays to the manhood, is untrue to her instincts, and in so far as this is the case, so far is she a perverted woman. But a woman who maintains her womanhood, never will yield up her reason to this or any other instinct of her nature. But she controls all her instincts by her own reason and conscience, as much as she does the impressions she receives from others' assertions, reasons, and arguments.

But God knows it takes a gigantic woman to do this thing, in this Calvinistic age, when, unless a woman leans on some human prop in a man form, she is masculine herself!

No. She is not masculine, because her womanly virtues have become so strong as to enable her to stand alone upon them, as a self-reliant being. She is only feminine perfection, in taking this stand where her Maker put her as an independent, self-reliant, self-supporting being—as man's equal, and man's companion, entitled to respect from him on this very ground of her self-reliant claims to it.

I should be ashamed to be eclipsed by a man's virtues—and I don't ever intend to be, neither! If I can't stand shoulder to shoulder with any man I ever saw yet, I am greatly mistaken in my opinion of my virtues and abilities. And furthermore, the man that I can eclipse is just the one I don't want for my next husband—and more than that, I won't have such a man.

The man I next marry has got to stand in his own colors—not in my reflected splendor! And if he is dazzled by me, my advice to him is, to seek a partner among some minor luminary—he is out of his place in my orbit.

How would the moon look chasing the sun in his orbit? and how would the sun look chasing the moon in her orbit? They would look like a man and a woman both out of their appropriate spheres.

I say let the suns all move in the sun's orbit, whether the sex be the male or the female. Only be sure they are suns, that is all that is necessary to entitle them to this sphere—let them have long hair or short, long beard or no beard, wear petticoats or wear pants; it isn't the sex, the hair, the beard, or the dress that makes suns. It is its own inherent power to shine of his own intrinsic merits, that constitutes a sun; and his splendor can't be put out, although some lunar spirit may strive to eclipse him for a time. This temporary eclipse don't hurt him any, it only prevents his shining on others for the time being. After this, old Calvin has got through his amorous embraces of this resplendent luminary through the influence of his hot love for her best good. I hope he'll be content to let the sun take care of himself, afterwards. At least I suspect he'll take the liberty God has given him, of moving around in the orbit God has assigned him; without asking permission of the moon whether he may do so or not.

I'm sure we suns do not feel disposed to dictate to you moons where you shall get your borrowed light from. You may get it where you choose—just as we choose to shine with our own excellences, without the aid of others to help us.

Still, since one good turn deserves another, and you have so freely offered to aid us, by striving to promote our good, by trying to hide us—so we will offer you the aid of our light to illuminate your darkness, so you can shine in borrowed splendor, as naturally as we do in our own intrinsic splendor.

I don't see as there is the least use in the two luminaries

interfering at all. The moon must shine in others' colors, just because she hasn't any of her own to shine in; and she is made to be only a reflector, and she can't be anything else. And the sun is made to impart light to others, and to reflect none—for she was made for a shiner, not a reflector. I mean the female suns were so made, as well as the male suns are.

All nature is sexed—and shall we suppose the sun or the moon is confined to one single sex?

Every flower—every animal—every plant has its companion of the same species and genus, in an opposite sex—and so has every man and every woman a companion in their plane of development, or orbit, or species, just adapted to them, and they are only half beings until they find their appropriate mate, and when they have, then, and only then, can they increase and multiply in a natural manner—without risk or danger of getting monstrosities or mongrels as their legitimate offspring, as they are in danger of doing when they try to amalgamate with another race or species, made for some other orbit.

I do say it is the order of God to have suns marry only suns—and moons marry only moons—and stars to marry only stars of the same or equal magnitudes—and the nearer equals they are, the more perfectly will they coincide and harmonize in interests, pursuits, and purposes. And as like begets like, so the begotten children will be adapted to the orbit which gave them birth and training.

How beautifully harmonious our social system will become when God's order is established throughout the spheres!

When the spiritual, which are the highest faculties of man, are fully developed, and have passed through the birth-throes of their development—as they are now in process of doing—then may we hope that the perfect being, in the perfect image of his God, whom God designed to be the tenant of this

earthly ball, will speedily and instinctively pass into the very sphere assigned him by God, and, with his appropriate mate, live out the character of a personified God and Holy Ghost united in one perfect one.

Now, let our government just kill Calvinism, by hanging him (for he is a single man—thank God! in no danger of leaving any posterity!) on a gibbet fifty cubits high, if you please, as a world's beacon and warning, lest he should attempt to counterpart the resurrection of his rival, as he has his other doctrines of the cross. And there let him swing, in broad daylight, until he is stone dead—and you may pierce through the place where his heart is, and if your spear has a slender point, and don't break off when it hits it, it will only prove that the heart is not stone, and I've lied about him! but be sure he is dead—that's the main chance—and you may do what you please with his body—I don't want anything more to do with it, only to be sure the life has left it.

But I'm very anxious you should do this for my sake, as well as my partner's sake, since these "spiritual gifts" are now come to their birth, and there is not strength in Zion to bring them forth because of the fear of the old devil, lest he'll call them insane because these spiritual gifts are such singular and new manifestations of progressive Christianity, that they fear the community will uphold these Calvinists in calling it insanity, as they are now doing—and while insanity is treated, as it now is, as a crime of the first degree of magnitude, by the penalties attached to it, it is a mighty incubus on the pregnant woman, too mighty for her, in her exposed, defenseless state, to overcome.

Oh, earth! do pity this woman!—and help her, too, by killing this hateful "old dragon," and by giving deliverance to this her child—"spiritual freedom," or her "own identity,"—lest she strangle it at its birth, for want of moral

courage to cope with this "old dragon" and his great flood of slander, alone. Don't let it be drowned nor strangled, either!

Can't the gospel physician be allowed to come to her help?

The child is large and fully developed—having in her organization the "word of wisdom,"—the "word of knowledge,"—"faith,"—"the gifts of healing,"—"the working of miracles,"—"prophecy,"—"discerning of spirits,"—"divers kinds of tongues,"—"interpretation of tongues,"—etc. But with all these "diversities of gifts," the "same spirit" of love and kindness characterizes every possessor—*longing to bless others*—seems to be the instinctive desires of every possessor.

But instead of giving us the nutriment adapted to these longings, they are seeming determined to starve the children already born, by incarcerating them in "mad-houses," so as to destroy their influence over others' minds, who are in this way led to believe these manifestations of the Spirit, in its highest degree of perfection, is insanity; and thus the age has become a "blaspheming age,"—even "blaspheming the Holy Ghost," by calling its direct, natural manifestations insanity, or the work of the devil!

Yes, our American government is thus "blaspheming the Holy Ghost," by their insane laws being insanely applied to the sanest people in the universe—those very ones who have so far outgrown their cotemporaries that, instead of being allowed to be what God made them—for lights in this dark age—they are made to be the filth and offscouring of all things, by their deluded cotemporaries.

I have seen so much reason to know that this is the case in this asylum, during my experience here for the last three years, that I challenge the denial of the statement.

I can't understand these developments, since I am such an

infant myself in this department of spiritual knowledge that many of these manifestations seem or appear not to be in harmony with the dictates of our reason and common-sense—even if they do not conflict with both. I am such a matter-of-fact, reasonable being myself, that it is hard for these seeds to find soil deep enough in mysteries for the seed to germinate in my organization. Still, I wait—I hope and pray for light, that I may not be left to commit, ere I know it, the same sin that Christ's cotemporaries did, in calling the utterings of the deep things He said, insanity, simply because they could not understand them. Thus He said they blasphemed Him.

So, what I don't understand, I am too cautious to condemn as insanity, lest the sin of blasphemy be found on Mrs. Packard, as well as on them.

It is enough for me to condemn what I know to be wrong, as devilment, or insanity, but what I don't know anything about, 'tis an awful risk to say it is insanity. O God, hold me back from thus blaspheming Thee, by calling Thy utterances—devilment!!

One man here, for instance, says he is the "King of Turkey." But he cannot prove his claims to that office, by any logic which my own reason can recognize; shall I therefore say he is a deluded man in that particular?

No, I will not do it, for I can't see his own premises on which his reasons are based. He can and does; I can't and don't. There we stand. I am not called to be my brother's oracle, to decide whether his thoughts are in harmony with truth or not. Who made me a judge over him? Hasn't he an inalienable right to cherish opinions I can't—from my organization—see in the light he does? Yes, he has.

Have I a right to call those opinions of his which I can't see the reason of—insane opinions?

No.

Why not?

Because he is not made like me in the balancing of his organization, neither has my intellectual training been like his, nor my moral, nor my spiritual. He is another person from me entirely, and I am not made his keeper. I am only responsible for myself. God is the keeper of us both, and he, by being true to his nature—or God—may have to be very different from me, in being true to my nature—or God. But for me to say he is not true to his reason, because it is not like my own in its dictates, is to commit a sacrilegious act.

Again. The spiritual sight of some now-a-days is so affected by these gifts struggling for birth, that they have a prescience of what is to take place, and they speak of it as taking place before their eyes—as Daniel did the scenes of the last days. Daniel would have been called insane here, were he my cotemporary—no mistake. We should have derided him as a pretended prophet! an insane man! For we do thus deride the prophets of our day, and Christ says the same of us as He did of his cotemporaries: “Your fathers killed the prophets, and ye garnish their sepulchers.”

Now I don't know but in some of his future bodies this King of Turkey is to be the very personage he says he is now; and he may be telling a future event in the present tense.

Or, he may have been the King of Turkey, in some of his former lives; for he has been somewhere since the flood to develop himself in; for he isn't a child as the race then were. He is nearly a perfected man, if not quite; and men are not made full-grown—but like seeds, die and rise again, and so go on, to complete development of moral and spiritual faculties. He may have been this king in one of his bodies, and now in this age of spiritual development, this after-vision, or memory, may have power to extend beyond the limits of this resurrected life, back into a former res-

urrected life, and so he tells us as if it was a present reality.

I say I cannot account for these things; but I say too, that because I cannot, I will not add iniquity to ignorance, and condemn as deviltry what may be as much a truth as God himself. But when hereafter I do come to know as it is known, and see as it is seen, I am determined it shall not be then known that I was, while in the body they called Mrs. Packard, so bigoted, or uncharitable, that I could not allow a person to see things with any other eyes than my own, without calling him an insane person—thus depriving him, slanderously, of his accountability before the eyes of my cotemporaries.

No. I intend no mortal shall meet me at the judgment and throw this in my teeth—the foulest and most terrible libel on humanity which could be practised or invented, by Satanic ingenuity.

I have no doubt but that Satan has a great banquet these days, over souls he has ruined by this very—not only most uncharitable, but most blasphemous act.

Again, What harm is there in a man's indulging such a notion if he chooses to, and feels that he must in order to be true to his own views of truth and duty, unless he tries to usurp the throne of its rightful occupant?

Let him think he is a king while he trespasses on no one's rights—what right have we to trespass on his rights and deprive him of his inalienable right to his "liberty and the pursuit of happiness" in his own way, simply because of his opinions?

Which is the most criminal act, to think and advocate what you honestly believe to be the truth, or to imprison a person for so doing?

Another case. One man told me in one of our dancing parties, that he was "Jesus Christ"—in reply to my asking

him his name, saying, "I have forgotten your name—but not you." We had had a very intelligent conversation together one previous evening, when I think Dr. McFarland introduced us, and I acknowledge I was taken a little aback at this unexpected acknowledgment of his Messiahship!

Still, true to my charitable, liberal, generous principles of allowing, practically, as well as theoretically, the right of "freedom of opinion" to all, I could not without the most egregious trespass upon this "liberty of opinion" allow myself to think, as my first impulse was to do, "This is your insanity." No. The detestable, abominable inconsistency of saying, I am for freedom of opinion, yet, if you think differently from what I do, I shall think and say you are insane on that point! How charitable! how liberal! how tolerant of opinions! how Christ-like—to deprive a brother or a sister of his title to his Godhead, just because he thinks differently from me on some points!!

No. I don't do it, my Father in heaven!—I am not such a bigot. I am a human being who has some claims to being charitable from my nature, itself, and I should be the basest kind of a traitor to my nature, if I could be compelled to deprive a being of his accountability, for opinion's sake.

I know it is a very dangerous test for virtue, to be where its opposite vice is commonly practised, and the popular current approves of this course of vice, as a virtue, or at least, as no offense at all. We, under such circumstances, are very apt to "First pity, then endure, then embrace."

Everything here is so generally cast into the category of insanity, as the common receptacle of everything that don't suit our express notions and views, that we can hardly help applying this gauge, even before we think of it, or at least without any intention so to do. So it was with me in this case, but as quick as thought I repented of the suggestion, and began to inquire into his title to this Messiahship. But

he failing to do this to any degree that met my satisfaction, as his only proof seemed to lie, in his simple, positive assertion that he was Jesus Christ himself, I concluded to waive the subject, and talk upon some other subject where we could think more in harmony and be mutually benefited by the interview. We did so, and he gave me some new thoughts, and I presume I gave him some.

I recollect Universalism was one point of our discussion, where he demurred a little, and as Dr. McFarland passed near just then, he referred the point to him for a kind of settlement, by saying:

"Doctor, what do you think on this subject of universal salvation?"

I waited eagerly to hear his reply, since we had discussed the same point often, or rather, I had talked to him often, but I could not get him to reply much to what I said, so that I was still in doubt as to what his real opinion was on that point. Now, thought I, is the time for him to commit himself, so I can tell where he really does stand. But no. The cunning noncommittalist eluded me this time also by one of his noncommittals, by replying in these words:

"Mrs. Packard has sent me on the track of investigation on that point, and I don't know yet how I shall come out!"

That's complete Dr. McFarland—inside and out!

I tell you, get his opinions if you can, for I can't. He's a match for me—a little too shrewd to suit my open, frank nature. Still, I stick to the old doctor, since I'm very sure I do know what he thinks, on almost all subjects.

But, I can assure you, I didn't get this knowledge from his lips, but from my own instincts. These give their testimony to his being sound at the core, if he is a little rotten, or equivocal on the outside!

But one thing is certain—he is not sound at the core unless he is a universalist.

I say no partial man is a Christ-like man—for Christ's benevolence embraced the whole world—and I guess Dr. McFarland's does.

In fact, I suspected this man before me might be an impostor, more from his hesitating on this point than anything else I saw in him, or heard about him; for he certainly showed himself from his conversation to be a very well-informed, intelligent, and gentlemanly man, and with this one exception I could see no peculiarity in him, whereby he should be considered an insane man, any more than I should be considered an insane woman. But after his avowal of himself to be "Jesus Christ," I took some pains to inquire about him, as well as to inquire of him—and his attendant replied very satisfactorily to my inquiry.

"What sort of a man is Mr. ——— (his name I have forgotten), who calls himself Jesus Christ?"

"He is the very kindest, most tender, sympathizing, and generous-hearted fellow I ever saw in my life."

"That's Christ-like," thought I, and another thought I had was, who knows but he is a perfected man—as perfectly like Christ as his organism can enable him to be—that is perfect in kind, if not in degree.

Another thought I had—had he not a right to call himself by Christ's name, since we all are brethren, and all have one Father?

Have not all my five sons a right to call themselves Packard since they are brothers, and have one father? Cannot my fourth son George call himself Packard as well as my first-born son, Theophilus?

What's the harm then of calling the younger children of God's family by the same name, as the first-born model child, when they are like him in spirit and conduct?

I don't know but this man was like him in spirit to such a degree as to realize this feeling of identity of interests to

such an extent as to feel that they were one in the same sense in which Christ is one with God. Even Christ Himself said He was God, and yet we know He was only the son of God?

So, had not this amiable young man Christ's example before him, in calling himself by the name of the person he represented? Is not every perfected man a Christ, in the same sense in which Christ was God—that is, is like him? Are there not "Christs many, and Gods many," in this sense?

I don't believe, neither did I understand the young man to claim that he was the sinless Christ, who died for sinners—but I saw nothing in him to contradict his being a holy man, made like unto his pattern, by repentance, and obedience, and gospel faith, and if he was not perfect, I could not point out his imperfections, for I could see none—that is, see no sins in him. But I could see he didn't know even so much as Dr. McFarland, by a good deal. But it is not necessary to be perfect, nor correct, or rather infallible, in knowledge, to be perfectly holy; for if infinite knowledge is an indispensable requisite to the perfection Christ makes obligatory upon us, then he requires of us an impossibility,—with our present limited faculties—and Christ could not require of us impossibilities, and be a sane man.

But He was a sane man, even if the Jews did call Him insane; and He has only commanded us to do what we can do, and no more. Therefore we can be perfect in holiness, for he has told us all to be so, and he has set us His example to follow, in order to become like Him, as He was on earth—a holy being. Practical godliness is the only stock on which perfected fruit can grow, the fruits of holiness,—sinless obedience is impossible, because of our limited knowledge, but holy obedience is not, for holiness only requires us to do as well as we know how to do, but no better than we do know,

for that would be an impossibility—and sanity or intelligence make no such requests of accountable beings.

'Tis only the devils, or the Calvinists, that do this thing. Inconsistencies, contradiction, incongruities, superfluities, straining-at-a-gnat-isms and swallowing-camel-isms, impossibilities, and Presbyterianisms, conservatisms, and the endless catalogue of long, high-sounding words, belong to this insane party—so very insane that the simple, common-sense truths of nature are too diminutive and insignificant for them to notice. No—not them—for their logic would all be a superfluity when simple truth should supplant their transcendentalism, which is based on falsehoods, and defended by inconsistencies.

No—Christ's religion is quite a different affair, being based on truth, and defended by reason and common-sense, so that a "wayfaring man, though a fool" (a natural fool, not an unnatural one), "need not err therein." These unnatural fools—these insane Calvinists—cannot see the truth because it is too plain and simple for these monstrosities to comprehend.

"Ye fools! ye generation of vipers! how shall ye escape the damnation of hell?" Not by adding iniquity to iniquity, and sin to sin, but only by repenting of your bigotry and intolerance, and turning unto the simple laws of your nature for your guide in your practice of the benign virtues of the Christian religion.

Begin by first washing you all over, every day, in pure, cold, soft water, and by eating and drinking according to the dictates of your own reason and conscience—not according to the dictates of your perverted appetites—whose demands conflict with reason, and then use your invigorated physical energies in the systematic, faithful performance of the duties of your station. Treat your dependents with respectful civility, ever bearing in mind that every human

form is a temple of the Deity, and that an insult to a human being is an insult to your Maker; and He will Himself call for a restitution to Him, unless you make proper restitution to His image before you. For neglects to humanity are neglects to Him, and kindness to humanity is kindness to Him—"I was sick, and ye visited me," etc.

But don't go to the poor sick man's bed to tell him what a bad man he is, for it may hurt his feelings, at a time when he is least able to bear such accusations; but on the contrary, try to relieve his mind of anxiety and care, by offering to take care of his dependent family, and by *doing* the same by supplying their physical wants—bathe the poor fevered man in saleratus-water with your own hands, and thus aim to leave the sufferer relieved of some burdens of body or mind by your visit.

He need not that you should preach to him the gospel of Christ—he knows what that is himself; for he is an enlightened man—but he does need that you practice this gospel now for his benefit and comfort. You wouldn't like to have your neighbor come to your sick-bed and try to comfort you with his depraved doctrines! you would much prefer to have him come with a Christian, kind, sympathizing spirit, and the gospel of practical godliness for your practical comfort and benefit—"Go thou and do likewise" to thy unfortunate brother!

Remember who God accounted to be the neighbor to him who fell among thieves. Remember, too, the reply Christ gave to the young lawyer's inquiry how he might secure a place in His kingdom—"Go and do likewise." Thus the way Christ directed the lawyer to get into heaven was—"Do good to people;" and I shouldn't wonder if this was the right way, instead of its being, as the Calvinists say 'tis, to preach lies and practice iniquity!

But I've most lost sight of my young man—"Jesus Christ"

by name, who claims to be a holy man on this very ground, viz., treating humanity everywhere as Christ did, with kindness, sympathy, and respect—or in other words, being a gentleman. And if being a gentleman is not all that is meant by a man being a Christian, then I don't know what being a Christian means. Christ was nothing but a perfect gentleman, and He said He was God's perfect representative, so perfect as to even say He was The Man himself—then I'm sure God is nothing more than a perfect gentleman, only God is a married man, and Christ is only a betrothed man.

And if it was right for Christ, even before He was married, to say He was God himself, I can't see how my young man can be guilty of an offense in saying he is Jesus Christ, when his spirit and practice are so much like what Christ's was that we could not detect any difference between them.

But the Jews thought their Christ—the most amiable young man of their day—was not fit to live, just because He had such exalted opinions of His own excellences as to express His identity with His Father, and so they called Him “mad,” and killed Him for it—just for a difference in opinion on some points!

Oh! you horrid old Jews! aren't you ashamed of yourselves for being such cruel bigots, and so intolerant of opinions? I'm utterly ashamed of you, and so is the whole world down upon you, now eighteen hundred years afterwards.

And just so will the whole world be down upon the men of this generation, before eighteen hundred years, too, for imprisoning the amiable man of this age, for just the same reasons the Jews did Christ.

Young man, take heart! you and your brother Christ are now more alike than ever before—you have now “suffered with Him!” and all that is before you now is “to reign with Him.” But the Jews have not, even to this day, got through

suffering their just doom for their cruel manifestation of their intolerant, bigoted spirit, and God only knows how long it will take for the fires of purgatory to consume the guilt this generation are incurring by treating Christ's representatives as insane people.

But our Christ is lost to me—that is, I don't know where he is now—for he ran away that night—thank God! as Christ did once escape out of the hands of His persecutors—and I have not heard from him since.

And I, for my part, can't see the harm of letting him keep his liberty, although he did get it in an illegal manner, as the runaway slave does; for why hasn't a Christ-like, amiable man as good right to his freedom as the insane have? The Calvinists—the most insane people in the universe—are allowed to run at large, and 'tis a poor rule that won't work both ways—therefore, I say, if the insanest people can have their liberty, then the sanest ought to have theirs also.

But I think I heard he ran away hatless! Only think! a hatless man! He must be a crazy man! "Shan't we catch him and lock him up in the State prison? I'm sure he deserves it; for only think! a man out of doors, without a hat on! Yes, yes, all such sort of trash must be locked up in the lunatic asylum, and supported at the State's expense for the benefit of humanity!

Benevolence is a virtue—and unless we are taxed to get it into exercise, it might die out; for though all things perish with the using, some don't—but increase by use, and won't increase in any other manner.

Well, Mr. Community, sound as your logic seems to you, it don't answer my turn at all. It seems so crazy to me, to think of locking up able-bodied men and women, who can support themselves, just as well as you can, and for no crime either, and then insist upon supporting them as objects

of charity. It seems to me *your* benevolence has gone out on a begging-agency to get support, since it has to resort to these means to use it, or call it into exercise. I should think you might as well let it lie dormant awhile. A nap might do it good! I'm afraid it's "getting excited"—growing crazy. You know "excitement" is a sign of insanity, especially when it's periodical, like what the Calvinists get up and call "Revivals of religion."

This spasmodic benevolence, and spasmodic religion, don't suit my quiet, even notion and practices. It seems to me like an evidence of diseased religion to see it subject to epileptic fits, like.

I know the system shakes a good deal under them, and I know that exercise is a good thing, still I don't believe in all sorts of shaking, even if the Shakers do. Especially these fits I hate! for they do so becloud the reason if they are continued long, and make a mere nonentity out of a human—so that they don't know enough even to take care of themselves. And as to their ever becoming self-reliant, they go farther and farther off from this point, the longer the fits continue. Besides, these fits suspend God's quiet order so much, I don't like them. I know the pulse beats quicker at the time, and they seem to live faster than ever. Still, I don't think it's best to be in such a tearing hurry to live! there's time enough yet. All eternity is before us, and if that isn't enough, I don't know what is. And besides, I don't see as we gain anything by it in the long run. For it's a law of nature that action and reaction are equal—and so what we gain in temporary action, we lose in temporary inaction, and it takes some time to get back again on to the main track.

I for my part believe in doing as Christ did—keep all the time at it—"doing good as we have opportunity," and not make a great fuss about it, neither! I don't like to hear the

trumpets too often, it takes me off from my practical duties too much to attend to them, and go to see what a great institution is being built to support people in, who choose to do that very thing for themselves. Charity institutions!

If all these insane charity institutions were charred into charcoal, I don't think Christianity would be any loser by the conflagration.

I hope people would then learn to take care of each other, as they were made to do, and did,—until these charity institutions took this humane work out of individual hands, and put it into the hands of corporations. Thus leaving the benevolent doer to starve—for want of the nutriment. God had assigned to it as its appropriate food and stimulus, and the corporation to become a metallic image like Nebuchadnezzar's image, without conscience, soul, or reason; or even common-sense.

God grant that all our charity institutions may culminate with Calvinism, and sink with it into the bottomless pit of oblivion, if this eleemosynary institution is a fair sample of charity institutions!

I'm sure our hatless fugitive esteemed it a greater privilege to get *out* of this charity institution than he did to get *into* it. And I'm certain if the ballot was taken to-day, here in these wards, the very beneficiaries here, themselves, would show, by counting the votes, that there were more who would rather get rid of this bounty by supporting themselves than there would be who were willing to receive their support at the price of their liberty. And I'm certain the number of those who have taken a term here, whether it be longer or shorter, is small, and I doubt much whether one could be found who would feel under any sort of obligation to the State of Illinois for this, their share of their charity fund, used to support them in this prison of abuse.

I'm sure if I bestow a favor on an individual, and they

are not grateful for it, there is something wrong about it. And there is. And any one but an insane person can see that it is wrong to force a human being into a prison and keep him there against his will, only by means of bolts and bars, and then feed and clothe him and instruct him that this is an act of charity towards him, and he ought to be thankful to the donors—the tax-payers—for the thousands they are giving to keep this charity machine in operation for his express benefit!

Human nature must be deprived of its freedom tendencies before it can be made to feel grateful for such charities.

I am not an ungrateful person. Gratitude is as spontaneous a feeling of my heart, as the love of freedom is; and yet, I cannot force myself to feel the first emotion of thankfulness to Illinois tax-payers for supporting me here, as their "pauper State's prisoner," for the last three years. But on the contrary, I hate and despise you for treating me so unjustly, by allowing me to be thus supported.

You have wronged both me and my children most abusively by thus forcing me to be the recipient of your charities. I don't want your charities, for I can support myself, and all my children too, if you hadn't kidnapped me, and stole my time, my energies, my all. And now you ask me to take this act from you as a charity!

'Tis devilish barbarity in the highest degree to treat a human being thus insultingly—and unless you do make proper, just, and suitable restitution to me and my children for this insult to my womanhood, I shall "report" your abusive treatment of us to the "Court of Heaven," and ask God to give you the resurrection you deserve—the "resurrection unto damnation." Oh! may heaven grant you a sight and sense of your crime against humanity before it is too late for you to repent of it in this life!

And, Mr. Community, if you come across this hatless

Jesus Christ, don't you send him back, if you are sold to Dr. McFarland, or the institution, for he don't care who is here or who isn't, if he can only get your money to educate his family with. Just pay your taxes, and it will all come right, even if one human being has got out of the most galling of all kinds of bondage! In fact, we will not any of us object to your paying Dr. McFarland as much money as you like, and all your other hired servants here, if you'll only let us—the patient sufferers—all clear the roost! Yes, you may fill all our cells with gold, if you have a mind to, only let us be out of harm's way—that is, be free to take care of ourselves, and let our friends take care of us, as God tells them to do, if we should happen to become sick so we can't take care of ourselves—for I say 'tis hard to add imprisonment to affliction—and desertion of all kindred and friends into the bargain.

Yes, we would be glad to go, every one of us, as our Jesus Christ did, bonnetless, hatless, and clothesless, even, for we could soon earn a new suit if we only had our time, which you have stolen from us so cruelly. Yea, we will give you every article of clothing we have got, if you will only let us thus buy our freedom—even everything a man or a woman has we are willing to give for "our life"—"our liberty."

We feel as another young man here did, who cared so much more for his liberty than he did for his clothes that he broke through his grated window, one night, and because they would not let him have his clothes in his room at night, he fled, not in a state of entire nudity, as the young man in the gospel did, but with his shirt and drawers on, up to the "Mansion House" in Jacksonville, having the darkness of the night for his outer clothing, and there took a room, intending to send and get his clothes the next morning.

But Mr. Community is so true to the institution, and so false to humanity, that instead of bringing his clothes to him, they brought him to his clothes!

Barbarous! Cruel! Community, you are lost to reason, as well as to humanity, to treat this young man so.

He was not the least insane, as you could see he was not, for yourselves, if you only dared to look through your own eyes, instead of through the institution's eyes; and you had no more right to return him, than you have to return a fugitive slave to his master. He has just as good a right to his liberty as the slave has, having been guilty of no offense against the laws of his country or his God. But on the contrary, he is a remarkably intelligent man, and shines in his own colors. In other words, he is a sun, instead of a moon—is a shiner, instead of a reflector, and because his God sent some new rays of light through his organization with which to enlighten this dark age—the age just shut him up in prison to try to extinguish it.

But I don't know whether they succeeded in scaring the light out of him, so as to lead him to "put it hereafter under a bushel," or not, I can't tell. But this I know, they have tempted him very strongly so to do, for he sees if he does venture to utter a new view, or a new truth, or an original opinion, he must do it at the risk of losing his personal liberty for life—and this is no trifling consideration to an aspiring, high-spirited, proud young man as he is.

He wants to marry, like other loving and natural men; and he told me he was engaged to a beautiful young lady. But now he didn't know but this slander of insanity which was now put upon his spotless, fair, unblemished name, might intimidate her, and make her desert him and marry his rival. Therefore he felt that his all depended on his getting out soon, and he saw so many like him—in being sane and intelligent—kept here year after year—with no hope of curing their sanity—he felt almost desperate, and determined to venture at all hazards to try to make his own escape by brute force. And having done so, and got outside

of his prison, he trusted to the humanity of mankind to aid him to secure what he had never forfeited—his right to his personal liberty.

I met him several times in our dancing parties, and he seemed to me to be another Jesus Christ, only of a higher order of intellect than the avowed Jesus Christ seemed to possess or manifest. He is a man of rare attainments and abilities—a most agreeable, refined, social companion, and one of the purest-minded men I ever saw. He was a finished and accomplished gentleman—and for such a man to be treated like as if he was a fool! Oh, 'tis horrible! humiliating! dreadful!

How my heart did ache for him when, after his escape, he came into our party with the frown of the house upon him, because he cared so much more for his liberty than he did for his clothes, that he was reported to have escaped in a state of nudity; and the upper current of the house frowns down an attempt to get liberty prematurely, as much as the Southern influence does the slaves doing it. For should one venture to uphold such an act, he might be suspected of an intent to try the measure himself, and thus his privileges be circumscribed accordingly.

But neither fear nor favor intimidates Mrs. Packard from the utterance of her honest sentiments, in all places, and at all times. So this young brother found me to be an exception to the popular current, and I openly and boldly expressed for him the sympathy my heart felt.

His keepers seeing the tide turning in his favor (for 'tis a fact I'm a woman of influence!) gave him a caution, saying, "If they saw him talking with Mrs. Packard that evening, they should return him immediately to his ward!"

This he told me at the party following the first, after he ran away, as an apology for leaving my company, and apparently avoiding me.

I felt conscience-bound, as a member of the great human family, to try to throw all the influence I had in favor of humanity, and against oppression, by striving to inspire the manliness of my brothers with higher hopes and brighter aspirations—to keep them from being crushed by the heavy chains of bondage they were so unjustly called to bear, for Christ's sake, and I find it an indispensable necessity of my nature to keep myself up, by trying to support others, and my nature is too sympathetic and true to withhold the sympathy I feel towards the unfortunate, "out of respect of persons."

And there is no person on earth whom I respect so much as I do my own conscience, and I will incur the displeasure of any or all humans, rather than offend my own conscience at all.

I fear God,—but I fear nothing else—nor nobody else.

And for every cup of consolation I have administered to Christ since I have been in this asylum, I expect to receive at His hands, not only His approbation for it, but also His generous reward. And I want to lay in this, my "Savings Bank," all the small cash I can while here, for I may never, perhaps, go to California again, where the gold is so abundant, and can be picked up so easily, if we are not blindfolded by prejudice and self-interest, so we can't see it.

Oh, I wouldn't have these great scales on my eyes such as others have, and don't ever seem to know it, for all the world! For the true light cannot penetrate them, and thus they are compelled to walk on in darkness, and they know not at what they stumble. So that such are heaping up "wrath against the day of wrath," in the same ratio in which I am heaping up the treasures of "durable riches and righteousness."

Another case. For I am bound to get all my dignitaries aboard this "First-Class Passenger Train," where my kings and queens belong, as well as my Christs and my Gods.

But I find it tremendous hard to shirk off old Calvin into my freight-train—his own place—for he seems somehow determined the sons and daughters of God shall not meet together anywhere, without his coming into the circle, and he is so artful and cunning he will get aboard every train in spite of me.

But we've succeeded pretty well on this train, I think, in having got him gibbeted, if he is aboard our cars. I think while he swings there, we can manage him pretty easily, so our first-class passengers won't have need to fear his interference with our arrangement of matters and things to our own liking. But if he is as long dying as some malefactors are, he will get a chance to hear some things said which won't mitigate his dying struggles much.

However, it isn't my business to watch his dying struggles now, for my present business is to make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Hurd—familiarly called here "Old Hurd."

And if he not an impostor, his claim to this title is a good one; for he says he is the "Old Father, God, himself," and he is the oldest man I know of. I suppose, of course, our Father, God, must be a man, or He couldn't be the Father of a child who looks so much like Him that he is said to be the "express image of His person." And this His child is a man so much like other men, that they could see no difference in them. So, by this chain of reasoning, I think that God's bodily form is like to that of common men, whose spirits in this body assume the male form.

And if the Jews didn't know Christ to be anything but a common man, I don't see anything to prevent our making such a blunder upon the "Old Man," himself—should he choose to come in person, to be our Judge here on earth.

I must acknowledge I do feel an instinctive feeling of homage come over me in the presence of a very "good old man." He seems so patriarchal, which feeling reaches its climax

when it extends to the great Patriarch, or Ruler of the human family.

But I can't see any reason why "Old Hurd" should appropriate to himself the title of God, any more than any other good, kind old man should; for I can see no difference, only this man is what our age calls a "crazy" man, and I don't think my good Father, God, is a crazy man. But didn't the Jews call Christ a crazy man, when He wasn't? It was only they who were crazy, and He was really sane himself. And because he was so sane, the insanity of the age christened this singular excellence to be insanity! And since there is no new thing under the sun, it's no new thing for people to make mistakes sometimes.

And I don't know but my cotemporaries have made a mistake in calling old Hurd an insane man. He acts queer—and he dresses queer—and he talks queer—he don't swear queer—only he is terrible earnest when he gets on that track, and he don't sing very queer—only he sings out of doors, and sings very loud—and I can't see as he dances very queer—only he dances a good deal, and alone, too, out of doors, without any partner.

But, come to think, this isn't certain proof of his being lost to reason, unless King David was crazy when he danced alone out of doors before the ark, and what is worse than anything I ever knew Hurd to do, he danced stark naked before ladies, too! so that his wife was perfectly ashamed of him; and I wonder she didn't send a sheriff after him quick, and get him locked right straight up in an insane asylum where he couldn't have any more children, nor any more comfort of a natural life!

Oh, I liked to have forgotten that they hadn't developed their benevolent faculties those days—the race was younger then than now, so they didn't know how to take such good care of humanity as the nineteenth century does since the establishment of their charity institutions!

So, lo! poor King David had to be left to run at large, even after he had committed this shameful offense against decency and good manners!

No, King David, we wouldn't have left you to be neglected had you lived in free America; in my day we would have caught you and handcuffed you if necessary, in case you couldn't appreciate our kindness in thus restricting the free movement of your limbs, and we would have put you into one of our charity prisons and locked and bolted you up so tight, that you wouldn't be likely to get out of doors dancing again very soon; then, only think! we would have fed you, and clothed you too, if Michael didn't send clothes to you, "free gratis for nothing!"

No knowing what a long charity-bill you could have got out of our benevolent tax-payers by carrying on your religious exercises in prison, for they would cheerfully keep you, so long as your emotions kept you out of a state of non-entirety.

Oh, what a corrupt age yours was, David, to let you dance naked before the Lord, and even your wife too, and not even so much as punish you at all for it. No wonder you had a son after your own image who liked the women so well. They didn't even know enough to teach you what a great sin against nature that was.

But I think upon the whole, King David, you were about as well off as it was, considering your peculiar temperament, for your wife couldn't have been allowed to come near you in this our charity school for the benefit of humanity, for its rules are so pure and humane, we think it best to *restrain nature*, because nature's demands are so foolish, and unmanly, and unwomanly, we think it's best to strangle, or even starve them out.

And for you to be put on to such a system of solitariness, you might have had to suffer as other men have to, here, and

can't help it neither, and nobody seems to think there is any need of trying to help it, either. It's charity, you know—and what if we should be found grumbling at an act of charity! They might call us crazy if we did!

Another thing that Hurd was queer about—he would rake hay and sing at the same time, and I've even seen and heard him preach right in the midst of hay-cocks, with not the sign of a rostrum or a pulpit to preach from, and I could hear what he said just as well as I could the Methodist minister on the high stand I've seen and heard them halloing from, in the woods.

But I never heard a Methodist minister preach better sermons from one of their rostrums, than I have heard Hurd preach, without any rostrum at all.

Another thing he, although a very old man, is very queer in, he could keep up in making hay with any of the hands in the field; he is as spry as a cat, and works with a will, in good earnest; and I couldn't see why work done by him, without pay, was not worth as much pay as those men who worked with him, who got a dollar a day.

The only difference between the two seemed to be, that the State paid there their hired men to work on their farm, so as to keep Mr. Hurd from working on his own farm, by holding him as their prisoner and slave. For it's against the rules to pay a patient for his work, even if he works just as hard and just as well as the hired help do; not even if he leaves his helpless family who need his help, and works like a most faithful slave here, year after year, for the State.

Perhaps he gapes, as old Mrs. Gill here used to, a little louder than common folks, who stayed here eight years, for this only sign of insanity! and for the three I've known her, here, she has been as faithful a slave as any colored woman South has been, and got just the same pay for it. No, not so. Miss Gill's friends paid for her clothes, I think; and

possibly for her board, since the new law was passed. If so, Illinois don't pay her slaves for their toil so well as the Southerners do their slaves.

But I can't see *why* it's right to pay one dollar a day to one man for work, and another man nothing for the same amount of work done equally well.

If the unrequited toil of the patient here isn't slavery, then unrequited toil at the South isn't slavery. Only Illinois slaves are prisoners, and the Southern slaves are comparatively free men.

The North cannot complain of the South abusing their slaves without meriting the rebuke, "Pull out the beam that is in your own eye, before you try to cast out the mote out of your brother's eye."

But I mustn't lose track of my God in switching off on to the slavery switch. I think I left him in the hay-field preaching, as Christ used to preach to the multitudes which thronged around Him; but the multitude which throngs around our God, seem, here, more to be in our dancing-parties, where Old Hurd, like Samson, is brought in to "make sport" for us. And he does amuse us by his antics, like as Samson did I presume; although he isn't mischievous, as Samson was.

Oh, Samson, thank God you did not live in free America when you burnt up the Philistine's corn! for they would have called it a "crazy act," if you had; and out of "charity to you," would have imprisoned you for it; for they have got one woman here, Miss Goodrich, who only burnt her brother's barn, and they have been tormenting her for more than two years here for it, already, although she was as penitent as a sinner could be, before she had been here two weeks, and confessed her sin, and promised never to do so again.

They must not only endure the full penalty of every offense, but in many cases they must be kept life-long in a prison, lest they should do something else wrong, should they be now trusted with liberty again!

No, I don't know as Old Hurd ever did an unkind deed to any one, although I've heard him denouncing sinners to the lowest hell, and even threaten to send them there, speedily, unless they repented as Old Mother Triplet does, in my dining-room.

But she says it is the sin in them, that she is threatening to kill—nothing else. But she speaks as though the sin and the sinner were identified—for she says I'll kill *you*, if you interfere with me, for she says she is God, as Old Hurd does, although she is a woman, and God is a man!

Perhaps she means she is the wife of God—the female part of Him, for He can't be a perfect being unless His nature includes both the male and the female; for it took in Adam and Eve's case, two to make one perfect being—in "His image," as He said they were. And besides, a man couldn't have a baby alone, and God has had one child at least, or He's told us a lie. And I don't a bit think He got his Son without a woman to help Him in the business. If He did, He's the queerest father I ever heard of.

Well, one evening I had a talk with old Hurd, and his attendants had dressed him up, according to their own tastes, I presume, that night; for, instead of his epaulettes, and his paper crown, and his girdle, etc., he had on a nice black cloth coat and pants, and a nice bosom and dicky—and his hair and beard were neatly barbered—so that, in short, he looked more like a minister than a crazy man, and he talked a good deal more like one than like a crazy man; and what is more, he gave me more light, knowledge, and instruction during the fifteen minutes I conversed with him, than any minister ever gave me in any sermon I ever heard preached in my lifetime.

And he seemed to realize that he was not "casting his pearls before swine" in letting his light shine upon me, for he found I made no pretensions to infinity in my knowledge,

neither did I claim infallibility as to the limited amount of knowledge I professed to have. In short, I place myself as a learner or a pupil before all my asylum associates; for I find none who are not my superiors in some things; and thereby are capacitated to be my teachers.

At this interview he told me he was God. He certainly and truly was. But the time had not yet come to make his power known to the world.

I inquired what reason he had for thinking he was God.

My reason is such an incubus to me; to take simple testimony as proof, that I can't easily do it, although that is the popular current, so far as my observation extends. For instance—"What reason have you for believing Mrs. Packard is an insane person?" "Why, her husband and Dr. McFarland both say she is." Yes, their saying she is, is the reason or evidence or *proof* that she is!

I say I can't give up my eyes to two such men so easy as all that. I call for proof, not testimony, to such an awful charge, before I can believe it of any one. And I say, the individual's own acts are the only reliable proofs of the person's real condition. To heap up the evidence of testimony as high as the clouds, it won't make a falsehood a truth; neither will it of itself afford the least particle of proof, aside from facts, as they exist.

Bring forward one insane act of Mrs. Packard's and prove it by competent witnesses to be insane, as it is represented, and I will give in my testimony with Mr. Packard's and Dr. McFarland's, that Mrs. Packard is an insane woman. But until this is done, I shall say I have no right, nor has any one else any right, to say she is insane, merely because "they say" she is, without bringing forward one act of hers, as proof of her being lost to reason.

I say "views of things," or opinions, are no proof alone of insanity. But irregularities of conduct, such as show lack of reason, and judgment, and discretion, are.

No one has any more right to say I am insane because of my "views of things," than they have to say I am blind, because my eyes are black.

So old Hurd's assertions respecting his being the God of the universe, was received by me as simple testimony—not proof that he was—and so my reason couldn't go on this track, even if Dr. McFarland's can, and has so long time been doing. I therefore just let him believe his opinion that he was, and I did not try to urge my opinion upon him that he was not. I say he has just as good a right to his opinion that he is God, as I have to mine that he is not God. And I have no more right to say he is insane in this notion, than he has to say I am insane in cherishing the opposite notion.

We have no right to insane anybody for opinions' sake, but only for actions' sake. 'Tis treason to the principles of our government to do so.

Mr. Hurd pointed out several of his children to me in the party present, one of whom he had just been waltzing with, and come to find out who he claimed so particularly as *his child*, I found to be Miss Mary McFarland.

I told him I did not see how she could be his child, since she was the Doctor's.

He replied, "Oh, she's the Doctor's in this body—but she was mine in a former body."

"Do we live in other bodies?"

"To be sure we do. We never die. We only change forms—and the same life passes right along, by death and resurrection, just as plants do."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly it is—I know it. I can remember other lives I have lived. I've been living ever since the world was made."

I thought to myself, "You have been living longer than that if you are God."

But I wouldn't hurt his feelings by expressing my unbelief of what he said. I only did as Christ's mother did—"ponder these things in my heart," and consider upon them to see if there was any reason for thinking these things were so. I know true knowledge comes by reflection, meditation, and prayer on the new things we see and hear.

And old Father Hurd seemed, somehow, to apprehend the charitable spirit of my loving nature, either by my words or manner, or both, for he suddenly sprung upon his feet, exclaiming :

"You are love! I can't sit by you any longer, for I can't control myself, if I do."

He commenced dancing in front of me, at the same time saying :

"You must excuse me, for I can't help it—I must dance! I must leave you," and so saying, he moved to a seat not far distant, and as he seated himself, he remarked to the lady at his side :

"That lady is love, it won't do for me to talk with her any longer," pointing at me as he spoke.

A lady near me, an occupant of my ward, smiling, remarked: "Everybody loves you, Mrs. Packard."

I replied, "Perhaps the reason is because I love everybody."

Yes, I thought, old Hurd had, in fact, bestowed on me the title he had assumed himself—for "God is love," and if am love, then why am I not God, too! 'Tis a satisfaction to know how to reason, when by such a short cut I can secure *such* a compliment!

I like compliments very well indeed, especially when they are good and true both. And if this one *is* true, I think there are "Gods many, as well as Christs many."

Another question I asked Mr. Hurd was, "What do you think of Dr. McFarland? is he a good man or a bad one? You know the house is quite divided on that point?"

"Oh, he's a good man. Dr. McFarland is a good man—he's always treated me well."

Very well, thought I; now you are getting on to the right track, allowing a man's character to stand on his own acts, and giving proof to support the opinion of simple testimony, and not mere assertion without evidence.

Yes, it's one proof that he is a good man, if he has treated you well; and the more such proofs I can get, the more reason I have for cherishing the opinion that he is a good man.

I like this way of defending opinions by the proof of facts as they exist, for what is the value of opinions unless based on truths, or facts as they exist?

Let it be the opinion of the whole world that Dr. McFarland is a good man, if his own actions testify the contrary opinion, what good will all these opinions do him, since they would all be based on a falsehood, and God would soon expose the truth as it really is—not as it appears to be—thus showing that the single testimony of *truth*, is stronger than whole world's combined testimony in support of a falsehood? I say it will do him no good at all,—but, on the contrary, the greatest evil imaginary—for this world-wide delusion might so delude him as to lead him to believe this lie, also, to the utter ruin of his precious soul; that is, it might lead him to postpone repentance, until beyond the limits of this life—thus not only cheat him out of the bliss in store for him here, but also insuring his sure title to—we don't know how long, nor how much, misery hereafter!

I say it is best in the long run, to go safe and sure, even if it is a slower and more quiet process.

And it is never safe and sure to base important practical opinions on falsehoods—and it is a falsehood to have public opinion in conflict with facts as they exist. Or, in other words, to have public opinion uphold a man as a good man,

while his own bad actions condemn him as a bad man, for "The truth is mighty and will prevail."

Therefore I was very glad to hear of one proof in favor of the popular opinion respecting the Doctor's real character. And if my witness is the being he claims to be, I need not take any further pains to accumulate evidence on this point—for God's testimony supersedes the need of any other testimony on that point.

But as the case is, my credulity is too small a bump in my organization to allow me to credit Mr. Hurd to be thus capacitated as a witness in the case. And even if I am deceived in believing him to be a mere man like many other men, yet I should do violence to my reason and conscience too, to attach any more weight to what he said than the weight which sound reasoning, based on truth, would give in support of his testimony on any given point.

And I don't know as God himself would ask me to do otherwise in relation to His opinions or testimony.

If He does, He's made me wrong. I'm made with too much incredulity, and too little reverence for human testimony—that of mere assertions without proof—to credit any authority in conflict with my own reason.

So I'm on a sharp lookout still for proof of Dr. McFarland's being a good man.

"They say," here, he's an awful bad man—and "they say" testimony satisfies his reason very easily about me. But I want something besides "they say" to satisfy mine respecting him.

I see reasons on both sides of the question—pretty weighty ones too—and I've got to see this point established before I shall give in the testimony of my opinion respecting him.

I'm not hasty in coming to my conclusions, but when I do come to them, I'm pretty strongly fortified I can assure you. Attack the fort of my opinions! who dares to undertake to

demolish them will find he's got his hands full, and he'll need his head full too, to do it. I can assure him of that fact beforehand!

But I've got one other tolerable good proof in favor of his being a good man, and that is, the testimony of farmer Jones on this point. He makes no pretensions to being anything but a farmer of the male gender. I never heard him say he was God, or Christ either, although I believe he is one of the two, just as much as I should if he should tell me he was. I don't make much account of verbal professions, especially where there is nothing else but talk to sustain them. I call again for actions, proofs, laid in facts as they exist, to corroborate professions before they have much practical influence over me, or my conclusions.

"Well," farmer Jones says, "Dr. McFarland has always treated me well—like a perfect gentleman. He never found fault with me in his life."

Now this is good as far as it goes; but as to his not finding fault with him, how is that to bear on the point of Dr. McFarland's practical goodness? Is it a proof of a good man never to find fault?

No. I can't go that. God finds fault, and Christ finds fault with people, and they both tell the faulty person of them too, and they tell us to do like them. Now is it God-like in Dr. McFarland not to find fault with farmer Jones? I cannot see as it is, unless farmer Jones is a faultless farmer, and if he is it would be wrong to find fault with him. And if Dr. McFarland is a practical farmer himself, and is thus capacitated to be the judge of farmer Jones' work, and he judges he don't need any dictation from him, why then he is justified in not finding fault with Mr. Jones' department of business.

So, with this chain of argument, Dr. McFarland's character for a practical good man is not impeached by the testimony of farmer Jones respecting him.

By the way, this farmer Jones is one of my very particular friends here, and I like him, oh, so well! And you'll see the reason for my falling so in love with him in its proper place. But it isn't a proper subject to broach here upon this train—among these, my first-class passengers. You know we must have respect to time and places in all our arrangements—but you may be sure I'll so arrange it that you shall see that I don't love Jones without a good reason for so doing.

You see I'm an adept in conducting trains of thought, and if you don't find I land this whole train of passengers aboard these first-class cars into the very heart of our new city just ahead, it will only be because we are not on the right track. All I have to do is to keep on the main track.

Our track now seems to lead us towards the scales, where we've got to weigh one of our passengers; for I find there is so much dispute about his real weight that I can't settle the question in any other manner, short of laying him in the scales of truth and justice.

This a kind of "quarantine" all my passengers have to pass through before we land them into the "New Jerusalem"—for nothing is permitted to enter this city "that maketh a lie."

Oh, horrible! Who can enter if tested in the balances of truth?

I'm terribly afraid the Bible is true, and if 'tis, the men aboard have a poor chance before them; and I wouldn't give much to enter the city without the men. I don't like to have all women and no men where I am.

But how is it possible to get my men into the kingdom, except the two men, God and Christ, on such terms, for, "David, didn't you say, 'all men are liars'?"

"Yes, but I said it in my haste."

"Well, why didn't you repent of such a rash accusation?"

"Because I never found but one man who wouldn't lie,

sometimes. And God told me something which looked a little suspicious about him, when, in speaking of himself, he says, 'He is not a man, that He should lie, nor the 'Son of Man,' that He should repent.' "

Repent! What does this mean about the "Son of Man's" repenting!

What had He to repent of, if He never told a lie? I thought Christ never did wrong, and had no need, therefore, of repenting of anything he had ever done. But the first clause seems to imply that it was impossible to be a man without being a liar. "He is not a man that He should lie."

I wonder if Christ did ever lie! I shouldn't want him for my husband if he is a liar!

But he speaks of the Son of Man as repenting—so if He did ever lie, I guess it means He repented of it, and we must restore all sinners to favor on these terms, and then confide in them just as implicitly as we did before they had sinned—for we can't freely forgive them unless we do.

So if they do repent, we must forgive them.

Now it looks a little brighter for the men's chance of the kingdom—they have got to just stop lying and speak nothing but the truth, and then I hope the scales will turn in their favor.

I'm glad, David, you didn't say all women were liars, for if you had said so, you would have told a lie yourself; for, to my certain knowledge, there is one woman who will not lie, for love nor money, either. And if love will not make your Conductor lie, there is nothing can do it.

But we must look to this business as it applies to our Doctor, aboard this train. I wonder if he ever lies!

"How shall we settle this question, passengers—by ballot, or by fact?"

"If you like to do up things in the popular method, all we have to do is to ballot, by uttering your opinions on this

point. Those in favor of the opinion that he is a liar, say 'Aye!' those of the opposite opinion say 'No!'

" 'Tis a tie. What shall we do with the question, passengers? "

" I move that we try the question by facts, as they exist. 'Tis seconded."

" Very well—this is the test of reason and common-sense, and I raise both hands in favor of reason on any point, rather than testimony."

Now to our business.

" Mrs. Catherine Page, you have been a patient under his care for many years, and I regard you as a suness, if not of the first magnitude, you range somewhere in that region. How is it, has the Doctor ever lied to you? He has to me, for he said he would publish my first volume, and now he will not do as he said he would. Isn't that lying? "

" I believe the Doctor is a man of his word, and if he has said he would publish your book, of course he'll do as he says he will."

" But, Mrs. Page, he don't, and he has given me reason to think he never intends to."

" I say again, if Dr. McFarland has said he would do it, he'll do it."

" So your conclusion is, unless Mrs. Packard has lied in saying he would publish it, he will yet redeem his promise, and publish it? "

" Here we must leave the old Doctor to develop his own character. Time tests all questions. I move to give him time."

" Mrs. Sophia N. B. Olsen, you have been under his care, several different times, what have you to say in reference to the original point—is the Doctor a good or a bad man? "

" He is a bad man, for he has kept me from two splendid lovers, by keeping me unreasonably locked up, and represent-

ing me as insane, when I wasn't. He thus caused me to lose them both, and now he is trying to keep me from my own legal husband."

"But are you sure it is *he* who keeps you locked up?"

"Yes, it is; for my friends say to him, when you think Sophia is able to come to us, we wish you to send her."

"Well, I suppose when he has such discretionary power thrown upon him, he has to use it according to the best of his ability; and if his abilities incapacitate him for the office, so that his patients have to suffer for his faults, I don't see any help for it. We 'must commit the keeping of our souls unto God in well-doing'—not evil-doing, at all—and wait the events of providence as patiently as possible."

"Mrs. Maria Chapman, you have been for years under his care, what do you have to say on the question?"

"I say his heart is as hard as iron—all the motives which prompt his actions are tested by his selfish interests, and it is his policy to do just that thing which will carry his interests up the highest in the popular estimation. This is the very highest point his principles of benevolence will carry him."

"But you say 'his heart is iron'—you know fire can melt iron—and who knows but the fire of love can melt his heart into tenderness? I think I can, even now, see some marks of contrition in his practical treatment of his patients; and I think we ought to be very careful lest we 'break the bruised reed, and quench the smoking flax'—and if he does repent, we can and ought to forgive him, ought we not?"

"Yes, I approve of forgiveness; but I don't see the claims he has upon us, on the ground of his being a penitent, that you profess to see."

"You have a right to your opinion of him, and I have the same right to mine, and we each are alone responsible for ourselves, and to God are we accountable for these opinions, whether based in truth or falsehood."

"Mr. Chedester, our carpenter, what do you think of Dr. McFarland?"

"I think he, like all other people, will have to stand on his own acts, if he stands at all. I'm satisfied, so far as his treatment of me is concerned."

You'll hear more of this sensible man in its proper place.

"Mr. J. C. Coe, our cook, is Dr. McFarland a good man or not?"

"He has always treated me well, and I do think he will ultimately be your friend. I don't see how he can be otherwise. I believe he is your friend now."

Mrs. Coe, his wife, says "He is a good man—a gentleman. He has always treated me with the respect and kindness of a true gentlemen, but he is ruled by his wife!"

"Ah! is that so? Then I don't want him for my husband, for I won't marry a man who can be ruled by his wife. I intend my man shall be ruled by no being but God himself; for I won't be ruled by any other intelligence in the universe, and a man is no mate of mine who will submit to any other rule."

"Dr. Tenny, our assistant doctor, how do you and the Dr. get along together?"

"I get along well with him. I find no difficulty in getting along with him. I can get along with almost anybody."

"Mrs. Morris, a patient of one year, what do you think of the doctor?"

"I told him once he was a 'hog,' for keeping me here so long, and he patted me on my shoulder and said 'Tut! tut!' But I insisted upon it that he was. But I can say this for him: he has always treated me like a gentleman, and I could not help once saying to him, when he took my part against abuse, 'God bless your good old soul!'"

"Miss Clauson, a patient of two years, how do you feel towards the doctor, after all the abuse you have suffered here?"

“I feel as though the doctor had no hand in it,—that it is the attendants who are the guilty ones. I am certain the doctor is misinformed in relation to me, and he acts on false premises, which the attendants give him as true, and in this way I am called to suffer injustice.”

“But why don’t you undeceive him by correcting these representations?”

“Because I’m afraid he won’t believe me if I do, and only make him more alienated from my interests than ever. He has no idea what I suffer.”

“Mr. Carter, an attendant and employee here for seven or more years, do you think Dr. McFarland upholds the abuses the patients receive?”

“I don’t think he means to when he knows of it; but there is a great deal practiced here which he knows nothing about. But there is no need of abusing them at all. I never found a case where it was necessary, and I never did abuse one.”

This is the universal testimony of every attendant. I never heard but one who ever owned that they ever did abuse a patient, and this attendant, who made this confession, is the best attendant in the house.

But God knows, and has it written down in His book, who has and who has not abused His afflicted children here. I don’t know all who have, but my other book details the account of a great many who have, to my certain knowledge. But if the house repents of these barbarities, my honor is pledged to withhold that book from publication, for, as God says, “it is a shame even to speak of these things that are done of them in secret,” and unless the exposure of these evil deeds is called for, as a means of repentance, I think it is not demanded that “secret things be revealed before the time.” I hope the destruction of the house will be secured without this revelation being ever called for, as a means or inducement to government to do it, and that speedily.

But it's due our good Mr. Carter, another Jesus Christ,—if amiability and gentleness of spirit entitles any man to that title, it does this kind Mr. Carter,—to say that I have good reasons for supposing that he spoke the truth in saying he had never abused a patient, and I have no reason for believing to the contrary. Mr. Carter is a practical Universalist, and all such are lovers of their race and practical lovers of humanity, wherever found.

Miss Mary Salton, and Antonis, both Portuguese employees here, are good friends to this doctor, under trial at our bar—the bar of facts—and she is positive that the manliness of Dr. McFarland cannot be excelled, so far as his treatment of her is concerned.

Now, since you, my passengers, have given in your proofs as to the point in question, I believe it only remains for me to cast the final vote as to his intrinsic merits. And you know me so well, you know I don't attempt to spoil a story for relation's sake. I suspect you are prepared for the worst or the best, just as the truth balances the scales.

Well, I add this fact in favor of the good side, and that is, that Dr. McFarland did himself accompany the "God of the universe" to Chicago a short time since, as I suppose, on his return trip home to his family. I therefore conclude that the reason of Dr. McFarland is returning to him, and its dictates led him to give liberty to this captive, even if he was a queer man.

And I think he is right in his decision, for this old man don't like to be imprisoned just for being as God made him to be,—a man through whom the divine shines in such peculiar splendor that he cannot help being singularly good; and what's the use of trespassing so egregiously on his inalienable right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness in the way he chooses, since he does not choose to interfere with any one's rights, and will not, except in defense of his own.

And he has a right to resent and oppose a trespass upon his inalienable right to liberty, and his right to be treated as a man, and if the government won't protect it to him, I say he has a right to defend this right by violent means, if reason and mild ones won't answer, and so has every imprisoned insane person a right to fight for his liberty until he gets it.

If our country has a right to resent the insult its flag received at Sumter, by killing brothers and fathers in expressing their indignant resentment of its authority, then has every son and daughter of the human family a right to resent the insults the Godhead receives when God's government *within them* is trespassed upon by a trespass upon their inalienable rights, even unto death. Or, in other words, if we have a right to defend human governments by brute violence, then we have a still greater right to defend the divine government by any force efficient enough to secure its authority over us.

I don't blame those nominally insane for fighting and killing, in resenting this highest of all kinds of insult, in being called and treated as insane or lost to reason when they are not. And I am sure God honors those who honor His authority over them so signally as to fight in its defense. And I say if any offense against humanity deserves the halter it is this of all others.

To kill a person is nothing to the heinousness of this offense. I speak from what I know, and I testify from what I have seen and felt too—and I say it calmly and deliberately, I would rather have been shot dead one hundred times, than to endure what I have endured for the last three years, in consequence of this basest slander of the Godhead within me.

But it isn't my business in this place to tell the government what to do with such offenders and such institutions. Ah, no! I can't reasonably hope our government is so

near to our "New Jerusalem," yet, as these, my first-class passengers are—that is, if they bear the test of my scales of truth, as I hope they may.

But it seems to me it takes a long time to weigh "the great man" aboard, not the great God. I don't pretend to expect such a dubious case can go to such a notch as the model man quite yet, at least; for do you think there could be such a wide difference of opinion in relation to the old man himself, since he is so unlike common men in that he never lies? And other men do lie, and still they are required to be like Christ before they can be permitted to enter the kingdom, "wherein dwelleth nothing but righteousness," or right doing. I'm sure God's character won't be found wanting, if it is rightly weighed.

But there are some facts about Him and His providence, which look rather suspicious for His principles of universal benevolence, even if they are not as dubious as Mrs. Chapman's testimony respecting Doctor's benevolence; yet, it is a little too deep a mystery for me to fathom and see no conflict between facts and His professed principles.

He certainly treated Pharaoh very badly to suffer him to become so bad a man, and then punish him for becoming so, and what is worse than all the rest, He owns that He "did raise him up for this very purpose, to make His power known!"

Supposing I should treat one of my children in such a manner as to make him very bad indeed, and then punish him severely for being so bad, and then should tell him right in hearing of the other children, I made you bad on purpose to get a chance to punish you, so as to let the other children see how much power I had!

What would they naturally think of my principle of benevolence as exhibited toward the bad child?

I should think they would feel like asking me, "Mother, isn't there any other way to show us your great power, than

by abusing our poor brother in this manner? And what is the use of power exerted only in this manner? We should think it would be more like our kind mother to keep him from becoming bad, and in this way show your great power—your great benevolence. It looks now as though you wanted to show us how great power you had to curse, rather than to bless others. And what is the use in having power to torment others with? Is it for their good to make them deserve torment, and then inflict it upon them as their just desert?"

No. I shouldn't think it was the child who did deserve this torment. I should say *I* was the one who deserved it, on these premises, as my just deserts.

And then another fact. God says He loved Jacob and hated Esau before they were born. Now what reason had He for this love and this hatred on the ground of their deserts? They had no hand in making themselves, and yet one was made lovable, and the other hatable. If they were both made alike it wouldn't seem quite so bad, even if both were bad—but to show this unreasonable partiality is revolting to our natural feelings. And yet the only reason Paul gives for such exhibitions of God's character is, "that He hath mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth!" And this reason don't seem to mend the matter much as I can see, but on the contrary makes it even worse. He makes out God to be a kind of despot, who acts independent of all reason, outside of His own iron will.

No, Mr. Paul, I can't go that figure. I think there is some great mistake somewhere, but where it is I can't tell. I believe God's will and purposes are all good, holy, and benevolent, and impartial to the highest degree of excellence, and that there is no wrong or injustice in Him at all.

But, Brother Paul, if your representations are correct, He is unjust and unkind, and partial in the administration of His moral government over His creatures—or, our own rea-

son and justice is not in sympathy with the Divine ideas of it; if we are to judge the tree by its fruit—or, in other words, if God's actions are an index to His real character.

And I believe they are, just as all other intelligences are; and if properly interpreted, would vindicate God's character of all injustice, or of any other principle in mortal conflict with the principle of universal love and good will to all men.

Well, I must leave God to take care of His own character. I can't take care of it for Him; certainly not until I know more than I do at present. I guess He'll come all right in the end. But He is so mortal slow about it! my immortal nature cries out for haste in progressing to that point of intelligence when I shall be like Him, for only then can I see Him as He is.

But I can see I'm like Dr. McFarland—one of his representatives—already in some things. But in others, I'm not. One thing is, I don't lie—and he does. And I hope I shall never be like him in that respect. But I hope he'll be more like me in that respect.

Passengers, it's time, isn't it, for me to come down hard upon him? I've put one good fact first into the scales, and my once good father used to say, when you go to reprove a person by exposing their faults, be sure to prepare the way for it by telling some excellences first, before you come down upon them. Yes, this is sugaring over the bitter pill, so that it can be swallowed more easily; but the main chance is, to be sure it is swallowed.

My father was a good, common-sense man, as God made him—and if he'd only been content to let God's work stand as he had made it, he would have been entitled to a seat aboard this train. But as it is, he has let the old devil, Calvinism, destroy all the symmetry and holy proportions of his holy, God-like, manly nature, so I much fear 'twill be a long time before he'll get to where this train of passengers are now—

just in sight of the New Jerusalem—that is, if they are not found ‘wanting’ in the balances.

So now we must see how the case stands with this old liar—our Doctor—aboard.

I do say this “great man” is a great sinner, because he is a great liar, for he certainly told one of the biggest lies that was ever told, when he said that Mrs. Packard was an insane person, or lost to reason.

“Lost to reason!” I should like to know who it is that has lost their reason! I’m sure I have not lost mine, or if I have, he isn’t the one that found it, for he certainly has none to boast of in his treatment of me. Let us see.

Is it a reasonable act for a being who wears pants, to lock up a being who wears petticoats in a screen-room, and then go to her trunk and rob her of all her manuscripts, and all her stationery, just to punish her for telling the truth?

Well, this “said great man” did this very thing to your Conductor, as my witnesses—my attendants—can prove.

And I say he hasn’t always treated me like a gentleman, for I do say this act is a very ungentlemanly one, indeed. Even for me, a woman, to lock him up in a screen-room, and then go to his private drawer, with false keys of my own, and rob it of all its valuable papers, and appropriate them all to myself, on the simple claim of might, not right—would be very unladylike! And yet it would not begin to be so mean an act as it is for him to treat me so; for I am entirely in his power, and my defenselessness should be an argument in favor of my being protected, instead of being abused, by this arbitrary power. And he is not in my power, and so he could better defend himself than I could from this trespass upon his inalienable right to his own private papers.

Well, I suppose he had an excuse for this very ungentlemanly, and if I should call it even an insane act, I don’t think I should stretch the truth at all by so doing, in the

fact that I maddened him by telling him that unless he did keep his promise, and publish my book, I should publish one I had already written, which "book would blast his character eternally."

He took this language to be a threat, and he did not think it ladylike to threaten a man in that style; and so he thought he'd give me a lesson in etiquette "for my good," as his patient!

I took my lesson, as I have taken all other lessons of a similar character in this institution, with perfect, quiet, unresisting composure, without even uttering one word of expostulation or rebuke, by way of self-defense, knowing that despotic power derided reason as its guide, and my Bible had taught me not to "cast pearls before swine." Not that I think Dr. McFarland is a hog, although he once seemed to think I *did*, when I quoted the above text in defense of my withholding giving him any more of my reason in defense of the point we held under discussion—by his saying, "You call me a swine, don't you?"

No, I don't say 'twas a hoggish act for him to lock me up in one of his screen-rooms, and rob me for telling him the truth, but I do say 'twas a devilish one.

And what do you think the manuscripts were that he robbed me of?

They were nothing less valuable nor less precious than this my very book, then only in a penciled form. So you see Dr. McFarland claims the first right to my book, and Mrs. Packard, the authoress, the second.

Well, a secondary claim is better than none at all to such manuscripts. I esteem it quite an honor to come in on a "Jack-a-to-Pinch" claim in such a case, for I'm sure this claim will bring me in as much honor as a single woman can well stand up under, if I could only get it before an appreciative public!

And 'twas this very fear that I couldn't which brought upon me this calamity. But when the book was all gone, perhaps from me for ever, I began to consider how utterly dependent I was, with no protector but God's providence, and now this very providence seemed to turn against me. My last and only hope had thus been swept into oblivion, and I was left defenseless and alone, in the absolute power of despotism, and no means of self-defense of any kind allowed to me, or extended to me. The slander might become universally believed, and I never be permitted to utter a syllable in defense of the truth to expose this vile slander.

Yes, I saw my defenseless, helpless, and hopeless condition, so far as human agency was concerned; but I at the same time saw, with equal clearness, that God's purpose would stand, and that nothing could hinder it.

And I thought perhaps God sees 'tis not best for His cause to have this book published. Perhaps a vindication of Dr. McFarland's character, on the ground of his repentance, is a premature act, and he may be, in this way, bringing the other book into print, where an exposure of his unrepentant state will bring upon him a swift destruction. And the purpose of Omnipotence may be to destroy him, instead of mine to save him.

I see I had no duty to do for the present, but to quietly wait until I saw which book God's providence called for to be printed.

By the way, "The Exposure" was still safe out of harm's reach, as I had told this despot when I gave him his friendly warning of his coming doom, which he christened into a threat and punished me for. And all his mighty adroitness as a hunter after manuscripts was completely foiled in his vain attempts to find this hated manuscript referred to. God's "ways and means committee" had seen to that matter beforehand, knowing the dog was on the scent and would

surely track them, unless we run the track into the water. This done, we gave ourselves no further uneasiness as to that matter. The dog might scent all the tracks he chose, since we knew all would at last terminate on the river's brink!

And I knew there was such a thing as having a bow with only one string, and so long as this one string remained in my own single hand, I felt that all at last would be just as God meant it should be, in spite of all my attempts to prevent it. I meant to prevent the exposure of Dr. McFarland by bringing him to repentance by the use of all the means God had placed within my reach for this object. And having done this faithfully, my responsibility in relation to him would then terminate, but not before. I had reason to fear his blood would be found on my skirts, unless I did my whole duty in the case.

Accordingly I, Esther-like, took my book in my hand, which was to me a life as precious as Esther's natural life was to her, and deliberately risked it to save Dr. McFarland's more precious soul-life. And as the event proved, I found it to be true that I had once told Dr. McFarland that when I felt like getting discouraged about him this passage would rush into my mind, "On some having compassion, making a difference, pulling them out of the fire," but that my experience had shown me that by going too near the fire I would get burnt myself some time! "However," I added, "I didn't mind that much, in hopes I should in the end succeed in making a good man out of him at last!"

Now, passengers, I'm in good heart again, for I'm pretty certain I've got the old fellow on to the right track again.

I knew the old Devil in him, despotism, would die a terribly hard death, and I was fully prepared for a desperate encounter, knowing his dying spasms would be very likely to be terribly energetic—and unless I was out of harm's reach, he might give me a kick I would rather have shunned. So

I thought it was best to give him time to die as naturally and easily as possible; for I don't like interference with even a devil's rights—especially his inalienable right to kill himself, by his own hands all alone. So I just let him alone, but I looked out well for his next door neighbor, the Godhead in the human form of Dr. McFarland, by stimulating its native powers into active use, thus reviving the "new man," while the "old man" was perishing day by day. And this course persevered in, as God gave me opportunity, so resulted in the complete restoration of the prostrate Godhead in him, and the complete dethronement of old despotism from his usurped claims to the throne of the manhood in the form of Dr. McFarland, that in three weeks' time from this—his last paroxysm—he, in the true spirit of a practical penitent, returned the spoils to their true owner by my attendant, accompanied with an apology for not sending them sooner.

I was truly glad to get my treasure into my own hands again, but I knew too much to thank him for this act of simple justice. No, Mrs. Packard don't thank robbers for returning their stolen goods, for the simple reason that I feel under no especial obligations to them for having them in their hands to return.

It was not because I wanted to torment Dr. McFarland that I told him of my purpose, and thus gave him his choice, whether to publish the book—a vindication of his character, or to run his risk of seeing the other one published in its stead. But it was simply to give him a fair and honorable warning of coming events, so that he might arm himself to meet them, as best he could. I am sure I should rather know beforehand, and be told how I could avoid a sad event, rather than be kept in the dark about it, and have it not in my own power to avoid it—and so I thus treated the Doctor as I would wish to be done by, in exchange of circumstances.

For it never has been my object to ruin Dr. McFarland, but to save him from ruin by repentance.

Had my object been simply to ruin him, I would not have risked my book-life to warn him, for I could have more easily done so by keeping him in the dark in relation to my secret, hidden manuscript.

Now passengers, I believe you have the case fairly before you, so that the way is fully prepared to put the original question, viz., which act shows the most lack of reason for a man to commit an assault upon a defenseless lady, and rob her of her most valuable treasures, simply because she spoke the truth for this man's highest good? or for the lady to do this thing? .

I say you must judge people by their acts, whether they are insane or not, and if their acts show insanity or devilment, both being the same thing, I say, we have a right to say they are insane, or "possessed with a devil."

Now if Dr. McFarland has not been an insane man according to this test, who is?

I'm very sure it isn't me.

Prove me to have ever in my lifetime treated any human being as meanly and insanely as he treated me in this case, and I'll give you full license to call me an insane person until I am cured of my devilment.

I say Dr. McFarland is the insane one—not me—and since this is the house the public designed to cure it in, I thought the first business to be done was, to have the physician first restored to his right mind, and since he did not seem inclined to follow his Lord's directions, "Physician, heal thyself," I thought I'd undertake the case myself, and try to get him healed for the benefit of humanity.

Now, passengers, I consider him as nearly ready and fit for a "discharge," as a case of remarkable cure from the possession of one of the most potent devils in the universe

to his sane or right mind. And the chief evidence I have of his cure being genuine, not spurious, is the fact that he allows me the right of self-defense from his lies against me, even while he is painfully conscious at the same time that this act necessarily develops many sad truths in relation to himself.

And I say, too, that on this condition I can, and do, freely pardon the culprit, and forgive him for all the wrongs I have been called to endure in consequence of his slander of me; because I consider this act as making ample restitution for the wrong, as well as a suitable satisfaction for the same.

He is therefore fully restored to me as a man worthy of trust and confidence, on the ground of his verity, truth, and honesty as a true man.

